



CHAMPION.

THURSDAY, *November* 15, 1739.

Quem legis ut nôris, accipe.

OVID.



IT is sufficiently known that some Years since, to the great Terror of the small Vulgar, I entered upon the Title of *Captain*; this I did without the Consent of any one Person living, or without any other Commission or Authority than what I immediately derived from myself. I have now determin'd to lay aside the Sword, which, without Vanity, I may boast to have us'd with some Success, (though few Captains now living, can say the like) and take up the Pen in its Stead, with a Design to do as much Execution with the one, as I have already done with the other; or, in other Words, to tickle now, as I before bruised Men into good Manners.

But though I do not in any wise esteem myself obliged to give a Reason for this, or any other Undertaking which I shall in my great Wisdom enter upon, and tho' I hold it fit that all Persons whatever should buy and read these my Papers, on being informed it is

VOL. I.

B

my

my Pleasure they should ; yet, (such is the Complacence of my Temper) I shall condescend to inform the Reader how I am qualified for what I have undertaken, and to obviate an Opinion which he may, perhaps, entertain, that my Education hath enabled me to execute the Office of a Captain, better than that of an Author.

And here I question not but he will be mightily pleased to understand that his Entertainment will not depend on the Abilities of any single Man, and that the whole Family of the *Vinegars* are united on this Occasion.

As I have among my Relations, some one eminent in every Science and Profession, I have allotted to such individual the Care and Inspection of that Science wherein he is skilled ; with whose Names and Talents I now think proper to bring the Reader acquainted.

The first I shall mention is my Father, Mr. *Nebe-miah Vinegar* : This Gentleman hath spent his whole Days in the Study of History and Politics. He knows the State of every Kingdom of the World, with the several Revolutions it hath undergone from its first Establishment to this Hour. He is so thoroughly versed in the Interest of every Potentate of *Europe*, and hath searched so deeply into the Springs of Government, that he can calculate the Motions of Ministers of State for a long Time forwards, as *Patridge* did of the Stars. He is a very close Man, and seldom opens his Mouth unless it be to take in his Food, or puff out the Smoke of his Tobacco ; these Discoveries, therefore, are made by Signs and Tokens only, most of which we do not apprehend till after the Thing, intimated, hath come to pass. Thus the Union between *France* and *Spain*, he signified to us long ago by squeezing a *Spanish* Orange into a Glass of *French* white Wine. A little before the late Peace between the Emperor and Grand Signior, he ordered a new *French* Handle to be put to his old *Turkish* Scymitar : It would be tedious, and perhaps *improper* to mention all the Discoveries

Discoveries he hath made ; but I cannot omit this ; being with me the other Night at the Old Play House, when Madamoiselle *Chateauneuf* danced, I observed him shake his Head very much at those high Capers, which that *French* Lady is so noted for, and, when she danced off the Stage, with Mr. *Dunoyer*, the *Polander*, the *Englisch* Dancers following her Beck, the old Gentleman exprest strange Distortions, which, my Wife *Joan* told me she was sure had a very shrewd Meaning. This Gentleman will deal forth his Politics in this Paper, tho' not, perhaps, under the Family Name.

Mr. Counsellor *Vinegar*, his Brother, was entered a Student in the *Middle Temple*, in the Year 1688, he hath apply'd himself as closely to the Law, as my Father hath to Politics, in which he hath succeeded so well, that he is the only Man of our Family who ever was rich ; him I have made Inspector-General over all the Courts of Judicature, and all Matters any wise relating to the Laws of this Kingdom.

Dr. *John Vinegar* his Son, who hath taken his Degrees in the University of *Oxford*, and lately set up his Chariot as a Physician in this Town, is to undertake the Physical Part of this Paper, in which he may, perhaps publish some Prescriptions of great Use. The Dr. hath, in common with all Men of a regular Education, an inveterate Hatred to the Name of a Quack : I have been often assured by him, that no Physic is to be learned any where but at *Oxford* or *Cambridge* ; he always takes off his Hat when he mentions the College, and hath almost a religious Respect for the *Royal Society*, which he never speaks of, but by the Title of that *illustrious* or that *learned Body*. His Library is well stored with Books of the Faculty, and he hath taken such great Care of the Works of *Hippocrates*, (which he hath placed in the Front, finely gilt and lettered) that they are as unsoiled as when first they came out of the Shop. He is greatly delighted with

all the Works of Dr. *Cheyne*, particularly his last, which he assures me he hath already read twice over.

Nol Vinegar, my Brother, is as great an Adept in Classic Learning: He hath read over all the Commentators with great Care and Labour. He is reported to have spent one whole Year in examining whether *splendebat* or *fulgebat*, was the Word made use of by *Horace* in one of his Epodes. He is a great Admirer of Dr. *Bentley*, especially of his Notes on *Milton*, which he hath bound in red *Turky* Leather, and declares that Work of his is worth its Weight in Gold. He will criticize on the Critics of the Age.

My Son *Tom Vinegar* is to supervise the modern Poetry. He hath been five Years a Student in *Lincoln's Inn*, but hath given more of his Time to *Shakespear* and *Dryden*, than *Coke* and *Littleton*. He is a constant Spectator the first Night of a new Play, and is thought to perform on a *Cat-call* better than any young Gentlemen of his Time. He frequently useth the Words *Damned Stuff*; *That is low*, &c. in Conyerfation, with which Words alone, together with his *Cat-call*, he often brags he can damn the best Play in the Universe.

Jack Vinegar, my younger Son, was intended for the Army, but I have not had Interest to get him a Commission, nor Money to purchase him one. However the Boy hath by some means or other, found out a Method to live like a Gentleman, without the Assistance of his Father. He wears the best Cloaths, keeps the best Company, and him I have ordered to have an Eye over the gay Part of the Town, at their Assemblies of all Kinds.

Mrs. *Joan Vinegar*, my Wife, is to furnish that Part of this Paper which will contain the Articles of Domestic News. As she is very well received in polite Families, she will have an Opportunity of learning some Particulars of an higher Nature than can possibly reach the Ears of vulgar News-Writers. This Lady being of a very loquacious Temper, I have allotted

to her a very considerable Share in my Paper, and I dare promise she will be a very entertaining Correspondent to her whole Sex.

As for my own Part in this Undertaking, I have reserved to myself all Affairs relating to the Army, Militia, Trained-bands, and other the fighting Part of this Kingdom, not only forbidding my own Family, but all other Persons whatever from any ways intermeddling therewith.

Having thus marshall'd my Forces, I think it will be impossible for any Vice or Folly to creep into any Community in Life, without falling under the Observation of one or other of my Relations, whom I have ordered, on Pain of my highest Displeasure, to make their Report of such Enormities, in order to their being immediately exposed in the *Champion*, so that the Town cannot fail of finding sufficient Food for their Entertainment and Information in this my Paper.

I N D E X to the T I M E S.

THIS Day the Parliament is to meet at *Westminster*; when a *most gracious Speech* will be deliver'd from the Throne; and both Houses will return the Compliment in Two humble *Addresses*; all which will be printed and dispers'd through the Kingdom, to manifest our extreme Happiness in the *cordial Unanimity*, at present subsisting among the Three Branches of the Legislature.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

The *Spaniards* have taken an *English Vessel* nam'd the *Joseph*, under the Canon of the Castle of *Faro*.

From the new OFFICE OF INTELLIGENCE.

L O S T.

Between the Hours of One and Two, at the Widow *Willings*, in — Street, *Westminster*, an Opportunity.

6 CHAMPION.

If any Person or Persons, will give Notice to *Daniel Drousy, Esq;* at his Lodgings near *Charing-Cross*, when, where, and how it may be recovered, he, she, or they shall be handsomely rewarded.

PAWN'D.

An Officer's *Cockade*, by him called his *Honour*. Which if not speedily redeem'd, shall be looked upon as forfeited, and sold to the highest Bidder.

N. B. Public Notice will be given of the said Sale, that those who want *Honour*, may know where to purchase it.

DROPT.

In *Pall-Mall*, A *Secret* of infinite Consequence, to the Party whom it concerns——If the Person, into whose Hands it is fallen, will give Security that it shall go no farther, he shall be entrusted with another *Secret* by way of Reward.

Mrs. Joan Vinegar gives Notice, that having, for the Sake of her fair Country-women, provided herself with a very large Quantity of Beauty, Merit, and Fortune, she is determined to dispose of them in this Paper at the following Rates, viz.

For Beauty 5 s.

For Fortune 2s. 6 d.

For Merit 1 s.

Whoever purchases the two former, shall have the latter Gratis.



SATURDAY



SATURDAY, November 17, 1739.

—Tu

*Nil nisi Cecropides, truncoque simillimus Hermæ,
Nullo quippe alio vincis Discrimine, quam quod
Illi Marmoreum Caput est, tua vivit Imago.*

Juv. Sat. 8.



Y Wife, (who hath often told me, that I am indebted to the Glory of my Ancestors for the Happiness I enjoy in her) hath very solicitously urged me to bring the World immediately acquainted with my Family : To inform them, that the modern *Hercules* is lineally descended from that great *Hercules* of old, who made it the Business of his Life to extirpate Monsters, and after having undergone the severest Labours, was, at length, honoured with a Seat among the Gods.

This is a Truth wherewith I might probably have left the Reader long unacquainted, had I not been prompted to the Discovery, by my Complaisance for the Vanity of my Wife, whom I often reprove, for seeming to value herself more that her Husband is a Descendant of *Hercules* the Great, than that he is Captain *Vinegar* : For my own Part, I take little Pleasure in reflecting on the noble Actions of my Ancestors ; nay, it is not without a sensible Grief that I reflect that one of my Family will ever be esteem'd greater than myself.

Hereditary Honour, considered abstractedly, without any Regard to the Designs for which it was instituted,

ted, will appear perhaps as ridiculous as any Opinion which Time and Authority have given a Sanction to. And this (however politic their Intentions were, who designed, by offering a Reward even to the latest Posterity of Heroes, to incite all Men to Virtue, and their Posterity in particular to Emulation) hath certainly been, sometimes, carried into a most extravagant Absurdity : For what can be more monstrous than to see the Illiterate, the Coward, the Villain, or the Fool valuing himself, and valued by others, because his Fore-fathers have been learned, brave, honest, or wise ; that is, in other Words, the very Reverse of himself?

The Ancients were so ambitious of deriving themselves from great Ancestors, that several of them were not contented with Heroes, but extravagantly, deriv'd their Descent from the Gods themselves. Thus that Mad-man *Alexander* disdained any Father but *Jupiter* : And the *Romans* would have their Founder, *Romulus*, to be no less than the Son of *Mars*. This was a Vanity of which the great *Augustus* himself was by no means innocent ; or so judicious a Poet as *Virgil*, would never have strained so hard to deduce his Original from *Venus*, by means of *Aeneas* and *Julus* ; to which *Ovid* also alludes with the same Design doubtless of paying his Compliments, and which *Juvenal* in the 42^d Line of his 8th Satire very delicately sneers at. This Esteem for hereditary Honour was at so high a Pitch among these People, that they looked on the *Plebeians* as Persons of almost a different Species, which may, I think, be collected from the Appellation they gave to what we call an Upstart, namely, *Novus Homo*, a new Man ; intimating that his raising himself above the *Plebeian* Rank, was (as our Poet *Laureat* terms it) *his first Entrance into human Nature*.

I remember *Silius Italicus*, speaking of *Varro*, says he was a Man of so mean a Family, that the *Romans* would be ashamed to owe their Preservation to him.

him. A way of thinking which *Marius* in *Sallust*, very finely reproves in them, and on which *Juvenal* hath bestowed a whole Satire. I will not transcribe a long Quotation from either, but shall borrow from them these Cautions to my honourable and right-honourable Readers; first, that they would endeavour to imitate their noble Ancestors in those Actions from whence their Honours were derived; and secondly, that they would not be too apt to scorn and despise such as resemble those very Ancestors, in all Things but their Riches. I have been myself extremely disgusted at being overlooked by an insignificant Fellow, whom I could have crushed to Atoms with one Squeeze; or have puzzled (without the Assistance of my Family) in any Branch of Literature, and this from no other Reason than because some one of his Ancestors had been as brave as myself, or as learned as some of my Relations. I would recommend to such Persons a serious Consideration, whether their Ancestors would not have been as much ashamed of them, as they are vain of their Ancestors?

The Ladies are generally the fondest of this hereditary Honour. I have known a Fox-hunter preferred in a Treaty of Marriage, because his Grandfather had been a General: And a Fellow that could not spell his Name, to a Man of Learning with equal Fortune, because the former had had a Lord Chancellor of the same. It is common for a Lady to have more Regard to the Arms she is to have on her Coach, than to the Companion she is to have in it. I believe Instances may be found of such as have taken a Title without either an Estate or a Man.

The Virtues of our Ancestors, in Reality, bring us no further Advantage, than as they give us an Opportunity to exert our own, according to Mr. *Addison*, in his *Cato*.

*Thy Father's Greatness
Hath set thee in the fairest Point of Light,
To make thy Virtues or thy Faults conspicuous.*

To a vicious Man, or a Fool, the Greatness of his Family is an Augmentation of his Dishonour ; and a right honourable Rogue (if ever such a Creature were) is the most contemptible, as well as ridiculous Object in the Universe. Greatness to such a Man is but a Pillory, which raises him above the Crowd to expose him to greater Shame ; and, as Dr. South says, *the higher he stands, the farther and wider he stinks.*

Many of our own Poets have ridiculed this absurd Vanity. The Merchant in Sir Richard Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, opposes the Genealogy of his Cocks to that of a Baronet, who is ostentatious of his Superiority in Family : But none I think, have exposed the nakedness of an undeserved Title with such Spirit as Wycherly, who introduces Manly in his *Plain Dealer*, rebuking Freeman for his Respect to a Lord in the following Manner : “ A Lord ! what, thou art one of
“ those who esteem Men only by the Marks and Value
“ Fortune hath set on them, and never consider
“ intrinsic Worth ; but counterfeit Honour will not
“ be current with me : I weigh the Man, not his Title.
“ It is not the King's Stamp can make the
“ Metal better or heavier. Your Lord is a leaden
“ Shilling, which you bend every Way, and debases
“ the Stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it”.

I have often wondered how such Words as *Upstart*, *First of his Family*, &c. crept into a Nation, whose Strength and Support is Trade, and whose personal Wealth (excepting a very few immense Fortunes) is almost entirely in the Hands of a Set of sturdy SCRUBS, whose chief Honour is to be descended from Adam and Eve. For my Part, I am at a Loss to see why a Man, who has brought 100,000 £. into his Country

Country by a beneficial Trade, is not as worthy and honourable a Member of the Community, as he who hath spent that Sum abroad, or sent it thither after *French Wines* and *French Foppery*. I own (till some late Scurrilities against Merchants and Traders) I was in Hopes those reproachful Terms above-mention'd would have ceased: Since I have observed, within a few Years, Gentlemen of very splendid Families, condescend to accept forty or fifty thousand Pounds with a Citizen's Daughter, and not at all ashamed of riding thro' the Streets with her in a gilt Chariot, while several of their own illustrious Relations walked on Foot.

It is reported of *Agathocles*, that he frequently used earthen Dishes in his Entertainments, to remind himself that his Father was a Potter: This is an Example I think worthy of Imitation, and which I have known followed by several great Men to the no small Evidence both of their Humility and Virtue. I have often seen a Gentleman driving his own, and sometimes an Hackney-Coach in Commemoration of some of his Ancestors, who had got their Bread that Way. I have known a Man of Fortune (who had not the least Knowledge of the Art) purchase a Set of bad Pictures at an excessive Rate, to put him often in Mind of a Progenitor, who was a Sign-post Painter: But what I think exceeds almost all Credit, I have heard of a Person of Fashion, who would now and then divert himself by tricking his Neighbours, in pious Remembrance that he owed his Fortune to an Attorney.

As for myself, I am so far from desiring to derive any Honour from my Ancestors, that I have retired to so obscure a Place as *Hockley in the Hole*, where my humble Habitation often reminds me, that *Hercules* himself was no more than a Descendant of *Adam*. I can say with *Marius*, *Mibi Spes omnes in memet Sitæ*, I demand no more Respect than is due to my own

Virtues and Labours, and it is thoroughly a Matter of Indifference to me, whether I have had among my Ancestors, Pickpockets or Lords, Highwaymen or Bishops, Thieves or Prime Ministers.

INDEX to the TIMES.

NOTHING being more reasonable, than that the Vices of private Persons, should contribute, as much as possible, to the Advantage of the Public ; the Game of *Passage* is to be suppressed this Year, as that of *Hazard* was the Last ; the Consequence of which, 'tis *hop'd*, will be, That *Annual State-Lotteries* will, from henceforward, glean up all the Money which used to be confounded at Dice ; and, in due Time, furnish Posterity with a Monument at *Westminster*, that may be called, THE BRIDGE OF FOOLS, through all Generations.



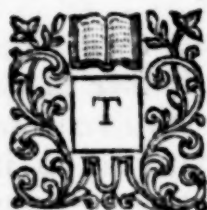
SATURDAY,



TUESDAY, November 20, 1739.

Nil decet invitâ Minervâ, id est repugnante Natura, sic ut decorum conservare non possis, si aliorum Naturam imiteris, omittas tuam.

CIC. DE OFF.



THE Study of our own Minds, hath been recommended by the Wise of all Ages, as the most beneficial to which a Man could apply himself. The ancient Precept of *Nosce Teipsum*, is not only necessary to the Pursuit of Virtue; but we shall find a very strict search into the Powers and Faculties of our Mind, to be the only sure Method by which we can propose to arrive at any Perfection whatsoever.

Cicero, in several Parts of his Works, and particularly those *de Officiis*, takes frequent Occasion to advise every Man, before he engages in any Art or Science, to examine thoroughly into his particular Talents, *Quo ferat Natura videre*, to observe which Way his Genius leads him; nor can any one ever reap considerable Fruit of his Labours, unless when they are employed with due Subservience to this great Guide.

The excellent Lord *Shaftsbury*, in his Advice to an Author, councils him to frequent Communications with himself in order to this Discovery, That before he embark in any Work, he may thoroughly understand.

— Quid

——— *Quid valeant Humeri, quid ferre recusent.*

Fewer Men have failed in the World through Want of sufficient Application, than through applying their Labour in direct Opposition to their Genius: For Want of this strict Examination, which those great Authors, abovesited, recommend, Men often mistake their Genius, and become ridiculous Triflers in one Art, who might have been glorious Professors of another. *Many a Man (says Dr. South) would have made a very good Pulpit, who hath made a very bad Figure in it.*

Parents are often faulty in this Point. They are apter to consider their own Inclinations, than those of their Children. The Humour of a Father in an *English* Comedy, who is determined at all Events to breed his Son a Lawyer, is not so extravagant as it at first appears. Men of all Professions are generally desirous to educate their Children to their own Business, without examining into their Genius, or enquiring whether Nature hath given them proper Talents, and as it were predestinated them for that Profession. Men who have arrived at any great Excellence, are commonly said to have been born for such and such Ends: And I know not, if what is said of Poetry, *That he, who is not so by Nature, will never become so by Art*, may not also be affirmed of every other Art and Science. It is said by *Quintilian*, ——— *That Nature must begin whatever Art consummates; whatever is undertaken otherwise, is a Building without a firm Foundation, Labour entirely thrown away.*

But it is still more surprising, that we often mistake our own Talents; the greater Part of Mankind are fond of exerting themselves in Characters for which Nature hath rendered them utterly unfit, while they neglect such as they have Abilities to shine in. I believe

lieve there are few Instances where Nature hath been so very sparing, but that she hath bestowed some one Quality or other, which might have enabled its Possessor, had he strictly applied himself to it, to have arrived at some Degree of Eminence, and been in some Kind serviceable to himself and others ; at the same time, that she hath never been so bounteous, but to leave some Part of her Work unfinished, some particular Talent so imperfect, that the Man might have contended his whole Life in vain, to have exerted it with any Success. Yet it would be endless to give Examples of such as seem to have been her greatest Darlings, to have possessed the most and greatest Faculties, who have not been contented therewith, but have (a while at least) forsaken the noble Roads wherein they were so well enabled to travel on to the highest Degrees of Happiness and Honour, that they might pursue superficial Praise in Ways much beneath them, and which, with all their superior Powers, they have never been able to attain.

Cicero, who is so justly commended by *Rapin*, for not having imitated *Demosthenes* in those Excellencies, which would not have become his own. This very Person, who here appears so thoroughly to have understood the Strength and Bent of his Genius, and who hath so well advised others to that Study, could not refrain from sometimes applying himself to those Muses with whom he was so entirely unacquainted, and suffering the Name of an excellent Orator, to be joined to that of a very indifferent Poet.

But, not to fetch Instances from ancient History, which is every where full of them, I shall mention some Writers of our own, who have erred in the same Manner.

Wycherly, whom I have always esteemed one of the best of our comic Writers, left the *Drama*, where he had acquired so great and so just an Applause, to write

write some of the worst Poems that any Age hath produced; and *Congreve*, who will always be esteemed by those who have a polite Taste in Comedy, could not forbear attempting Reputation, in a Manner for which he was so disqualified, that he produced a Tragedy (notwithstanding its Success) little superior to those of our worst Writers.

The Remark, that Bullies are always the greatest Cowards, may be extended to every other Virtue as well as Courage. Men are so far from following that excellent Advice of my Lord *Bacon*, to shelter their Vices under those Virtues which seem nearest a-kin to them, that they always fly to those that are entirely opposite. Thus the Coward, instead of aiming at Humility, the Reputation of which he might perhaps easily acquire, is ever aiming at that of Valour, which his Nature hath rendered impossible for him to be ever eminent in; and the covetous Man, slighting the Estimation of Frugality, commonly contends for that of Liberality.

As nothing is so ridiculous, so nothing is more common, than to see Men acting Parts for which they are every Way unfit. I remember a certain Dancing-Master, sufficiently excellent in his Art, and who seemed happily to have blundered on the only little Talent, by which Nature had enabled him to procure a Livelihood. There was hardly a Man or Woman, in the Town wherein he lived, whose Heels had not at one Time or other been under his Command. This Gentleman, who was in a very fair Way of dancing into a Fortune, took it into his Head in his latter Days to commence Politician, and spent so much Time in reading Histories and Newspapers, that he lost most of his Scholars to a young Rival, who troubled his Head with no other Motions of the *French* Court, than those which were made to the Sound of a Fiddle.

How

How many ugly Beaus, and illiterate Critics, swarm every where in this City? How many awkward People are the Jest of the Court, who might have harangued with good Success in *Westminster-Hall*? And how many contemptible Members are there in our learned Societies, who might have shined out very illustriously in an Assembly of the Ladies? Many a Physician, hath starved with Infamy, by doing that Execution with his Pen, which, he would have arrived at with great Profit and Honour, by having done with his Sword. And the same Spirit, which hath made a Divine a Curse to his Country, would have made a Soldier a Blessing to it.

The Players, whom I used to converse with much in my younger Days, have often told me, that those who succeeded best among them in comic Parts, were continually desirous of appearing in tragical; and their best Tragedians were usually as certain in their own Opinions, of gaining the greatest Applause in Comedy.

This, I believe, all those who were acquainted with the Theatre, while under the Regulation of that Triumvirate, so famous in Dramatic History, can recall to their Memory several Instances of: But what had still a worse Effect on the Stage at that Time, was, that those Triumvirs, while they cautiously concealed the Abilities of such Actors, whose Capacities they imagined might rival or eclipse their own, very zealously introduced into Characters of Dignity and Consequence, several of their own Favourites and Relations, who were generally, with great Contempt, hissed off the Stage.

As a Misapplication of Talents in private Life, always renders the Person guilty of it ridiculous, so in a public Capacity it makes a whole Nation so. Let us fancy to ourselves a Country, where the several Parts in the Government should be bestowed as the Characters in *Alexander the Great* once were; in
which

which *Penkethman* personated that illustrious Hero, and *Dicky Norris*, *Statira* ; would not such a People make as burlesque a Figure in the World, as that celebrated Piece did on the Stage ?

INDEX to the TIMES.

ALL our Coffee-House-Politicians seem to agree in their Intelligence, that, notwithstanding the great *Expectations* of certain *sanguine* People, the settling the Land-Tax, the Continuing the Army, the adjusting Ways and Means to make good the Expence of the current Year, and perhaps a Vote of Credit, are allotted, by the great Person stiled HIS HONOUR, to be the principal Business of the present Session ; and, those necessary Points once carried, 'tis not doubted but the Members will be complimented for their good Services, &c. and dismissed to their Country Recreations : It appearing to be the peculiar Happiness of the present Age, to have neither *Favours* to ask, *Grievances* to be redressed, or *Corruptions* to be cured.

Several Ladies, of great Beauty, Merit, and Fortune, are lately married ; but as none of their Friends have yet applied *properly* to Mrs. *Joan Vinegar*, we do not think fit to mention their Names.



THURSDAY,



THURSDAY, *November 22, 1739.*

Decipimur Specie.

HOR.



THE World, says *Montaigne*, are cheated with the Appearance of Things, not the Realities. The more we know of Mankind, the more we shall see the Truth of this Observation. It seems to have been the Business of those ingenious and industrious Men, from whom the World hath derived its Customs and Ceremonies, to have disguised and concealed the Face of Truth as much as possible, inso-much that few, and those only by abstracted Considerations, ever obtain any Sight of her. Whoever gives implicitly into the general Customs and Habits of Men, is almost always deceived by Appearances, which he first mistakes for Realities, and then worships with such a blind Idolatry, as to be almost ready to suffer Martyrdom, rather than forego an Error, that Fashion and Opinion have so long render'd venerable.

Montaigne instances, in the Affair of Death, a Word to which we have joined so terrible an Idea, that the bare mention of it generally puts a Stop to all Mirth in Conversation; and some Persons have imbittered their whole Lives with the Apprehension of it. Yet, as he well observes, it is not Death, but the Pageantry in which it is set forth, the Cries of Mothers, Wives, and Children, the Visits of astonished and afflicted Friends, pale and blubbered Servants, a dark Room

Room set round with burning Tapers, our Beds environed with Physicians and Divines ; in sum, nothing but Ghastliness and Horror round about us, render it so formidable, that a Man almost fancies himself dead and buried already.

These, and not Death itself, frighten the Minds of the Beholders, and make that appear so dreadful, which Armies, who have an Opportunity of being thoroughly acquainted with, and often seeing him without any of these black and dismal Disguises, converse familiarly with, and meet with Mirth and Gaiety.

The same is, I believe, universally true in all other Incidents of Life. Women look on Child-birth, the Extreme perhaps of all Pains and Peril, with Cheerfulness ; because all the Ceremonies leading to the Time itself, and subsequent to it are full of Gladness and Merriment. Where a Child has the Small-Pox appearing on it, the whole House is over-shadowed with Grief and Mourning ; but where the other Case is every Day expected, a quite different Face appears.

In short, we may carry this Observation pretty safely thro' all our Opinions of Things. What we look on as Power, Honour, Wisdom, Piety, &c. are often not the Things themselves, but the Appearance only.

Let us fancy to ourselves a Kingdom, where the Ensigns of Power are in one Part of the Legislature, and the Power itself in another : Awe and Reverence, nay, and even the Opinion of Power will I believe be found to follow the Appearance, and not the Reality.

In like Manner, it hath been well proved, and is, I think of itself sufficiently clear, that there is no real Honour in over-running, conquering, and destroying Nations. Yet the Names of such as have accomplished these Exploits, are not only revered and honoured in their own Times, but transmitted down
with

with all the Marks of Honour to Posterity ; and we see few who have Capacity or Resolution enough to strip them of those Titles, to which they have not the least Claim.

What Men generally regard as Wisdom and Piety, are no other than the Garbs and Habits of those Virtues.

And yet we see this Deceit daily practiced with Success ; nay, and that by Men, notorious for the want of that in their continual Practice, which they thus impudently mask themselves with. It is a truly political Rule to have regard to Appearances : Men are too lazy, and too timorous to search to the Bottom ; and every Man may be thought to be, what he will only take the Pains outwardly to appear to be. This is the Reason, that wise Men have in all Ages been immoderately fond of certain outward Distinctions from the Vulgar, such as Ribbons of several Colours, particular Ornaments on their Coats, Heads, &c. which those, who are skilled in these Matters, assure me are understood to be infallible Tokens of all the Cardinal Virtues, and are always honoured as such by the Beholders ; on which Account, a Man hath sometimes thought himself well rewarded for an Act, which an old *Roman* would not have taken the World for, by two Yards of Ribbon.

Hence came the first Institution of all Ensigns of Power from the highest to the lowest ; from the *Fasces* which were carried before the *Roman* Consul, to the Staff which graces the Hand of an *English* Constable. All the Particularities of Dress, all the Robes which several Dignities, Offices, and Professions are distinguished by. A Judge, on his Circuit, would not receive half the Respect that is usually offered him by the Populace, was he to travel without those attractive Ornaments with which he is inclosed. Divines very well express themselves, when they say such a one does not shew a decent Respect to the Cloth. A Physician

fician makes but an ill Figure in the Eye of his Patient, without a full Wig and a Cane; and it was wittily enough said, by one of that Profession, that he could not be so properly said to keep his Chariot, as his Chariot to keep him. The great Success which the *Ramillie* Wig had at one of the Battles in *Flanders* is well known; and I have heard a Regiment of Soldiers preferred, by some good Judges at a Review, for an inordinate Quantity of Powder, which they had on their Shoulders. The Terms *fine Gentleman* and *fine Lady* are seldom misunderstood, when they are taken to regard their Dress only. Those august Bodies, the several Corporations of this Kingdom exact great Respect by their Habits, as sufficiently appears from the great Difference, in the Behaviour of their Fellow-Citizens when they are marching Rank and File to Church of a Sunday, with the Mace before them; from that which they at other Times receive when they throw aside the Alderman, and condescend to busy themselves in the ordinary Occupation of their Shops. I have often thought, the little Glory with which that Military Part of our Constitution, the Train'd-Bands march through this City, chiefly owing to their being so little distinguished in Dress from their Brotherhood; for I have noted on these Occasions, that my Taylor, who has the Honour of being a Lieutenant of Grenadiers in one of these Corps, and who is habited in the exact Dress of an Officer, receives very decent Salutations from all his Customers as he passes along, and quite different from those wherewith he is accosted when he takes measure for a Suit.

But the World also pays a Deference to the last Appearance of Things, the least Mark or Habit, or Gesture which we take Care to put on. Thus a certain Solemnity and Gravity of Countenance never fails of passing for Wisdom, a stately and majestic Gate for Power, and a fierce Knit of the Brows for Valour. I am pleased with a Story related of the famous Dr.

Busby,

Busby, who is said to have strutted through his School with his Hat on, when his Majesty King *Charles* the II. honour'd him with a Visit, and walk'd complaisantly beside him with his Hat under his Arm : But, when he was taking his Leave at the Door, the Doctor with great Humility thus address'd himself : *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my Want of Respect hitherto ; but if my Boys were to imagine there was a greater Man in the Kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.*

I would from these Instances, by no Means recommend to Mankind to cultivate Deceit, or endeavour to appear what they are not ; on the contrary, I wish it were possible to induce the World to make a diligent Enquiry into Things themselves, to withhold them from giving too hasty a Credit to the outward Shew and first Impression ; I would only convince my Readers, *That it is not enough to have Virtue, without we also take Care to preserve, by a certain Decency and Dignity of Behaviour, the outward Appearance of it also.*

INDEX to the TIMES.

WE have received Advice, that a Sect of *Political Methodists* is lately sprung up ; the fundamental Principles of whose Doctrines are, That *Regeneration* is as necessary in *Politics* as *Religion*. That all Men in a State of *Patriotism* are in a State of *Reprobation*. That they are hard of Heart, blind of Eye, and in a total *Incapacity* of receiving the Light of *Grace*. That the only *State-Baptist* of the Age lives in *D——g-Street*. That the entering into *Covenant* with him is the only Means to be *saved*. That such as *apostatise* from his Laws are the Sons of *Perdition*, and that, on the bare Merit of *believing* in him,
Babes

Babes and Sucklings become fit to govern Provinces, negotiate Treaties, represent Corporations, advise in Councils, and command both Fleets and Armies.

'Tis given out that the old Custom of *Touching* for the *King's-Evil*, will be renew'd; and that a proper Quantity of Gold will be *speedily* prepar'd for that Purpose.



SATURDAY, November 24, 1739.

To Captain VINEGAR.

S I R,



Owver great I esteem the Honour of being descended from so eminent and useful a Man, I value myself much more on being admitted into the Number of your Friends, and most of all on your assigning me so noble a Province in your present Undertaking, as the doing Justice to the Poetical Performances of the Times.

Give me Leave, notwithstanding Sir, to complain a little of your introducing me to the Public with the Words *Damned Stuff, Low, &c.* in my Mouth, and with a *Cat-call* in my Hand; as if I had more Pleasure in Censure than Applause; nay, was preverfely bent to assassinate an Author's Reputation, right or wrong, and had nothing like Justice about me, but the single Article of passing Sentence blind-fold.

If, therefore Sir, you then deliver'd your real Opinion of me, and the Gentlemen I have the Honour
to

to converse with, let the present Letter not only undeceive you, but those of your Readers, who have espous'd the same Prejudice, on your Authority: Severe I may be sometimes, but just I endeavour to be always: Asham'd to flatter, and yet, above Measure, glad of an Opportunity to praise.

Poetry, Sir, is the very Primrose of *Parnassus*; with the most tender Constitution, it exposes it self to the rudest Weather; it blooms while the Snow is yet on the Ground, and seldom lives to taste the more kindly Blessings of the Spring: As Men of Gallantry, then, are proud to defend the Ladies, Men of Sense should pique themselves on protecting the Muses: Be it my Glory, therefore, rather to be their *Champion*, than their Enemy; and, while I have the Privilege of communicating my Thoughts through the Channel you have open'd, the Public may be assur'd that no Piece, which deserves a Character, shall want one.

What I last said, I must own, cróuds in a little impertinently here; for I am now to speak of a Piece, that, in Spite of Opposition, has already been, and ever will continue to be the Delight of all that can feel the exquisite Touch of Poetry, or be rous'd with the divine Enthusiasm of Public-Spirit. — After this Preface, which flows from my very Heart, and disdains every mean, servile, or mercenary Motive, who will be at a Loss to guess that I have the Poem call'd *LONDON*, or the *PROGRESS* of *COMMERCE* in my Eye? Who among the Distinguishing, the Unprejudic'd, and Sincere I mean? For that there are some Owls who cannot bear Day light, some Beasts of Prey who lie in wait only to destroy, is rather to be lamented than deny'd. — Such as these are sworn Foes to all that's excellent, or laudable, and are sure to oppose the Virtues they can never attain. As the Candid inspire the Trumpet of Fame, they do the same by that of Infamy: But with this unfortunate Consequence, that the Blast recoils on themselves, and they are poison'd with their own pesti-
C
lential

lential Breath. — But there is no need to expose what no Body regards, or detect the Absurdity of Writings already forgot.

Tho' I don't propose a Criticism in Form on this excellent Piece ; I cannot help observing that none was introduc'd to the World with more Proprieties to recommend it : Such as the Choice of the Subject, compar'd with the Character and Situation of the Author, the noble, and consistent Complements which result from it to the City of *London* in particular, and *Great-Britain* in General ; together with the Crisis in which it was published, and the grand Application of all to revive the Virtue, and Magnanimity of a brave, but half-ennervated People.

But Propriety is the least of its Beauties. The Poem itself is an exact Parallel with the Theme on which it is founded. *Commerce*, in its Original, appeared rather mean and contemptible, than what it has since prov'd, the Source of Empire, Science, and all the Elegancies of Life ; nor could even a happy Imagination expect but a scanty Measure of Entertainment, from so dry and barren a Subject. — But how agreeable is the Surprize ? The Poet calls in the Splendour of Fable to his Aid, opens all the Treasures of ancient and modern Learning, adds all the Dignity of Sentiment, the Beauty of Historic-Painting, the Magnificence of Scenery, and animates the whole with a Spirit that subdues the Reader's Attention, and not only deserves, but exacts Admiration.

But not to content myself with Assertions, without Proofs ; If there's any Man of Taste, and Letters so inquisitive, or so unlucky, as not to have met with a Performance so worthy of his Approbation ; to him I recommend the following Quotation ; not as the most shining Passage, but a fair, and equal Specimen of the Whole. — The Poet addressing himself to *Commerce*, and having assign'd for a Reason why, being settled in
many

many Places, she had been permanent in none, that she was unblest'd by *Mars* at her Birth, thus proceeds.

————— Th' unalter'd Will

Of Heav'n in ev'ry Climate hath ordain'd,
 And ev'ry Age, that Empire shall attend
 The Sword, and Steel shall conquer Gold.
 'Then from thy Suff'rings learn! Th' auspicious Hour
 Now smiles; our wary Magistrates have arm'd
 Our Hands; Thou, Goddess! animate our Breasts,
 To cast inglorious Indolence aside.
 That once again, in bright Battalions rang'd,
 Our Thousands, and Ten Thousands may be seen
 Their Country's only Rampart, and the Dread
 Of wild *Ambition*! Mark the *Swedish* Hind!
 He, on his native Soil should *Danger* lour,
 Soon, from the Entrails of the dusky Mine,
 Would rise to Arms; and other Fields, and Chiefs
 With *Helsingburg*, and *Steinbock* soon would share
 The Admiration of the Northern World.
Helvetia's Hills behold! th' aerial Seat
 Of long-supported *Liberty*! Who thence,
 Securely resting on her faithful Shield,
 The Warrior's Corslet flaming on her Breast,
 Looks down with Scorn on spacious Realms, which groan
 In Servitude around her, and, her Sword
 With dauntless Skill! high-brandishing, defies
 The *Austrian* Eagle, and imperious *Gaul*!
 And O could those ill-fated Shades arise,
 Whose valiant Ranks along th' ensanguin'd Dust
 Of *Newbury* lay crouded, they could tell
 How their long-matchless Cavalry, so oft
 O'er Hills of Slain by ardent *Rupert* led,
 Whose dreadful Standard *Victory* had wav'd
 Till then, triumphant, there with noblest Blood
 From their gor'd Squadrons dy'd the restive Spear
 Of *London's* firm Militia, and resign'd
 The well-disputed Field. Then, Goddess, say!

Shall we be now more timid, when, behold !
 The black'ning Storm now gathers round our Heads,
 And *England's* angry *Genius* sounds to Arms ?
 For Thee remember is the Banner spread :
 The naval Tow'r, to vindicate Thy Rights
 Will sweep the curling Foam ; the thundring Bomb
 Will roar, and startle in their deepest Grotts
 Old *Nereus's* Daughters : with Combustion stor'd,
 For Thee our dire Volcano's of the Main,
 Impregnated with Horror, soon will pour
 Their flaming Ruin round each hostile Fleet :
 Thou, then, Great Goddess ! summon all Thy Powers
 Arm all Thy Sons ! Thy Vassals ! ev'ry Heart
 Inflammé ! and You, Ye fear-disclaiming Race !
 Ye Mariners of *Britain* ! chosen Train
 Of Liberty and Commerce ! now no more
 Secrete Your gen'rous Valour ! hear the Call
 Of injur'd *Albion* ! to Her Foes présent
 Those daring Bosoms, which alike disdain
 The Death-disploding Cannon, and the Rage
 Of warring Tempests, mingling in their Strife
 The Seas and Clouds ! Tho' long in Silence hush'd,
 Hath slept the *British* Thunder ; tho' the Pride
 Of weak *Iberia* hath forgot the Roar ;
 Soon shall Her ancient Terrors be recall'd
 When your victorious Shouts affright her Shores :
 None now ignobly will your Warmth restrain,
 Nor hazard more indignant *Valour's* Curse,
 Their Country's Wrath, and *Time's* eternal Scorn :
 Then bid the Furies of *Bellona* wake !
 And silver-mantled *Peace* with welcome Steps
 Anon shall visit your triumphant Isle.
 And, that perpetual Safety may possess
 Our joyous Fields, Thou *Genius*, who presid'st
 O'er this illustrious City ! teach Her Sons
 To wield the noble Instruments of War !
 And let the great Example soon extend
 Thro' ev'ry Province, till *Britannia* sees

Her

Her docile Millions fill the martial Plain.
 Then, whatsoe'er our Terrors now suggest,
 Of Desolation and th' invading Sword,
 Tho', with his massy Trident, *Neptune* heav'd
 A new-born Isthmus from the *British* Deep,
 And to its Parent-Continent rejoin'd
 Our chalky Shore; tho' *Mahomet* could league
 His pow'rful Crescent with the hostile *Gaul*,
 And that new *Cyrus* of the conquer'd East,
 Who now, in trembling Vassalage, unites
 The *Ganges*, and *Euphrates*, could advance
 With His auxiliar Hosts; our warlike Youth,
 With equal Numbers, and with keener Zeal
 For Children, Parents, Friends, for *England* fir'd
 Her fertile Glebe, Her wealthy Towns, Her Laws,
 Her Liberty, Her Honour, should sustain
 The dreadful Onset, and resistless break
 'Th' immense Array. —————

I shall conclude, Sir, with observing, for the Honour of this august Metropolis, that, however singular it may seem to see the Man of Business, and the Poet center in the same Person, no one City in the Universe has produc'd so many Ornaments of polite Learning as this; and when I mention the great Names of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Donne*, *Milton*, and *Cowley*, with those of *Mr. Pope*, and *Mr. Glover*, all Natives of *London*; no Body will presume to treat the Word *Citizen*, as a Term of Reproach any more. I am, with all imaginable Respect,

S I R,

Your Dutiful Son,

And Humble Servant.

Lincoln's-Inn,
 Nov. 20th.

TIM. VINEGAR.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Mr. *Glover* having ascrib'd the first Establishment of Commerce in *England* to *Queen Elizabeth*, I hope he will excuse me, if I refer him back to History to correct that Mistake : Where he will find that the great *Edward III.* was the Monarch to whom we originally owe that national Blessing. 'Twas He fix'd the Staple of Wool in our own Ports, invited over the *Flemings*, to teach us how to profit by our Industry ; as well as the Product of our Soil ; and was so watchful over our Navigation, that, when a Fleet of *Spanish* and *Scottish* Pirates infested the Seas to the great Terror, and Damage of our Merchants, he gather'd together a few Ships, and, condescending to hazard his own royal Person for the Security of his Subjects, gain'd a Victory that redounds more to his Honour, than all his wonderful Exploits in *Scotland* and *France*. * *

 I N D E X to the T I M E S.

A T last, the long-contested Point of establishing an Hospital for *Foundlings* is carry'd ; to the immortal Honour of Mr. *Coram*, who has pursued it on such noble, and disinterested Motives, and with such indefatigable Zeal, and Industry : A Design so truly humane and charitable, that one cannot help wondring, it has been delayed so long ; and yet as it results from the voluntary Subscriptions of Individuals, 'tis as much to be wonder'd it ever took Place at all. Let us then no longer inveigh against the Times, as growing more and more degenerate ; this one Instance of public Spirit reflects an Honour upon the Age, and deserves the Applause of all the Nations round about us.

The

The Number of the Governors and Guardians of this Foundation (exclusive of the Privy-Council) appointed by the Royal Charter, is in all 353 ; of which 17 are Dukes, according to *old Forms*, his Majesty's *Right Trusty*, and *Right entirely-beloved Cousins* ; 24 Earls, his Majesty's *Right Trusty*, and *Well-beloved Cousins* ; six Viscounts, his Majesty's *Right Trusty*, and *Well-beloved Cousins* ; 20 Barons, *Right Trusty* and *Well-beloved*, but no KIN to his Majesty at all : nine *Right Trusty* and *Well-beloved* Counsellors ; 20 *Trusty* and *Well-beloved* Baronets ; 14 Aldermen of *London* ; two Knights ; one Doctor of Laws ; 10 Physicians ; the Attorney, and Solicitor General ; and the Rest, Esquires, Gents, &c. all alike *Trusty*, and *Well-beloved*, and, in Spite of the Clamours of Malignants, chosen without *Favour* and *Affection*.

TO BE SEEN,

Without Loss of Time, not far from *King's-street, Westminster*, a famous *Colossus*, somewhat in the Manner of that which *Nebuchadnezzar* saw in his Dream : It's Head being of Wood, it's Brains of Lead, it's Face of Brass, it's Hands of Iron, it's Heart of Adamant, it's Legs and Feet of Clay, and its Rump of Gold.

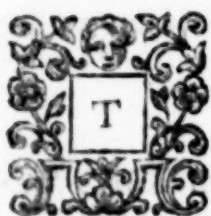
The *curious Inspectors* into *Mysteries* are desired to take Notice, that it has a *Mill* in it's Belly, which shews the only true *perpetual* Motion, and does more Execution in a Day, than all the other Mills of the Kingdom in a Year.



TUESDAY, November 27, 1739.

— *Nescis Domine Fastidia Romæ
Crede mihi, nimium Martia Turba sapit.
Majores nusquam Ronchi juvenesque senesque
Et Pueri Nasum Rhinocerotis habent.*

MART.



HERE are two Sorts of Persons, who, may, in some Sense, be said to feed on the Breath which goeth out of the Mouth of Man; namely, the Soldier and the Author. But here I would not be understood to mean, by Soldier, such wise Military Men, who justly despising this thin Diet, are content to receive from five hundred to two thousand Pounds a Year, for appearing now and then in a red Coat with a Sash, in the Parks and Market-Places of this Kingdom, and who never saw an Enemy, unless the old Officers and Soldiers of their own Regiments, who disdain to have such Commanders at their Head; nor, by Authors, would I be supposed to cast any Reflection on such as have found a Method by Panegyric, to cram themselves with more substantial Food. The Kind of Persons here hinted at, may be seen in St. James's Park in a foggy Morning in shabby red and black Coats, with open Mouths eagerly devouring the Fog for Breakfast. Such Soldiers as an Acquaintance of mine, who, after he had served many Campaigns in *Flanders*, and been wounded in *Spain*, with a generous Heart and an empty Pocket died in the *King's-Bench*; and such Authors as *Butler*, who, after he had

had published his inimitable *Hudibras*, was starved to Death in a Garret.

Now what did these obtain, or what can their Followers promise themselves besides Fame, which is but the Breath of Man? A Dainty, however unsubstantial, on which *Horace* assures us, a Poet will grow extremely fat.

Palma negata macrum donata reducit opimum.

Here I am aware, it will be objected, that I confer this Reward too soon, and the same Epistle of *Horace*, with Dr. Bentley's *Ingentia FATA*, will be produced against me, and many other Authorities, to prove that they taste not this Delicacy till after their Death: For which Reason it may be told me I should have imitated the Style of the Author of *Tom Thumb**, and asserted that that there were the Ghosts of two Sorts of Persons, &c. who fed on the Breath of Man. To which I only answer, that tho' Envy, which, according to *Ovid*, only preys on the Living, may have robbed some of their just Fame during their Lives; yet several Instances may be produced to the contrary. That Verse of the Poet:

Præsentī tibi maturos largimur Honores.

May have been applyed to many more than him for whom it was first intended. But those who do not care to allow any Praise to a living Author, may if they please consider him as feeding on the Hopes of it; the one being almost as substantial as the other.

Indeed the Soldier is in this Point happier than the Poet, as he generally receives his Portion of Fame

C 6

sooner.

* An Author who dealt so much in Ghosts, that he is said to have spoiled the Hay-Market Stage, by cutting it all into Trap-Doors.

sooner. *Alexander* had the immediate Honours of his Victories, and perhaps much more than they deserved ; but poor *Homer* was, during his Life, reputed little better than a Ballad-finger ; and *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Lycurgus*, tells us, that his Poems were scarce heard of in *Greece* till many Years after his Death. Yet the Poet hath some Advantage in his Turn ; for his Works, if not his Name, will outlive the others ; to which we may add Sir *William Temple*'s Observation, that the World hath produced a thousand equal to *Alexander*, but scarce one capable of writing an *Iliad*.

But to drop the Soldier, with whom we have no more to do at present, and stick to the Author. If Fame be, as I have said, his Food, (and perhaps in a literal Sense it may be often so called) how cruel must they be, who rashly, inconsiderately, and often wantonly take the Bread out of his Mouth, since it seldom happens that they are such as can ever put it into their own ?

This is a Cruelty of which all the good Writers, from the Days of *Horace* to the present Time, have complained, and for which bad Authors have in all Ages been stigmatized ; some of whom, like the Wretch who burnt the Temple at *Ephesus*, have been immortalized for their Infamy, and owed such their Immortality, to those very Poets whom they have traduced. Thus *Virgil* hath recorded the Names of *Mævi* and *Bavi* ; and thus *Pope* (whose Works will be coeval with the Language in which they are writ) hath condescended to transmit to Posterity many Heroical Persons, who, without his kind Assistance, would have never been known to have dared lift their Pens against the greatest Poet of his Time. Bad Writers therefore seem to have a Sort of prescriptive Privilege to abuse good ones ; in which I the rather indulge them for the great Inoffensiveness thereof ; such Calumny being seldom read, and never believed.

Leaving,

Leaving, therefore, all such as utterly incorrigible, I shall here address myself only to those who never have nor ever intend to write, and consequently can propose no Interest in ruining the Reputation of those who do. I would recommend to all Persons (except bad Writers) to be extremely cautious in the Use of the Words *Low, Dull, Stupid, Sad Stuff, Grub-street,* &c. which, with some few more, I wish heartily were banished out of our Language, and that it was reckoned as certain a Mark of Folly to use them, as it would be of Indecency to use some others. Tho' I must own at the same Time, this might be as fatal to Criticism, as the Banishment of indecent Words hath been to Gallantry; and that some Persons of admired Judgment would be as hard put to it to talk critically without the one, as some noted Beaus are to talk wantonly without the other.

I should be sorry to think there was in Mankind the Principle pointed at in the following Lines, which I have taken from a Poem not yet communicated to the Public.

*Nor in the Tyger's Cave, nor Lion's Den,
Dwells our Malignity. For selfish Men,
The Gift of Fame like that of Money deem;
And think they lose, whene'er they give Esteem.*

I rather impute unjust Censure to Ignorance than Malice, and very sincerely believe Men when they say *I don't understand a Word of all this;* which they may probably say with great Truth of the whole Iliad. And one may apply to these Persons what *Dacier* said of a *French Critic*, who abused the last mentioned Poem. *That he found it more easy to censure him than to read him.*

However, as it is certain they are not always understood in this Light, and that the emptiest Fellows have sometimes done Harm (as my Bookseller terms

it) to the Sale of a Work, I shall, as a Terror to all such Persons, as well as an Information to those who have been abused by them, communicate to the Public the Opinion of Mr. Counsellor *Vinegar*, on the following Case.

2. If a Man says of an Author that he is dull, or hath no Wit, (seeing that Wit is his Property, according to a noble Lord who hath more of that Property than any Man) will not an Action lie for the said Author?

Moy semble quod si ascun dit de J. S. eteant un Poete quod est Dull. Action bien volt gysler et le Resolution de le Case, 1 R. A. 55 S. 16. Bien agree ode reco ubi Action fuit port per un Apprentice del Ley et Plt declare quod Dext a-voit dit de luy quod est Durnce, and will get nothing by the Law. Et le Opinion del Court, fuit quod Action bien gist, car Hume Poet estre Heavie, et nemy tam pregnant come ascuns auters sont et encore un bon Lawyer. Mes quia il avoit dit que il ne voet get ascun chose per la Ley. Action gist. Sic icy car si Poete soit Heavit ou dull non volt gett ascun chose en le World.

WIL. VINEGAR.

But, in the mean Time, as such Action may not be soon brought or soon decided, it may be proper to put some immediate stop to the present Currency of Criticism. In order thereto, having consulted with the Elders of my Family, I have determined, by Virtue of that Authority with which I have invested myself, to lay down some Qualifications, without which no Person shall henceforth presume to censure any Performance whatever.

And here he, who shall consider the Derivation of this Word Criticism, which is from a Greek Word, implying no less than Judgment, or shall reflect on the

the vast Abilities which have been possess'd by the Professors of this Art, and what hath been required by those who have given Rules for it, particularly Mr. Pope in his most excellent Essay thereon;

*Let those teach others who themselves excell,
And censure freely who have written well.*

And in many other Places of that charming Poem, he I say, who will weigh all these Particulars, will doubtless think me extremely reasonable in the following Particulars.

First, I expect henceforward, that no Person whatever, be his Qualifications what they will, presume to give his Opinion against any literary Production, without having first read one Word of it.

Secondly, That no *Man* under the Age of fourteen, shall be entitled to give a Definitive Opinion (unless in the Play-house.)

Thirdly, That no Person shall be allowed to be a perfect Judge in any Work of Learning, who hath not advanced as far as the End of the Accidence; unless at the Coffee-Houses West of *Charing-Cross*, where such Deficiencies shall be supplied by a proper Quantity of Lace and Embroidery.

As to Prejudice, I mention it not, seeing that the only Persons in whom we can suspect so base a Motive, are either those Authors before-mentioned, who have my Leave to abuse me or any one else as much as they please, or such as are sworn Enemies to all Literature in General, and have entered into Bonds among themselves, to give no Encouragement to any Genius whatever. Of some of whom I have lately heard, and may possibly describe to the Public, that whatever they hereafter say may go for nothing.

Lastly, It being well known that some Men have a Way of communicating their critical Sentiments by Winks, Nods, Smiles, Frowns, and other Signs and Tokens,

Tokens, without the Assistance of Speech ; and having heard of a certain Person in this Kingdom, whose Nod could convey more meaning than the most significant Words of any other, I prohibit all People of no Consequence from using any of these Signs, and do expressly forbid any Man hereafter to shake his Head, who is universally known among his Acquaintance to have nothing in it. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE little Republic of *San Marino* is at last subjugated to the Court of *Rome*, through the dextrous Management of Cardinal *Alberoni*. That ambitious Churchman looked on a free State with as much Envy and Malignity as the Devil did on Paradise. Liberty, tho' in a Desert, was a bad Neighbour to the Holy See ; and afforded a Comparison so disadvantageous, that all Arts were to be used to destroy it. Force, their Enemies knew was fruitless, and therefore they employ'd Corruption to compass their villanous Ends ; which divided this unhappy People into Factions, made them Traitors to themselves, and gave some an Opportunity to enslave the rest. Thus, under the Pretence of being deliver'd from Tyrants of their own, they have submitted to the worst Tyranny in the World, that of the Church ; and, tho' they struggle a while with their Fetters, and sue to one Prince to redeem them from the Oppressions of another, the very Persons they appeal to will, probably, in the End, sacrifice their Interests to their own ; and rivet their Chains to all Eternity.

It has lately been the Fashion in *Europe*, for the greater Communities to dispose of the leis, at their own good Pleasure ; as if they had farm'd them of God, to lease out, in a royal Frolic, to what Vassalage

lage they thought proper ; and as if the Wretches, so disposed of, had no Rights or Wills of their own, but were to kiss the Rod, and humbly acknowledge this flagrant Violation of the Privileges of human Nature to be just.

Thus have we seen the noble Islands of *Sicily* and *Sardinia*, the illustrious Kingdom of *Naples*, and several other potent Principalities in *Italy* shifting Hands continually, and transferred from Prince to Prince, like so much Stock among the Brokers in *Change-Alley*.—Thus, in Spite of the most pathetic Remonstrance that ever was wrote, have we seen the important Dutchy of *Lorrain*, surrender'd by its own Sovereign, into the Hands of a Government, which the Inhabitants had, for many Ages been taught to esteem as their most implacable Enemies. And thus, at this Moment, *Corfica*, which has made so vigorous an Effort to recover its Liberty, gallant *Corfica*, is under the Hammer, and ready to be knock'd off to the highest Bidder : To whose ever Lot they fall, certain of having Reason to exclaim. *He gave us a King in his Wrath for a Curse !*



THURSDAY,



THURSDAY, Nov. 29, 1739.

To Captain VINEGAR.

S I R,



IS a very frequent Remark, that there are Men who have all Sense, but common Sense: And the Persons so described, are generally such as have the most enlarged Capacities, the most lively Imaginations, the most volatile Wits; in a Word, such as owe their very Absurdities to Qualities, that would add a Lustre to any other Character but their own.

'Tis farther observable, that these Absurdities appear more glaring in them than in the lower Class of Men: Dulness as well as Charity, will cover a Multitude of Faults; like a seasonable Cloud in an Epic Poem to save an endanger'd Hero, it screens them from Observation; or if any curious Eye should remove the Veil, 'tis to no Purpose to expose what Nature herself has left unfinished, and is incapable of Amendment. On the contrary, in a Diamond, all Defects are instantly discovered, and every Flaw, Speck, or Tincture diminishes the Value.

There is much Truth in that delicate Remark of Mr. Prior's.

Much may be right, yet much be wanting.

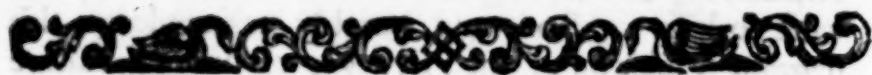
And, when we see a Statue, or Picture, by a great Hand, abounding with Excellencies, yet incorrect thro'

thro' Haste, Neglect, or want of sufficient Knowledge of the Subject, it flatters our own Vanity, to detect and expose its Imperfections; tho' every Beauty expressed, helps us to point out every Deficiency, and by the very Light the Master himself has set up, we are enabled to pass Judgment on his Performance.— How many Times have I heard the Escapes of the most elevated Geniuses made the Sport of Things who had nothing but their Figure, to entitle them to a Place in the humane Species? How frequently are the Indiscretions of *Villars Duke of Buckingham*, and the intemperate Sallies of that other Prodigy *Wilmot Earl of Rochester*, made the Subject of ill natur'd Invektive for a whole Evening? How seldom is the admir'd Sir *Richard Steel* (to whom the World is so greatly oblig'd for such a Length and Variety of Entertainment) how seldom is he nam'd without the severest Reflections on his recommending Oeconomy so much, yet practising it so little? Or if the Conversation turns on his illustrious Colleague Mr. *Addison*, was it ever known, but that his extreme Bashfulness was taken Notice of as a Foil to all his Merits? In vain, was the unhappy Duke of *Wharton* the Glory of the Nobility: His Extravagancies are ever remembred, but his Learning, Wit, and Eloquence are bury'd in the Grave with him.

We have all of us by Heart that celebrated Distich of Mr. *Dryden's*,

*Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do the Bounds divide.*

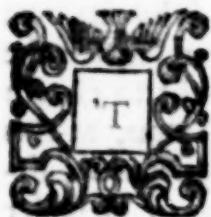
And never fail to apply it, when a Man of Genius is serv'd up to gratify the Envy of those who have hardly Capacity enough to understand his Writings: Almost all Authors of Reputation have, in Turn, been reproached with it; even he who writ it has not escaped; nor have his Works, the most excellent
if



THURSDAY, Nov. 29, 1739.

To Captain VINEGAR.

S I R,



IS a very frequent Remark, that there are Men who have all Sense, but common Sense: And the Persons so described, are generally such as have the most enlarged Capacities, the most lively Imaginations, the most volatile Wits; in a Word, such as owe their very Absurdities to Qualities, that would add a Lustre to any other Character but their own.

'Tis farther observable, that these Absurdities appear more glaring in them than in the lower Class of Men: Dulness as well as Charity, will cover a Multitude of Faults: like a seasonable Cloud in an Epic Poem to save an endanger'd Hero, it screens them from Observation; or if any curious Eye should remove the Veil, 'tis to no Purpose to expose what Nature herself has left unfinished, and is incapable of Amendment. On the contrary, in a Diamond, all Defects are instantly discovered, and every Flaw, Speck, or Tincture diminishes the Value.

There is much Truth in that delicate Remark of Mr. Prior's.

Much may be right, yet much be wanting.

And, when we see a Statue, or Picture, by a great Hand, abounding with Excellencies, yet incorrect thro'

thro' Haste, Neglect, or want of sufficient Knowledge of the Subject, it flatters our own Vanity, to detect and expose its Imperfections; tho' every Beauty expressed, helps us to point out every Deficiency, and by the very Light the Master himself has set up, we are enabled to pass Judgment on his Performance.— How many Times have I heard the Escapes of the most elevated Geniuses made the Sport of Things who had nothing but their Figure, to entitle them to a Place in the humane Species? How frequently are the Indiscretions of *Villars* Duke of *Buckingham*, and the intemperate Sallies of that other Prodigy *Wilmot* Earl of *Rockester*, made the Subject of ill natur'd Invektive for a whole Evening? How seldom is the admir'd Sir *Richard Steel* (to whom the World is so greatly oblig'd for such a Length and Variety of Entertainment) how seldom is he nam'd without the severest Reflections on his recommending Oeconomy so much, yet practising it so little? Or if the Conversation turns on his illustrious Colleague Mr. *Addison*, was it ever known, but that his extreme Bashfulness was taken Notice of as a Foil to all his Merits? In vain, was the unhappy Duke of *Wharton* the Glory of the Nobility: His Extravagancies are ever remembred, but his Learning, Wit, and Eloquence are bury'd in the Grave with him.

We have all of us by Heart that celebrated Distich of Mr. *Dryden's*,

*Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do the Bounds divide.*

And never fail to apply it, when a Man of Genius is serv'd up to gratify the Envy of those who have hardly Capacity enough to understand his Writings: Almost all Authors of Reputation have, in Turn, been reproached with it; even he who writ it has not escaped; nor have his Works, the most excellent
if

if we consider their Variety, that ever were publish'd, been yet able to atone for those Temporizings, that the Ingratitude of the Times compell'd him to.

Thus, it seems, the more Excellencies Men are possess'd of, the more are requir'd of them ; and, unless there is no room to cavil, we are very unwilling to bestow Applause : But, however severe we may be in our Decisions, wherever there is Passion, there will be Frailty ; and whoever is a Man will have a Touch of the Inconsistencies, inseparable from humane Nature.

For my own Part, I am not entirely clear, but that Excellencies and Extravagancies grow from the same Root : Thus the same Vigour of the Imagination that produces the Poet, sometimes passes the Line, and ends in the Madman : The same Fire and Activity that makes a Man daring and intrepid, renders him rash, arrogant, and presuming : And the same laudable Pride that impels us to deserve Esteem and Admiration, often hurries us on to Ostentation and Vain-Glory. On the other Hand, where the whole Character is smooth and uniform, 'tis generally insipid, and equally incapable of offending or entertaining.

Now, as 'tis not impossible but that the most unlucky Censor may sometimes deviate into the Right, if it was left to his Option to chuse which of these Dispositions he pleased, 'tis odds but he would reject the Last with Scorn, and venture upon the First, tho' sure to be obnoxious to the like uncharitable Reflections he had dealt out so freely on others.

What I have, hitherto, said, is intended for the Use of certain decisive young Gentlemen, with whom I sometimes associate : Our Conversations being commonly too warm and passionate to be conclusive ; and every Man too fond of his own Opinion to be easily confuted : Thus we meet, wrangle, and seem resolv'd not to give up any Assertion whatever ; as if to be obstinate, was to be in the Right ; and to be captivated

ted by the Force of Truth an insupportable Disgrace.

But, having gone thus far, in order to excite something of Candour, Tendernefs, and Modesty, in talking of those who have more Understanding than ourselves, I am free to declare, on the other Side of the Question, that no Authority whatever should dazzle us so far, as to blind the Judgment it should enlighten. Truth certainly demands the first Place in our Veneration, and all other Excellencies should be oblig'd to yield her the Way.

Nay, I will go farther still, and acknowledge that a Man may have very great Talents, Wit, Learning, Memory, and Elocution, and yet apply them so awkwardly, that they may prove both detrimental to himself, and offensive to those who keep him Company. With his Wit he may wound his Friends, and exasperate his Enemies; with his Learning he may insult those that have less, and prostitute it to pervert the Points it should explain; with his Memory he may tire his Hearers with endless Repetitions, and with his Elocution spin out a Debate, till he has half exhausted the Language.—He may assume the Character of a Dictator in Knowledge, affect always to lead the Conversation, insist on a Privilege to interrupt, demand to be heard, sneer at one, laugh loudly at another, reproach a third, and manifest a Contempt for all.—He may be possessed with the Demon of Controversy, and let no Point in Religion, Morality, Politics, or Criticism escape him. He may even talk shrewdly, nay excellently upon all, be entitled to the Palm in every Dispute; in Repartee find no Equal, and yet, with all these Advantages, be the Nuisance of Company; tho' admir'd for his Capacity, avoided for his Impertinence, and tho' no Man may venture to ridicule him to his Face, all Men will avenge themselves in his Absence.

God

44 C H A M P I O N.

God forbid there should be any such Character as this! But, if there is, never were valuable Accomplishments more effectually thrown away. No Character in the Universe is more obnoxious to Satire, and no Consideration for a superior Genius should hinder an Attempt to reduce his Conduct to the Standard of common Decency and common Sense. I am, with great Respect,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

INDEX to the TIMES.

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

• **T**O proceed to Politics. I am very willing to
 • gratify you with what Intelligence on that
 • Head should fall in my Way; but it must be with
 • the greatest Caution imaginable; nothing being
 • more dangerous, in this Country, than to dive into
 • the Mysteries of State: Or presume to reason on the
 • Conduct of those 'tis expected we should obey. So
 • incumbent it is on despotic Governments to station
 • Danger at the Door of Enquiry, and keep their
 • Slaves in Subjection, by keeping them in Ignorance.
 • 'Tis now rumour'd, that all our Men of War at
 • all our Ports are ready to put to Sea; the Squadron
 • at *Toulon*, in particular, is said to be very strong; the
 • Vanity of this Nation leading them to magnify every
 • Thing that belongs to them beyond the Truth; in-
 • somuch, that one would almost think they were on the
 • Point of disputing with your boasted Marine, for the
 • Dominion

‘ Dominion of the Main. But the Wiser, among us,
 ‘ think these Preparations to be of the Scarecrow Kind,
 ‘ and, for the Present, at least, rather intended for
 ‘ Parade, than real Service.

‘ It would indeed, be call’d a great Refinement in
 ‘ Politics, though, in my Opinion, more properly
 ‘ Treachery, for this Court to have lull’d you to sleep
 ‘ with Promises of a Neutrality, Offers of Mediation,
 ‘ and greater Shews of Respect, than she has pay’d
 ‘ you for many Years past, only to gain Time, and e-
 ‘ nable herself to do you the greater Mischief.

‘ This some People insinuate ; but I am, as yet, in
 ‘ a different Way of thinking. We have much more
 ‘ to lose at Sea, than we had in the late War ; a flour-
 ‘ ishing Trade to the *West-Indies*, a very important one
 ‘ to the *East*, and much the most considerable Share
 ‘ of that in the *Levant*. Beside all which we are said to
 ‘ gain above 300,000 *l. Sterl.* a Year in ready Money,
 ‘ by what you are pleas’d to purchase of us, to feed
 ‘ your Luxuries ; all which we should lose at a Blow,
 ‘ and God knows we can ill spare so great a Sum.

‘ Yet farther ; ’tis not to be doubted but that, then,
 ‘ you would find Ways and Means to put that delicious
 ‘ Article of Wool, which is the Foundation of all the
 ‘ Rest, *effectually* out of our Power : Consequently,
 ‘ this great Fabric of Commerce, which our wise Car-
 ‘ dinal has been so long, and so industriously raising,
 ‘ would fall to the Ground at once ; at least, would be
 ‘ contracted within much narrower Limits : An Event
 ‘ that, I am persuaded, he will not hastily care to put
 ‘ to the Hazard ; especially, since there does not ap-
 ‘ pear any Prospect of his gaining an Equivalent, if
 ‘ our Forces should be ever so successful : and, on the
 ‘ other Hand, if our Navy, formidable as we repre-
 ‘ sent it, should be over-power’d, we have no Reserve
 ‘ at Hand, as you have ; and must, as *Spain* does now,
 ‘ permit your Squadrons to terrify our Shores with
 ‘ Impunity.

From

‘ From all which, and many *more* Reasons that
 ‘ might be nam’d, I am oblig’d to conclude, that
 ‘ your Ministers might sleep in Peace, even tho’ our
 ‘ Ships in one Sea had pass’d thro’ the *Straits* in a
 ‘ *Mist* to the other, and all the Naval Strength of
 ‘ *France* was join’d.

The Old Game of WHISK, or WHIST, is, of late, come again into Play ; and is so universally and industriously follow’d, that the very D—w—g R—m, is frequently left in a Manner desert, and ’tis sometimes necessary, to *impress* a proper Set of *Supernumeraries* into the Service, that the C—t may not want *Garniture*, or obnoxious Persons have Reason to say, that *State-Dependencies* are all *Sine-Cures*.



Hæc Veneris Sedes.

MART.

To Captain VINEGAR.

S I R,



YOU must know I am one of those inconsistent Fellows, who can reason very wisely on an Indiscretion after ’tis over, but could never attain Wisdom, or Firmness enough to guard against the like Mischiefs for the Future.—I call myself to Account very gravely, give myself the fairest Warnings possible, resolve like a Hero, and then forget all like a Fool.

But,

But, tho' I state my Case thus freely and impartially, and condemn myself thus rigorously, there are certain Alleviations, which I think necessary to lay before you : I said above, that I sometimes reason'd ; but then that very Reason serves only to reproach, or betray me : In the critical Moment, when it ought to give me the strongest Support, it either deludes, or deserts me utterly. I am either incapable of thinking at all, or else see Things in a quite different Light from what they appear upon cooler Reflection. When, heated with Wine, frolic with good Humour, and stimulated with gay Conversation, Pleasure presents herself before me in so desirable a Shape, that I can't help giving Way to her Temptations : She persuades me, that the present Moment is all I can call my own ; that Time, unenjoy'd, is wasted ; that I am to live for myself only ; that all Considerations beside, are the Shackles of Priests and Politicians ; that what I leave behind me I lose ; and that when I make my Exit, the whole Play is over. Now where is Reason all this Time ? Why truly gone over to the Adversary's Side, or seeming to have done so, which is all one ; so that I not only fall into a Snare, but think, for the Time being, what I do is right.——'Tis true, Appetite never fails to throw in his casting Voice, and persuades me, that nothing would be so impertinent as to be undeceiv'd.

But when the Scene shifts, when all these Enchantments vanish, and I find myself left to count my Gains, what, passing, seem'd so delicious, pass'd, makes me wonder how I could be enamour'd of a Phantom, that rather affords Disgust than Enjoyment ; and I am forc'd to compare the Bewitchments, I had been so fond of, to the Evening Clouds, gay, while gilded, but, when envelop'd with Darkness, rather horrid than pleasing.

Thus

Thus I appear to myself, and my Friends, in two distinct Characters; at once, the most mortified and licentious Creature in the World: Circumstances that represent me in so ludicrous a Light to the World, that they laugh as much at my Wisdom as my Folly; and, when I talk like a *Spartan*, I see just such Faces round about me, as might be expected at the Theatre, if the facetious Mr. *Griffin*, was to appear in the Character of *Cato*.

Nor are they contented to laugh only, but the Rogues are eternally setting Snares to seduce me into a Relapse, as often as ever I vow a Reformation: If I forswear Taverns, they seduce me in a Family-Way; if I make myself a Recluse, they are indefatigable in finding me out, and are so overjoy'd, and so affectionate, that I can't find in my Heart to refuse them any Thing.

Thus, with a little more Sincerity than *Shakspeare* has bestowed on his *Falstaff*, I am, to the full, as frail a Convert: And my Acquaintance are never so well pleased, as when I seem most earnest to take up, as having then Experience of their Side, to witness that I am on the Point of affording them as much or more Sport than ever.

Not long since, which is the immediate Occasion of this present Letter, having observ'd, that my Resolutions to reform, serv'd only as a Hint for them to take me in the more effectually, I set about it without giving any Signal at all; withdrew myself from Company by Degrees; and applauded my own Sagacity much, for finding out so happy an Expedient.—— But, before I had brought Things to bear to my Wish, whether by Chance or Design, I am yet wholly ignorant; one of the Knot invites me, after the Play, to spend a serious Hour at the *Coffee-House*; to keep ourselves out of Harm's Way, added he. I readily agreed, as being what was perfectly consistent with my

my new Scheme: And Coffee-Houses, hitherto, having been sacred to Dulness and Politics.

Well, to one we went, read the Evening-Paper, talk'd of nothing but of News and the Weather, and that in little more than Monosyllables, for half an Hour, when drop'd in, first, one Friend, then another; after them a third, and fourth, and so on, till we had almost the whole Set.—Such an agreeable Interview, so much by Chance, in so unwonted a Place, put us all into high Spirits.—Wine was first call'd for, but over-rul'd in Favour of Arrack-Punch, to which were presently added, Jellies and Champaign.—Still I suspected nothing, and rather help'd on the Frolic, than oppos'd it.—It was but *once* more I thought.—It would look morose to thwart so happy a Vein.—I was now sufficiently on my Guard. And could take my Leave, if Things came to Extremity.—

With these qualifying Reflections I gave a Loose to Mirth and Gaiety, and, in a few Moments, lost all Sight of my former Resolutions: Wit flow'd, or seem'd to flow, (for Criticism is ridiculous, where Men only aim to be happy, not to be wise) every one indulg'd his Genius, no Man assum'd a Superiority, all had their Turns to shine, and Laughter made up the general Chorus.—By Degrees Pleasantry gave Way to Extravagance; all were alike inflam'd, and none wise, or courageous enough, to put a Stop to the growing Licentiousness.—In that nice Crisis, Women appear'd, Women as frolic and libertine as ourselves: Women, as *Milton* divinely says, *Practic'd to troll the Tongue, and roll the Eye.*—These were receiv'd in a Manner agreeable to their own Wishes, as they came so opportunely to ours: The Expence immediately doubled ten fold; Intemperance had its full Swing, and the Evening ended no Body knows how; for, when I recover'd my Senses, I found I was in a

strange House, with strange Company ; and had a long Bill to pay, without a Farthing in my Pockets to do it with.

I am now come again to myself, I mean my better Self, and have avoided my loose Companions ever since : Happy if I can, at last, get the better of this absurd Pliancy, and no longer have Reason to reproach myself, that my Principles are a Satire on my Practice, and my Practice on my Principles !

But, to make some Use of my own Follies, I can't help observing, that if these Coffee-Houses, these fatal Coffee Houses, are so effectual a Snare to a Man who has been so long acquainted with this wicked Town, a Man who had so often resolv'd to be deaf to the Voice of the Charmer ; of what dangerous Consequence must they be to Youth and Inexperience ? To Apprentices just free, Schollars just dismiss'd from the University, younger Brothers of small Fortunes, and Heirs who are ambitious of running through large ones, before they come into their Possession ? I fear but too many of all these are Initiates already ; and I fear, likewise, that their Ruin will hardly prevail on others to shun the like Danger.

As I hinted before, there is no Sort of Public-House, that seems so little obnoxious to Censure, or so calculated for general Convenience, as a Coffee-House : But such as these, both interfere with the Interest of those that keep up to the original Intention, and really bring them into Disrepute : Infomuch, that, in certain Quarter of the Town, a Man would scruple to be seen in any of them, till he had enquired their Character, if he had any Tendernefs for his own.

It farther appears upon Examination, that this is not only a crying Grievance already, but is likely to grow upon us every Day. I am told, there are certain Persons, who, as fast as Women of Intrigue
grow

CHAMPION. 51

grow useless upon their Hands in one Trade, still make use of their Talents, by setting them up in the other.—Let any one judge then, how fast they are like to multiply, and how necessary it will soon be, to call upon the Magistrate or Moralist, to put a Stop to their pernicious Designs.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

AFTERWIT.

**

To Captain VINEGAR.

S I R,

BEING one of those few staunch Friends to the present triumphant Administration, that never believed them once in the wrong; that have not only defended, but applauded all their Measures, and never think to change my Mind, as long as they hold their Places, I can't refrain expressing my Indignation, that so noble a Cause as their's, should suffer as it does, by such contemptible Advocates.—Advocates that expose the Client they should defend, more than the Invectives of all his Adversaries; such Anti-Reasoners, that their Arguments conclude quite contrary to their own Positions, and who have such a sovereign Contempt for Wit, that not a single Spark was ever seen to glimmer through the Reams of Paper they have spoiled.—But, why do I cavil with their Capacities? As *Sancho* says, *We are all as God made us*; and, if he had pleased to have rendered Wit their Talent, no doubt their Interest would have

prompted them to have brought it into play, where it was so much wanted.—I can then forgive them a Defect of this Nature with all my Heart.—But what has put me into this Fret, at present, is to see them run their hard Heads against the Walls of * *London*. Will nothing convince them of the Temerity and Folly of such absurd Conduct? Will not their ridiculous Publication of the Common-Council List give them warning? Did it not instantly produce another of a much more considerable Body, that has done us irreparable Mischief?—Are not the whole Body of the City already so exasperated, that they made an Example of one of their Magistrates, for deserting his old Principles, and enlisting himself under our Colours? Have they yet, or ever will they forget the memorable Attempt to saddle them with a new Excise? Or the *Brand* that was fixed on them by our noble Patron, for their appearing in a Body to oppose it? Is there any Measure but one, the *War*, which was forc'd upon us, that we have since taken to efface these disagreeable Impressions, and reduce them to a better Temper? Can any one, in his Senses, imagine that *Abates* will mollify them? That irritating the Wound is the Way to heal it? Have none of these *Creatures* read in the Debates of Parliament, *That the Weight of England is in the People; that this Weight has sunk ill Ministers of State in almost all Ages: And that the Conduct of the Citizens of London, has generally turned the Scale?*—Or, if they were ignorant of these Particulars, was there no Body at Hand to inform them better, or put a Stop to their officious Impertinence?—I am sure they stand ten-times more in need of a Licensor than the Stage; for, if their Wit needs no Curb, their Rashness does.—And then to attempt any Thing like a Parallel between the present Times, and those

* About this Time, the whole *Gazetier-Legion* were let loose upon the City.

those that preceded the great Civil War! yet acknowledge, at last, that the People then had sufficient Provocations to justify their Conduct.——Were there ever known such flagrant Instances of Absurdity?——When these Fellows have done their best, they are but *unprofitable Servants*.——The least, therefore, to be expected from them is, that they should not injure those they cannot serve.——But, on the contrary, they write for their Patron, as if he was really what his Enemies represent him, and treat the People, as if there had never been a Revolution, or a Bill of Rights, or the salutary Effects of both had ceased long ago.

To conclude; as the * two Gentlemen, they have bestowed their Compliments on so lavishly, have, in the Opinion of their fellow Citizens, acted a Part that would have reflected Honour on a *Roman* or *Spartan*, while Liberty and Virtue were in their Meridian, it would have been the wisest Course to have given Way to the Torrent, they could not stem: For, as in the Theatre, when the Audience is divided into Factions, Opposition from one side, exacts redoubled Applauses from the other; so, in the State, when Men are persecuted for *Righteousness-Sake*, it never fails to render them more formidably popular.

Noble Captain,

I Kiss Your Hand,

And am Yours, &c.

* * *

D 3

INDEX

[* Mr. Al-----n H-----te, and Mr. G-----r.

INDEX to the TIMES.

DIODORUS Siculus informs us, that one of the ancient Greek Legislators, contrived his Laws with so much Wit and Address, that every 'Trespas carried with it its own Punishment. *Ex. grat.* Observing the Ladies, his Country-women, to grow immeasurably fond of Dress and Equipage, he ordained, that, for the future, no Woman should wear Gold, Silver or Jewels, unless she was going to visit a Gallant, or to appear abroad with more than one Slave, *unless she was in her Cups.* — By which Means Shame performed the Work of Virtue.

In humble Imitation, therefore, of so excellent a Model, suppose it was received as a Law.

That no Person, however well-dressed, should present himself *from behind the Scenes*, to the Eyes of the Spectators, unless a declared *Fortune-Hunter*, *Narcissus*, or *Stipendary* to the open-hearted among the Ladies.

And that no Person of whatsoever Sex, or Quality, should presume to shew such a Contempt for the Audience, as to talk as loud as the Players; unless they take upon them to vie in *Wit* with the Performance represented, and refer the Merits of the Contest to the Decision of the Pit.

Mr. Prior, when Embassador, being at one of the French Opera's at Paris, and seated in a Box with a Nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in France, sung louder than the Performer, burst into bitter Invectives against the Last; on which his Lordship gave over, to enquire the Reason, adding that the Person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest Voices they had. — *Yes*, replies his Excellency, *but*
he

he makes such a horrid Noise, that I can't have the Pleasure to hear your Lordship.

In the *Advertiser* of Yesterday, a new Writer has already made Interest to succeed *Colley Cibber*, Esq; as *Poet-Laureat*; and the Judges are of Opinion, that, if his Modesty would have permitted him to have entered the Lists with that great Genius, at the Time of the last Vacancy, 'twould have greatly puzzled my Lord Chamberlain to have determined who was best qualify'd for that important Post.— But, as this mayn't be easily credited, a Specimen is here annexed, as follows.

- ' *Immortal Glory thron'd above,*
- ' *Shine on GEORGE! whom Thousands love:*
- ' *May heav'nly Blessings him attend,*
- ' *Glorious reigning to the End!*
- ' *Each loyal Subject is brave Britain's Friend.*

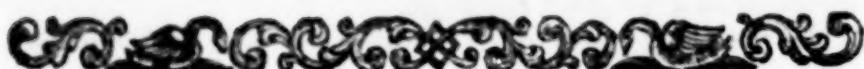
}

Whereas the Author of the *Gazetteer* of Yesterday, has had the Modesty to charge *Novelty* and *Innovation*, on the important Affair, at present in Agitation, with Respect to the *Place-Bill*; this is to inform him, that in the Reign of *Charles II.* no less than *Two Parliaments*, both *Whiggish*, (who had seen the fatal Effects of a *Court-Influence*, by the Means of *Pensioners* and *Place-men*) had the very same Expedient in Debate before; and the Last, in particular, came to the following Resolution.

December 30, 1680.

RESOLV'D,

- ' That no Member of this House shall accept of any
- ' Office, or Place, of Profit from the Crown, *without*
- ' *Leave of this House (inserted at the earnest Intreaty of*
- ' *a Place-Man)* nor any Promise of any such Office, or
- ' Place of Profit, during such Time, as he shall con-
- ' tinue a Member of this House.



TUESDAY, December 4, 1739.


Ploravere suis non respondere Favorem speratum Meritis.

HOR.

At my Return Home last Night, I was surprized to find the following Memorial from my Bookseller.

To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

May it please your Mightiness,


 UMBLY complaining, sheweth unto your Mightiness, your Bookseller, *A. Moore*, of — near *St. Paul's*, in the City of *London*: That, notwithstanding your late Order, in your *Champion* No 6. several evil-minded Persons calling themselves Critics, (tho' by no means qualified according to the Rules you have been pleased to lay down) continue to vilify and asperse the Writings of your Mightiness, and to apply to them certain forbidden Words, which your Bookseller dares not repeat. And first, your Bookseller humbly represents, that he did on *Thursday* last hear one critical Person (not qualified as above) openly declare in a certain Coffee-House, where the *Champion* lay on the Table: That the Essay therein was stolen from the *Spectator*, and he farther represents that he did hear one other critical Person at the same time affirm, that the said Essay was stolen from the *Tatler*;

* *Lenity of the Administration, who have never punished*
 * *any Libels against them, unless by Breaking the Press*
 * *to Pieces, Pillory, Fine, and Imprisonment; the three*
 * *last of which he apprehends to be very lawful Me-*
 * *thods, and (one of them at least) invented, as he*
 * *conceives, for the Benefit and Advantage of Book-*
 * *sellers, whose Copies never fail to sell well, when*
 * *they have been advertized in the Pillory; and he*
 * *would be very sorry it could with Probability be in-*
 * *sinuated among those of his Profession, that he stood*
 * *in any Fear thereof, or ashamed to follow the Steps*
 * *of those glorious Heroes, whose Works have been*
 * *published in that Manner. He therefore humbly*
 * *begs, that your Mightiness would infuse Gall in your*
 * *Ink, and, instead of Morality, Wit, and Humour,*
 * *deal forth private Slander and Abuse, on which*
 * *Account,*

Your Petitioner (as in Duty bound) shall ever pray.

I shall subjoin two Letters, which seem to agree with
 the Allegations above-mentioned.

To Captain VINEGAR.

S I R,

* **I** T is very hard upon me to be obliged by my
 * Customers to take in your Paper, having before
 * been at the constant Expence (beside the *Craftsman*
 * and *Common Sense*; for which a Man does not
 * grudge his Money) of the *Universal Spectator*, the
 * *Weekly Miscellany*, the *London Evening Post*, the *St.*
 * *James's Evening Post*, the *Whitehall Evening Post*,
 * the *Daily Advertiser*, the *London Daily Post*, *Daily*
 * *Post,*

Post, &c. &c. I therefore desire you would either
write no more, or write away all the rest.

I am,

Your Humble Servant

TOM COFFEE.

To the Author of the BRITISH MERCURY.

S I R,

THOUGH I disliked your first setting out
with a Description of a Set of low Characters, yet, as I have since discovered something more
in you than is to be found in those Heaps of Rubbish
the Daily News-Papers, I have ordered you to be
admitted into my House, and have banished all the
other Papers (except the *Craftsman* and *Common
Sense*) for ever from my Doors. I am much pleased
with your Method of ranging your Domestic Mat-
ters under certain Heads, by which we are informed
what Degree of Credit to afford each Particular.
As to your Essays, I should like them better if they
were less ludicrous. But why *Champion* and *Vine-
gar*, and Stuff? If you will not acquaint us with
your own Name, why not subscribe *Alg. Sidney*, or
Osborne, or *Walsingham*, or some other grave Man's
which might avoid the least Appearance of a Jest.
I hate all Wit and Humour, and such Nonsense. I
love to be grave and wise. Retain therefore the sim-
ple Title only to which I have directed this Letter,
and you will oblige

Your Humble Servant

PAUL SERIOUS.

Plutarch,

Plutarch, in the Life of *Lyfander*, records of *Plato*, that when a certain Poet of his Time, named *Antimachus*, expressed some Concern at not having been rewarded accordingly to his Merits, that Philosopher endeavour'd to comfort him, by representing the Neglect to be a less Misfortune to the Poet, than Ignorance was to his Judges, who did not understand him enough to taste his Perfections.

Horace is so far from fearing the Censure of the illiterate Rabble, that he esteem'd it laudable not to endeavour to please them, but rather to be content with few Readers; and declares himself of the same Opinion with the *Roman* Actresses, who was satisfied with the Applause of one polite Judge in Opposition to the Hisses of the whole House beside. To which I shall add what *Madam Dacier* used to say among her Acquaintance, namely, that she writ only to a dozen People in *France*; the Reason of the Contempt, which these great Writers had for popular Fame, seems to be given by *St. Evremont*, in his Observations of Taste. "Seeing (says he) that good Judges are as scarce as good Authors, and that Discernment is as rarely found in the one, as Genius in the other, each Person endeavouring to cry up what pleases him; it comes to pass, that the Multitude give a Reputation to such Compositions as suit with their bad Taste or mean Capacity". And a little after he adds, "That the ignorant and prepossessed Multitude stifles the small Number of real and good Judges". I shall conclude this Head with these beautiful Lines of *Mr. Pope*, where Envy is represented attending Merit, as necessarily as the Shadow does the Substance.

*Pride, Malice, Folly against Dryden rose,
In various Shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus.
But Sense surviv'd, when merry Jests were past,
For rising Merit will buoy up at last.*

Might

*Might he return and bless once more our Eyes,
New Blackmore's and new Milbourne's must arise,
Nay should great Homer lift his awful Head,
Zoilus again would start up from the Dead.
Envy will Merit, as its Shade pursue,
But, like a Shadow, proves the Substance true.*

As to the Objection made to my Title, which is hinted at in my Bookseller's Memorial, as well as by Mr. *Paul Serious*, it seems to betray such an Inclination to cavil, and is at the same Time so absurd, that it scarce deserves an Answer. It is methinks of a Piece with the Surliness of those angry Gentlemen, who once infested this Town, and were wont to take a Dislike to a Man's Face; or to the Antipathy of that whimsical Person, who sicken'd at a Tavern, because there was a Cat painted on a Sign. If these Cavillers were much acquainted with History, they would know many Instances where great Talents have been concealed under mean and contemptible Appearances; perhaps (as *Livy* says of *Junius Brutus*, that he was *longe alius Ingenio quam cujus simulationem induerat*.) I am a Person of more Consequence than I appear to be, and may have dated these Papers from *Hockley in the Hole*, as a Propitiation to that beautiful Goddess of Envy, whom I have before-mentioned (as the Ancients sacrificed to *Nemesis*, another Deity of the same Family) that the Humbleness of my Situation might lessen the Malevolence which might attend my Abilities; nay, perhaps, I may have deeper Reasons still, which, as I shall not yet discover, it will be in vain for any one, who can't cast a Figure, to trouble his Head about.

The Objection of *Tom Coffee* is of more Weight. The great Expence of such a Variety of News-Papers, is certainly an intolerable Burthen to those of his Trade. But no Body expects them to take in these Wares by the Gross. No, let them only make their Choice with Judgment, and their Customers will be pleased,

pleased, their Expence will be moderate, and the *Champion* will have no Reason to court their Favour.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

From the new OFFICE OF INTELLIGENCE.

STRAY'D.

From a House not far from *Grosvenor-Square*, having slip'd his Collar, a Lady's *Lap-Dog*, of the true King *Charles's* Breed, who answers to the Name of *Shock*. He is remarkable for fawning on every *Woman* he meets, and, however kindly used, for changing *Mistresses* almost every Day. This, therefore, is to forewarn the Sex from giving him any Harbour, or Encouragement: he being the most *ungrateful Cur* alive.

To be LETT, or SOLD.

A pretty, easy, Spirited *Nag*, with a fine Forehand, and *Mistress* of all her Paces, warranted sound, and neither Saddle-wrung, or Spur-gall'd. Enquire at the *Old Livery-Stables* in *Charles-Street*.

WANTED.

A *Sine-Cure*, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, the Advertiser deeming himself equally qualify'd for either; for, tho' he acknowledges himself fit for no earthly Thing that requires what is called *Merit*, he is able to pay the *Purchase Money* down upon the Nail, Note, None but Principals will be treated with.

FOR SALE BY THE CANDLE.

An *Empty Seat*, which, at the same time, bestows Honour upon the Possessor, and dis-encumbers him from the Necessity of being *honest*: Gives him likewise Importance, Interest, and if he pleases, Money and Preferment, with innumerable Privileges and Advantages beside.

Conditions of Sale as usual.

JOURNAL

CHAMPION. 63

JOURNAL of the WAR.

SHIPS TAKEN BY THE SPANIARDS.

Three from *Rhode Island*; two bound to *New York*; and two to *Boston*.

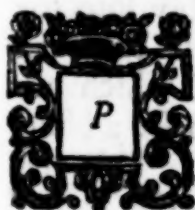
SHIPS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH.

A Scooner laden with Flower, with certain Pieces of Eight; and a Vessel laden with Salt.



THURSDAY, December 6, 1739.

Omnium vocibus Fortuna sola invocatur, una accusatur, una laudatur, sola arguitur, & cum Conviciis colitur. Cæca etiam, & inconstans, & indignorum faultrix existimata, in tōta Ratione Mortalium sola utramque Paginam facit.
 PLIN. l. 2. c. 7.



PLATO, in his Common-wealth, pays such a religious Respect to Chance or Fortune, that he would institute a Method of Marrying by Lottery; and declares for Breeding up no other Children, on the public Account, than such as were begot in this Manner; imagining, I suppose, that Fortune would especially preside over that genial Bed, which she herself had constituted. I shall not here comment on this Opinion, which to some may appear ridiculous enough, but it is certain the Ancients held this Deity in much greater Estimation than we at present do. The *Romans* consecrated a Temple to this Goddess: And it was represented as most impious Blasphemy in that General, who, being unwilling to share the Glory of a Victory, very confidently affirm-
 ed

ed that Fortune had nothing to do in it ; after which the Historian observes, he never succeeded in any future Action.

I have often thought it a Blemish, in the Works of *Tacitus*, that he ascribes so little to the Interposition of this invincible Being ; but, on the contrary, makes the Event of almost every Scheme to depend on a wise Design, and proper Measures taken to accomplish it ; by which means I am much deceived, if he hath not given more Foresight to the Politics of *Tiberius*, than that Prince really had : Most of the latter political Writers have inclined to his Opinion ; and the great *Richlieu* held it in so extravagant a Degree, that it is well known he struck the Word *unfortunate* out of his Dictionary, affirming, that every Man succeeded well or ill, according as his Conduct was right or wrong.

For my own Part, I differ so entirely from these great Men, that I imagine Wisdom to be of very little Consequence in the Affairs of this World : Human Life appears to me to resemble the Game of *Hazard*, much more than that of *Chefs* ; in which latter, among good Players, one false Step must infallibly lose the Game ; whereas, in the former, the worst that can happen is to have the odds against you, which are never more than two to one ; and we often see a blundering Fellow, who scarce knows on which Side the Odds are, dribble out his bad Chance upon the Table, and sweep the whole Board ; while the wisest Players, and those who stick close to the Rule, lift up their Eyes and curse the Dice.

Machiavel tells us, that Men are not much to be blamed or praised for their Adversity or Prosperity, it being frequently seen that some are driven into Ruin, and others promoted to great Honour by the Impulse of their Fate ; and Wisdom is as little able to prevent the Misfortune of the one, as Folly is the Advancement and Happiness of the other.

Frequent

Frequent Instances must occur to every Man's Memory, who hath had the least Experience in Life of the wonderful Effects of Chance; the best Physicians will own, that, after a Disease hath eluded all their Efforts, an old Woman, or a Quack, have sometimes restor'd the Patient; nay, the sick Man himself hath procured his Recovery, by means which the whole Faculty would have judged must have necessarily produced his immediate Dissolution. Dr. Baynard, in his Treatise on *Cold Baths*, gives an Account of a Person who, in a light-headed Fit of a Fever, escaped from his Nurse, and plunged himself into a Horse-pond; and by this strange Method saved his Life, when he had been given over by his Doctors.

The great Judge *Jeffries*, (following I suppose the Opinion of *Plato*) is reported on his Return from the West, where he had left several hundred Wretches under Condemnation, to put the Decision of their Guilt on Chance, and to have determined which were the proper Objects of his Mercy, by the Casting of Dice; a Custom which, they say, still prevails in Martial Executions; it being usual where two or more are sentenc'd to die, and one only is to be made an Example, for the Prisoners to decide by Lots which most deserves to be shot; and this Method of Trial (however absurd it may seem) was derived, I apprehend, from our *Saxon* Ancestors, of whom we read that they used to decide all Controversies by Lots; (the Method whereof the Curious may see in the Description of *Germany*, given by *Tacitus*) a Custom which seems to be preserved in an old *English* Play, or Gambol, celebrated yearly on the *Epiphany*, or *Twelfth-Day*, wherein a King, a Queen, a Knave, and a Fool are created by blind Chance.

But as *Juvenal* says,

— *Ex humili magna ad Fastidia Rerum*
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

Fortune

Fortune often picks a great Man, in Jest, out of the lowest of the People. Men have often acquired Greatness and Riches, by Ways visibly leading to Disgrace and Ruin: The famous *Blood* promoted himself to the Favour of King *Charles II.* by stealing his Crown; an Instance not so astonishing to one well read in the ancient *English* History, where it seems the constant Doctrine of Royal-Favourites to deserve their Master's Affection, by rendering him jealous of, and odious to his People. Methods, which have been more effectual than *Blood's* was, to steal away his Crown!

Whoever considers the former Part of the Life of *Oliver Cromwell*, may perceive a much greater Probability of his ending his Days in a Goal, than in a Palace at the Head of the Nation. He is reported, in his Youth, to have ruined his paternal Estate by his vicious and disorderly Courses; nor did he, at his first Appearance in Parliament, make any extraordinary Figure, nor discover any of those Talents, which generally gain Applause, and work on the Affections of the Hearers: The first Apopthegm, which is recorded of him carries no great Weight with it; namely, to a Discourse with Sir *Thomas Chicheley*, and Mr. *Warwick*, he is said to have uttered these Words, *I can tell you, Sirs, what I would not have, though I cannot tell what I would*; and, perhaps, he, at that Time, knew no more the one than the other. He certainly had very little Hand in procuring the War, of which he afterwards made so glorious a Use; indeed, he seems to have had a wonderful Address in turning the wise Schemes and Actions of others to his own Honour and Advantage; but as these could not be attributed to his own Foresight, so might Chance have favoured him in those Opportunities of working his own Ends out of them. As to the great Victories obtained by *Blake*, they are, as Mr. *Cowley* well observes, to be ascribed rather to that Admiral, than to the Protector; that over the *Dutch* especially, the greatest of them all:
For

For my Lord *Clarendon* tells us, that *Cromwell* had no Inclination to that Quarrel, which was rather *St. John's* than *Cromwell's* War: Besides, as that Author adds, ' He well discerned that all Parties, Friends and Foes, ' *Presbyterians, Independents, Levellers*, were all united as to the carrying on the War, which he thought ' could proceed from nothing but that the Excess of ' the Expence might make it necessary to disband a ' great Part of the Land Army, of which there appeared no use, to support the Navy, which they could ' not now be without; so that, I think, his greatest ' Admirers could not fix any of the Lawrels, gained in ' this Naval War, on him.'

I own, indeed, he arriv'd at a greater Pitch of Power than the Kings of this Realm lawfully enjoy; that he had, as Mr. *Echard* writes, ' The Estates and Lives ' of three Kingdoms, as much at his Disposal as was ' the little Inheritance of his Father, and that he was ' as noble and liberal in spending of them.' But still, I say, he owed all this principally to Chance; namely, to the Death of those great Men whom the long Continuance of the Civil War had exhausted; those who began that War against the Crown for the Sake of their Liberties and Properties, and would have disdained to have seen the Nation enslaved to the absolute Will of a Subject, in Rank very little above the common Level. Can we think a *Pym*, or a *Hambden* would have tamely submitted to see this Usurper and his shabby Relations and Creatures, such as *Desborough, Fleetwood, Whaley*, &c. at the Head of the Parliament (I mean *Barebone's* Parliament, and that in 1656) the Army and (as Mr. *Echard* says above) the Estates and Lives of three Kingdoms? No, these Men were no more, and those who remained were a Set of Scoundrels and Cowards, who were either bribed or frightened out of their Liberties; such they were, that I think we of the present Age are obliged to Mr. *Voltaire*, for representing us as greatly unlike them. To conclude, whoever looks on *Cromwell* to be that Person whom

whom I have here represented, (and what I have here said, are Facts transcribed from the Historians of those Times) must agree that he was the Child of Fortune; and, as Mr. Cowley seems to think, an Object rather of our Surprize than Admiration. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

* * * **W**HEREAS a certian Pretender to *Political Architecture*, has taken upon him, in Yesterday's *Gazetteer*, to give Directions for rebuilding the House of Commons: This is to give Notice, that the Plan he goes upon, is no otherwise his, than as in the Cant-Sense of the Word, he has *made* it: It being the Work of an acknowledg'd Master in that Art, (whom he awkwardly endeavours to expose with his own Wit) and in the Original, justly admired for its uncommon Beauty. — He is for the future, therefore, advis'd, if he must build, to chuse a Foundation of his own, and not encroach on the Province of *Common Sense*, to which he has scarce the Shadow of a Right: lest it should be said, that he turn'd all he touch'd into Lead, as *Midas* did into Gold.



SATURDAY



SATURDAY, December 8, 1739.

— Vertéte Modum Formidine FUSTIS.

HOR.



Question not, but it will give great Alarm to some of my Readers, to know that I am actually possessed of that very Club, which *Hercules* render'd so famous, and with which he used to lay about him so heartily in Defence of Innocence and Virtue, against the Attacks of Vice and Oppression.

This Club is the only hereditary Estate of our Family. All the Goods and Chattels, which have past from one Generation of the *Vinegars* to another. A Possession however not so inconsiderable; for this simple *Heirloom* might (if any of my Ancestors could have been prevail'd with to sell it) have purchas'd us a very considerable Portion of Land. To omit several of our own Virtuoso's, (one of whom offer'd its Weight in Butterflies for it) the Pope hath more than once sollicited it for the *Vatican*; and the late Czar of *Muscovy* coveted it beyond all the Curiosities in the Kingdom.

As valuable as this Relique may be supposed from its Antiquity, (being infinitely at present the oldest Club in the World) it hath a much more substantial Title to this high Estimation, from a very strange and almost incredible Quality belonging to it, of falling, of its own Accord, on every egregious Knave who comes in its Way.

Whether

Whether this extraordinary Virtue may have been originally deriv'd from the Oaks of *Dodona*, where it grew; (those Trees being of a very peculiar Kind, as endow'd with the Gift of Speech) or whether it may not be rather imputed to the Excellence of that Arm who first wielded it, and its continual Usage in such Exercises, I shall leave to the Virtuoso to determine; who will not, I dare say, be displeased at an Account of some of its modern Adventures.

Among the great Losses which the Learned have suffered in the Ruins of Antiquity, I am convinced that of the surprizing Adventures of this Club will be thought none of the least. The earliest Account now remaining, being in the Reign of King *Henry VIII.* which, as it is entitled *Chap. 21.* gives Room to lament the Loss of an invaluable Treasure. In this Reign, the Club was in the Possession of Major *Hannibal Vinegar*, who seldom or never went abroad without it, tho' it drew him into several unfortunate Scrapes, whereof Mention is made in the Annals above hinted at.

It is there written of the Major, ' That, as he was
' on some certain Occasion, making a low Bow to a
' Judge in his Circuit, the Club gave the Judge such
' a Rap on his left Shoulder, that had like to have
' cost him the Use of his Arm, and the Major his
' Life.

The Club in the same Reign, is said to have given several smart Raps to Cardinal *Wolfey*, and even not have spared King *Henry* himself, who felt it pretty severely both when he repudiated Queen *Katherine*, and soon after the Death of *Anne Bullen*, and upon sundry other Occasions, which is thought to have been the Occasion of an Order published at that Time, *That no Person should come to Court with a Stick in his Hand*; and there is now extant, a Letter from a celebrated Courtier in those Days, to this my Ancestor, where-
in

in he is invited to Dinner, with this remarkable Postscript. *Pray leave your Club behind you.*

It is related also, ' That the Major having a violent Fit of Illness, as a Physician was feeling his Pulse, the Club began to handle the Doctor in such a Manner, that he ran down Stairs without staying for his Fee.' Dr. *Vinegar* always shakes his Head at this Story, and insinuates that the Major, being light-headed, must have assisted in that Adventure.

The last Performance of the Club, which I shall mention, whilst it was in the Possession of this Gentleman, was with an old Beau of Sixty-five, whom (he being then about to marry a Girl of Sixteen) it laid on in so unmerciful a Manner, that it confined him to his Bed, without his desiring the Company of a Wife.

The Club is, in this Reign, reported to have beaten 100 Lawyers, 99 Courtiers, 73 Priests, 8 Physicians, and 13 Beaus, (whereof 12 died of the first Blow) besides innumerable others.

In the Reign of Queen *Mary*, the Club had like to have betray'd its Master to the Stake for an Heretic ; and in the Reign of King *James I.* Mr. *Oliver Vinegar*, its Possessor, very narrowly escap'd being put to Death for a Wizard.

During the Civil Wars, it performed several notable Feats, wherein nothing was more remarkable than its exact Neutrality. The Club having never been of any Party, but threshing Round-heads and Cavaliers promiscuously as they deserved it.

After the Restoration, nothing remarkable is recorded of it for the first seven Years ; but after the Banishment of the Earl of *Clarendon*, and the Sale of *Dunkirk*, Mr. *Stephen Vinegar* carrying it unadvisedly to Court, it behaved in such a Manner, that my said
Ans

Ancestor had like to have been demolished by the Beef Eaters. The merry Monarch, on this Occasion, only shook his Head, and said, *It was a very sorry Stick of Wood*; a Phrase which hath since grown proverbial, and is now commonly used to signify an unruly or obstreperous Fellow.

I have here given only a Specimen of the Adventures of this heroic Wood; the whole are compriz'd in a large *Folio*, by Mr. *Nehemiah Vinegar*, who, probably, one Day or other will yield to the Importunities of his Friends in publishing the same; or possibly, as he does not much love Trouble, may send it to Mr. *Osborne* to sell, as a curious Manuscript, among the Pedigrees in his next Auction.

It is remarkable, that this Club was never known to fall foul on the beautiful Part of the Species, whether there be in Reality no Knaves of that Sex; or whether it doth not partake of the Gallantry, as well as the Virtue, of our Family, I will not determine. It hath indeed sometimes expressed very odd Motions at the Sight of particular Women; but as some of these have been celebrated Toasts, and other Ladies of too high a Rank to be suspected of any Dishonour, I cannot suppose any sinister Meaning in those its Motions. Indeed, it is no small Pleasure to me, to find very little Notice taken of the Nobility of either Sex in these Annals; nor can I at all apprehend this to proceed from any Partiality arising from the Awe of Greatness, since I have mentioned an Instance or two of the contrary already; and, as the comic Poet says, *To cudgel a Lord is no Scandalum Magnatum*.

During the Time, that this Club hath been in my Possession, I have very rarely taken it abroad unless in the Fields in the Country, where it once brought an Action of Assault and Battery upon me, by attacking a young Gentleman, who was very innocently and bravely pursuing a Hare through a Field of his Neighbour's

bour's Corn: Nor can I omit, that passing the other Day by that End of the Canal, which is next the Treasury, with this Club, which I had brought that Day abroad by Accident, it was with great Difficulty that I retained it in my Hand; whether the Ducks of the Centry was the Object of its Rage, I was not able to discover.

Upon these Accounts, I have always strictly prohibited any of my Relations from walking with this unruly Weapon, which hath now lain for several Years, (unless that single Time last mentioned) unhandled over my Chimney.

But, notwithstanding any Disaster, which it may have brought on my Family, that I may not be wanting to myself in the Office which I have taken upon me, I intend to take this dangerous Staff abroad occasionally round this City and Suburbs; of which, my intended Progress, I give this timely Notice, that such as shall have any just Apprehensions from the Justice of my Club, may keep themselves out of my Way.

HERCULES VINEGAR.



To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,

‘ I N one of your *Champions*, where you talk of
 ‘ dressing up Things in Appearances, not at all be-
 ‘ longing to them, you might have added to the In-
 ‘ stance of Death, which you have taken from *Mon-*
 ‘ *taigne*, that of Marriage; which is usually exhibited
 ‘ with as much false Gaiety, as the other is with false
 ‘ Terrors. About three Years ago, I was introduced
 ‘ into that blessed State, with all the Ceremonies of
 ‘ Joy and Gladness, with Shew and Feasting, and
 ‘ Music. These, Sir, had such an Effect on my Mind,
 ‘ that I fancied myself just entering into Possession of
 ‘ *Paradise*: But alas! *Decipimur Specie*, as you say in
 ‘ your Motto to that Paper, I have tasted none of
 ‘ those delightful Repasts, with which I had feasted
 ‘ my Imagination; I found I worshipped Appearance
 ‘ and not Reality, and verily believe I shall see no
 ‘ happy Day, till that, which *Montaigne* says, is only
 ‘ dreadful in that outward Garb, with which Custom
 ‘ hath cloathed it. The Truth of which his
 ‘ Observation will be very readily experienced,
 ‘ by

S I R,

Your most unhappy Humble Servant.

ADAM DOUBLE.

C

To

To the CHAMPION.

S I R,

‘ AS the Supply is voted, and the Expence of the
‘ ensuing Year, in a Manner provided for al-
‘ ready ; the Attention of the Public seems now to be
‘ as much fix’d on the Event of a Bill, long expected,
‘ and much desir’d, for limiting the Number of Place-
‘ men in the *House of Commons*, as the Exploits of Ad-
‘ miral *Haddock* on this Side of the World, or Admiral
‘ *Vernon* on the other.

‘ Foreign Trophies will not attone for intestine Dan-
‘ gers ; and many a fatal Disease is hid under a florid
‘ Complexion : In humbling *Spain*, therefore, we do
‘ but half our Work, unless we remove Discontents,
‘ and Uneasinesses at Home.—There is an universal
‘ Jealousy gone forth among the People, that even
‘ Men’s Judgments may be bias’d by mercenary Con-
‘ siderations, and that, when the Candidate bribes on
‘ one Hand, the Representative may be brib’d on the
‘ other.

‘ Whether there is any Foundation for this Jealousy
‘ or no, I will not take upon me to determine : But
‘ the People have a Right, to have their very Fears
‘ removed ; and ’tis abundantly better Politics to
‘ prevent an Evil, than struggle with it after it has
‘ taken Root.

‘ A Member for the City of *London*, at the Time
‘ when the famous Bill of *Exclusion* was in Agitation,
‘ had received *Instructions* from his Constituents to vote
‘ for it ; and he did so ; though he acknowledg’d his
‘ own private Sentiments lean’d the other Way : De-
‘ claring, at the same Time, that ’twas an ancient

‘ Custom for the Members to consult their Principals on
 ‘ all critical Occasions : He likewise applauded that
 ‘ Custom, recommended its Continuance, and affirmed
 ‘ they could not discharge their Trust better than in
 ‘ observing the Directions of those who sent them thi-
 ‘ ther.

‘ In the Case at present before us, not only the Gross
 ‘ of the People are for this Limitation, but several
 ‘ Cities and Boroughs have sent express Orders to their
 ‘ Representatives, to do their utmost to procure it :
 ‘ The Two Capitals of the united Kingdoms London
 ‘ and Edinburgh, have declar’d themselves very strong-
 ‘ ly on this Head : York has done the same : And Salis-
 ‘ bury, in such Terms, as will ever reflect an Honour
 ‘ both on the Understanding and Spirit of that
 ‘ City.

‘ ’Tis not to be supposed then that any Member
 ‘ who has receiv’d such Injunctions, will venture to act
 ‘ contrary to them, or even evade their Force, by ab-
 ‘ senting himself on any Pretence whatever : I should
 ‘ farther believe, that no Man, among the Commons
 ‘ of Great-Britain, however dignify’d or distinguish’d,
 ‘ would either openly oppose what is so reasonable in
 ‘ itself, and so strenuously contended for ; or by any
 ‘ little, mean Devices, shift off the Odium of his own
 ‘ dirty Measures on his Creatures, and Dependents :
 ‘ But if the Nation is defeated, they will very easily
 ‘ guess to whom they are oblig’d for the Favour,
 ‘ and, though slow in their Vengeance, will
 ‘ not fail to make it sure, as soon as Opportunity
 ‘ offers.

‘ I shall take my Leave, with recommending to the
 ‘ worthy Gentlemen, who are become Objects of pub-
 ‘ lic Resentment, the Behaviour of the Consul *Popli-*
 ‘ *cola*, whose House being look’d upon with envious
 ‘ Eyes by his Fellow-Citizens, as too grand and mag-
 ‘ nificent for One, who was subject to the same Laws
 ‘ with themselves : He order’d it to be levell’d in one

‘ Night.

' Night. ——— On the same Principles, those who are
' aim'd at in this Bill, instead of wrestling with the
' People, ought to be the First to come into their Mea-
' sures, and make a Merit of laying down, what they
' could not hold, without doing more Mischief to the
' Peace of the Public, than ever their Services can at-
' tone for.

I am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant.

**

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE ingenious Professors of *Hieroglyphics* have lately been at work, and will soon publish a curious Print, called *HIS HONOUR'S EQUIPAGE*: Representing a large Waggon, laden with all Kinds of Commodities, inscrib'd with the Word COMMON-WEALTH, drawn up Hill, in extremely-bad Way, by a wretched, meagre, spiritless Team, consisting of a Horse, a Mule, and an Ass, on whose Traces is wrote Husbandry, Manufacture, Merchandize; each goaded on by two Figures properly habited with Fools-Cap Badges, (*HIS HONOUR'S CREST*) upon their Shoulders, underneath which is wrote, *Needs must, when the Devil drives*: The foremost Couple are distinguish'd from the rest, and from each other, by a square Cap and a Mitre, the Two next by a Sword and a Trident, and

the Two Last by the Words *Yea* and *Nay*: The Driver (in Figure resembling Sir *John Falstaff*, and who seems to be himself almost a Load) sits in the Front of the Waggon, flourishing his Whip, and holding the Reins; being fantastically dressed, with a Peacock's Feather in his Hat, a Lawrel under his Foot, a wooden Sword by his Side, with a Bunch of Tallies by way of Garniture, a Portcullis on his Breast, and a broad Belt across his Shoulder, on which are characterized these Two Words, HIS HONOUR. At the Tail of the Waggon, link'd fast to it, and dragg'd along by it, appears a mixed Multitude of People, all bearing little Banners in their Hands, in which are figured certain Mystical Expressions, such as *Coals, Candles, Soap, Leather, Salt, Stamps, Excise, Customs, Land-Tax, Civil-List, Sinking Fund, Pensions, Projects, Hackney-Writers, Hackney-Voters, Hackney-Speakers, Hopes, Fears, Promises, &c.* And, in the Midst of this formidable Body, by Way of Principal, a very remarkable Personage displays the Standard-General, on which, surrounded with a *Chequer'd* Border, is to be read in huge Capitals, THE TOOLS OF STATE.



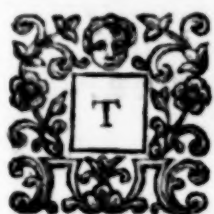
TUESDAY,



TUESDAY, December 11, 1739.

Fronti nulla Fides.

Juv. Sat. 2.



THOSE Authors, who have set human Nature in a very vile and detestable Light, however right or wrong such their Sentiments may be, or whatever Success they may have met with in the World, have often succeeded in establishing an infamous Character to themselves: For, tho' they observe, with the utmost Accuracy, the outward Behaviour of others, they will seldom be able to draw any Inferences which can lead them to the Springs or Causes of those Actions; they must therefore receive all their Information from within. At least, those who deduce Actions, apparently good, from evil Causes, can trace them only through the Windings of their own Hearts; and while they attempt to draw an ugly Picture of human Nature, they must of Necessity copy the Deformity from their own Minds.

The only Ways by which we can come at any Knowledge of what passes in the Minds of others, are their Words and Actions; the latter of which, hath by the wiser Part of Mankind been chiefly depended on, as the surer and more infallible Guide. As to the Doctrine of Physiognomy, it being somewhat unfortunate in these latter Ages, I shall say nothing of it.

It was doubtless the Wish of a very honest Man, that he had a Window in his Breast, through which all his Thoughts might be plainly discern'd; but, how-

ever, it is certain (whatever are her Reasons to the contrary) Nature hath given us no such Light. Perhaps it might not have been of universal Advantage ; for, though I am unwilling to look on human Nature as a mere Sink of Iniquity, I am far from insinuating that it is a State of Perfection. No, there are too many, I am afraid, of the same Kind with the Writer of the following Letter, which I receiv'd a few Days ago ; and who, if he was to write an Essay on human Nature, would, I am pretty confident, set it out in such Colours, as those Authors I hinted at above.

To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,

I AM one of those People whom the World call Hypocrites, that is, one who, by keeping up a constant Appearance of what I am not, have gained a Reputation, to which I have really no Title. As to Religion, I am an errant Sceptic ; yet, as I have been a constant Frequenter of the Church, and a loud Exclaimer against Infidelity, I am, I thank God, (as the saying is) reputed the most pious Person in my Neighbourhood. My Temper is so far from being inclin'd to good Nature, that I always triumph in other People's Misfortunes, yet, at the Expence of a little verbal Pity, which I have the Satisfaction of knowing, will do no real good to any one, I pass for a very good natured Person : this too is attended with several good Consequences ; for I often, under the Pretence of commiserating, take an Opportunity of reviving the Sense of any past Misfortune, which hath befallen another ; or the Shame of any forgotten Weakness, which they have been guilty of : You already, I believe, conclude that I have not a Heart not too charitably disposed ; and yet I am the only Person of my Acquaintance, who will tell you that I am not the
most

C H A M P I O N. 81

most charitable Creature alive ; for tho' I never give any Thing myself, yet I always abuse others for not giving more. I am as proud as *Lucifer*, and yet I have so happy a Knack of concealing it, that I pass for one of great Humility ; by wearing the Appearances of which, I find more Opportunity of secretly satisfying my Pride, than the contrary Behaviour would afford me ; for, such is the Emulation of Mankind, that every one contends to out-do you in your own Way. Wherefore, as I have the Character of Condescension, I meet with as many Rivals in that, as a stiff Carriage would procure me in the other. Revenge is my Darling, and by professing an Aversion to it, I obtain my Ends in the same Manner as in Pride ; for I at once gain the Reputation of a very forgiving Temper, and allure the Person, outwardly forgiven, to afford me an easier Opportunity of revenging myself than a Profession of Enmity would allow. I believe, Sir, I need entertain you with no more of my Perfections ; for you are by this Time, I make no Doubt, fully satisfied that I am a very sorry, good-for-nothing Fellow, tho' I pass in the Street where I live, for a Man of quite a different Disposition.

Believe me, it is a great Comfort to me, to unburthen myself thus, without any Possibility of being discovered. And, perhaps, I shall take future Occasions of giving myself vent in the same Manner ; for to a Man who lives under such a continual Constraint as myself, these Evacuations must be extremely pleasant. I have been great Part of this Day in Company with a Gentleman, from whom I imagine myself some time since to have received a Slight ; and have just now made up a Dose of Poison, which I shall give his Greyhound to Morrow in my Way to Church.

I am, S I R,

(Tho' I care not if you was hang'd.)

Your most obedient humble Servant.

This ingenious Correspondent of mine seems to be Ignorant, that, at the same time that he hath found out so excellent an Art of imposing on the World, he is all the while deceiving himself: He may be well assured, that he is not so very bad as he would appear in his Letter, and that he would be much happier, was he really as good as he hath hitherto appeared to the World.

I shall conclude, with observing that tho' the certain Existence of such Sort of Persons, as my Correspondent, may justify us in some Degree of Suspicion and Caution in our Dealing with Mankind; yet should it by no means incline us to their Opinions, who have represented human Nature as utterly bad and depraved: Such Thoughts as these can arise, as I have observed in the Beginning of this Paper, from no other Spring than our finding the Seeds of such Depravity in our own Natures. And 'tis the worst abuse of the Press to propagate Doctrines that visibly tend to the entire Extirpation of all Society, all Morality, and all Religion.

C

*From my Dining-Room in Pall-Mall, Dec.
10th, being the first Night of my Arrival
from Hockley in the Hole.*

THE late Act for regulating the Stage, notwithstanding the Objections of Poets, Players, and other idle People, gave great Satisfaction to all of the graver Sort. The Licentiousness of some modern Performances favouring too much of the old Comedy, and attacking several Persons, whose Characters, *from their high Stations*, ought to be dear to every *Englishman*, made wise and thinking Men wish for some Reformation therein; which, if the Legislator had not provided, it is not easy to guess how far the Jest might

might have been carried before this Time; since I have been assured that a very large Buck-Basket was bespoke for the Use of the little House in the *Hay-market*; and several Masques, drawn to the Life, were provided, one of which would have made a certain Person ashamed to shew his Face, who never yet could be put out of Countenance.

Since the Legislative Power hath provided so good a Remedy against this growing Evil, I think the executive ought to perform their Parts with the utmost Vigilance, and to take the most effectual Care that no Infringements be made in so invaluable a Law. I am concerned therefore, that I am obliged to remind them of their Duty, and more especially as I shall be necessitated to attack the Character of one of the most considerable Persons, whom this Age sees in a public Light: I mean, Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, who, in the Character of *Bays*, hath introduced several new Pieces of Wit, of a most excellent Kind indeed; but contrary, as I am informed by Mr. Counsellor *Vinegar*, to the Provision of the above-mentioned Act.

As I write this, only as a Caution to that excellent young Man, who seems to succeed his great Father in the Talent of Writing as well as Acting; and to promise the World a future *Laureat*, as well as a Lord *Fop-pington*, I shall not enumerate many Particulars. How just his Insinuation is, that there is no Wit at the *Bedford* Coffee-House, (a Place famous I apprehend for the Resort of Men of Wit) or that there is a great Deal at *Tom's*, because he goes there himself, as does likewise his Father, I shall not determine: but I wish he had omitted, or would, for the future omit that Sarcaſm with which he makes his last Exit, *viz.* that he will carry his Play to the other House, for 'That the Master of that House will give Money for any Thing:' If he means the Master of *Drury-Lane* Theatre, I should be little concerned about it, seeing that I account the flandering the Character of a private

vate Gentleman to be of no great Consequence ; and I apprehend, he may himself know some Instances of that Gentleman's parting too easily with his Money : But as he here speaks in the Character of an Author, I don't know whether it may be so justly applyed to him, as I have never heard of his giving Money for any Performance whatever ; the constant Custom being, I imagine, to give an Author Benefits and not Money. I am therefore fearful, lest that Speech should be applyed to another Person, who is known to have given Money for any Thing ; ' Who hath given Money to suppress Abuses against himself, and afterwards with as great Truth as Modesty, after many Breaches of his Word, hath accused the Person who received it of Ingratitude for exposing him.'

I know not whether the Scenery be properly a Part of the Play, or whether the ingenious Person, I have mentioned, be concerned therein : But I own that Battle of the Hobby-Horses, as it is at present performed, gives me some Uneasiness ; the March of the Cavalry presents to me a very lively Idea of a Procession I once saw. We know the Writers, in the Opposition, have apply'd themselves with great Industry to ridicule our Army, particularly an Essay published some Years ago, representing them of no more Use than so many waxen Babies ; I would not methinks, willingly afford these Jokers any Handle for their Wit to take hold on. There certainly never was any Army less the Subject of Mirth, to a true *Englishman*, than the present ; but it is the Property of Wit, which those Writers are justly abused by the *Gazetteers* for having, to set Things forth in false Glosses and Colours ; and who knows what Jokes they may extract out of an Army of Hobby-Horses, under the Command of such an Author, representing a ridiculous sham Fight to the People ?

In short, I hope to hear no more of these Misdemeanors on the Theatres, or they will hear more from me.

C

I.N.

INDEX to the TIMES.

****W**HEREAS, a Handful of odd People (induc'd by Reasons which they are asham'd to own) have reproach'd the *Champion* with Partiality, for siding with the Majority without Doors; the said *Champion* has authoriz'd me to certify on his Behalf. That he is under no Manner of Influence but Truth and Reason: That whenever certain Persons are in the Right, he will gladly do himself the Honour to applaud them. And that, whenever they are unjustly attack'd, he will exert his utmost Endeavours in their Defence.

By his Honour's Command,

The COMPOSITOR.

N. B. 'Tis not the *Captain's* Fault that he has not already taken up the Cudgels in their Favour.

Some Days ago two Gentlemen jostling each other by Accident, in the Street, some angry Words pass'd on both Sides, which ended in a Challenge given and accepted: The Meeting however was postpon'd to the next Day but one: Not that they might have Leisure to settle their Affairs, and make their Wills; but to have the Pleasure of hearing Mr. *Handel's* new Music before they dy'd: Which grand Point carry'd, they met on the Morrow in *Tuttle-Fields*, fell to with all the Satisfaction imaginable, and after a few Passes, both being disabled, embrac'd, adjourn'd to a Tavern to have their Wounds dress'd, and are now like to be fast Friends for Life.

'Tis

'Tis said the Authors of the *Gazetteer* have receiv'd Orders to abuse all the Towns, Cities and Counties in the united Kingdoms, that shall presume to *instruct* their Members, with Respect to the *Limitation of Placemen*, . . . Which occasions a Variety of Speculations. . . Some look upon it as a very extraordinary Strain of Policy; alledging according to the blundering Text in the old Edition of *Shakspeare* :

. **** *Does never WRONG without JUST Cause.*

Others again say, 'tis little better than Phrenzy to libel a whole People; and some, no Doubt the wisest of all, will have it, That the Actions of Men ought to be all of a Piece; and, as the City of *London* has been treated so cavalierly already, 'tis incumbent on them to go thro' Stich with all the Residue of the Kingdom. . Lastly, a few have been heard to make the following impertinent Quere. Whether the **Gazetteer* of *Saturday* last will not be burn'd in the Market-Place of *Salisbury* before a Week's at an End?

JOURNAL of the WAR.

By a List of our Marine it appears, we have 96 Men of War in Commission from 90 to 20 Guns; 33 Store, Fire and Bomb-Vessels, &c. mann'd with 34,562 Men. . . *A Force sufficient if properly employ'd, to carve out what Terms of Peace we please.*

Three Thousand five hundred Pounds has been issu'd out to the Colonels of the Marines for the Expence of raising their Corps: Which they will not begin to levy till after *Christmas*.

* *It contain'd scurilous Remarks on the Instructions sent up by that City to their Members.*

THURSDAY,

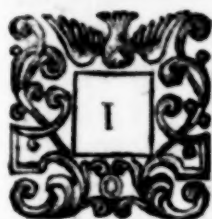


THURSDAY, Dec. 13, 1739.

————— *Somnia vera.*

HOR. Lib. 1. Sat. 10.

Mr. CHAMPION.



A M surprized that you have been now a whole Month in the World, without having been once asleep, or, at least, without acquainting your Readers with it. You cannot be ignorant that your Predecessors used both to sleep and dream, and diverted the Town as much this Way as when they were awake. You will be pleased, perhaps to hear, that I myself have dreamt in the *Spectator* in my Youth, and that I have continued to dream occasionally ever since ; but, for want of a proper Vehicle to make those visionary Scenes public, have been obliged to nod over them by myself. It was no small Pleasure to me, therefore, to hear of the *Champion*, which, not being totally devoted to Politics, allows Room, now and then, for such Miscellaneous Pieces, as may arise in such a Twilight Imagination as mine, of which, if you think proper, be pleased to entertain your Readers with the following Specimen.

MEthought I found myself in the most beautiful Plain I ever beheld. The Soil was cover'd with a Verdure scarce to be equalled by Colours, or conceived by Imagination. A vast Quantity of Flowers of different Sorts variegated the Scene, and perfumed the Air with the most delicious Odours. In the
Midst

Midst of this Plain stood a Mountain, not much unlike a Mitre ; which was of great Height, but withal so free from all Incumbrances of Trees or Briars, that I could, from the Bottom of the Hill, very plainly discern all such as ascended, or endeavoured to ascend. On one of the Summits of this Hill sat nine Girls, whose Names I learnt to be *Miss Cally*, *Miss Cly*, *Miss Raty*, *Miss Thally*, *Miss Pomy*, *Miss Psicky*, *Miss Terty*, *Miss Polly*, *Miss Any* ; they were very indifferently dressed, but so extremely beautiful, that the Rents in their Garments, which discover'd some Parts of their charming Limbs, would have been ill supply'd by the richest Brocade. A little Man who lay in the Lap of one, with his Head in the Bosom of another, playing with his Hands with the Neck of a third, gave me an Idea of a certain Colonel, who formerly used to lie in State in this Town. I could by no means learn the Name of this happy Man, though I asked several, who all returned me indirect Answers. One swore, if he could come at him, he would soon kick him down the Hill ; another, that he had no Right to be there ; a third (a very grave Man) shook his Head and said, he did not understand *Greek*. But what surprized me the most, was, that several Persons, instead of telling me his Name, ventured to contradict my Senses, and to assure me I was mistaken, for that the little Gentleman was not, where I saw him : while I stood shocked with the Assurance of this Declaration, I observed a pretty tall Man tumbling down the Hill with great Precipitation ; upon applying my Glass, I thought I had seen him somewhere before ; and was told, that he had ascended a good Part of the Mountain in Disguise, and had passed several of the Guards (which I now took Notice, watched carefully at equal Distances on the Ascent) under counterfeit Names. My Friend had scarce ended, when the aforesaid Person past by me, and with an Air of Indignation cryed out, ' Keep your *Helican*,
' and.

‘and be paxed! A Cup of Sack is a better Thing flap
 ‘my Vitals! and since those young Ladies will not let
 ‘me up the Hill, I will never introduce one of them
 ‘to Court, split me.’ He then began to hum a Song
 —I could hear some few Words only, as *Sing and Li-*
berty, and *Sing and War*, and *Sing and Peace*. I
 remarked, the faster he sung, the faster he walked, or
 rather ran from the Hill, so that he was soon out of
 Sight, which he scarce was, when I heard a vast Noise
 at the Bottom of the Hill; indeed it was so loud, and
 of so strange a Kind, that I despair of given my Rea-
 der an adequate Idea of it. Nor do I believe he can
 form a juster, than by imagining a discordant Chorus
 of all the vociferous Animals in the World; for,
 besides the human Organs, which were here diversifi-
 ed into all the different Kinds of vocal Music, such
 as whistling, yawning, hallowing, hooting, groaning,
 &c. there were several Animals, (not chosen, as it
 seems, for the Sweetness of their Pipes) such as Asses,
 Owls, and Cats conjoined. While I was wondering
 at this hideous Outcry, one who stood near me, said,
O! they are hunting an Author.

Nor can I help mentioning, that the little Gentle-
 man on the Top of the Hill, put on a Kind of Smile,
 which I thought unbecoming at so brutal an Enter-
 tainment. I was diverted from enquiring farther in-
 to the Meaning of this Pastime, by a Number of Per-
 sons who brushed by me; some of whom I thought
 I had seen before, and heard them often mention the
Encouragement of Learning, as they past along: I was
 informed these did not attempt to climb themselves,
 but only to recommend others, whom I did not ob-
 serve to ascend: At the same Time, I remarked a very
 loud Laugh among those who guarded the Avenues;
 soon after which the said Crowd returned back, among
 whom I heard it muttered, *It was very hard a Man*
can't be allowed a little Judgement for his Money. They
 were just gone, when a fat, well-dressed Man came up,
 somewhat

somewhat out of Breath with the Hastiness of his travelling. He was refused to pass, but received a pretty large Sum of Money at the Gate, with which he seem'd to return very well contented. Immediately after him arrived a grave Gentleman in Black, who marched on with a very solemn Pace: I observed he pass'd the first Gate; soon after which, I heard the hideous Outcry I mention'd above, repeated for a considerable Time; at last, I was pleas'd to find the Black Gentleman had escap'd them, whom I saw ascending the Hill, tho' they had torn all his Cloaths off from his Back. My Eyes were no sooner taken from him, than they were accosted by a well-dress'd, young Man, with a good deal of Fierceness in his Countenance; the Guards did not open the Gate to him on his producing the first Passport, on which I could plainly read the Word *Dunces*; but on his producing a second, he was immediately admitted into the first Gate, and I could neither see nor hear what became of him afterwards. A large Number of People began now to advance, some in very fine, and some in very shabby Dresses; they were all refused, the Guards assuring them, they would let no one pass without telling his Name, if required. As soon as they were departed, I was told, on Enquiry, that they were anonymous Satyrists, most of them very scurrilous, and all very dull. We were no sooner rid of this Company, than a Couple approach'd, who, tho' their Persons did not much agree, (the one being of the taller Kind, and thin, the other shorter and fatter) yet their Minds seem'd to be more of a Piece, they seem'd to walk together with great Friendship and Affection: The Gates were instantly open'd to them, and they walk'd on, without any Interruption, to the Top of the Hill; where the little Gentleman, and the nine young Ladies saluted them. They no sooner shew'd themselves there, than a Parcel of Asses, who were grazing at the Bottom, set up the most execrable Bray I ever heard:

heard : This I was informed, by one of the Guards, was the Nature of the Beasts whenever they beheld any Figure on the Top of the Mountain. Upon my asking who those two Gentlemen were, the same Person replied, ‘ The shorter of them is the excellent Author of *Leonidas*. He was introduced here many Years ago by *Milton* and *Homer* ; nor is he dearer to those great Poets, than to several *Spartan* and *Roman* Heroes. He is thought, by long Intimacy with those two, to have learnt the Majestic Air of *Homer*, while he dresses himself like *Milton*, tho’ others believe both to be natural to him. As for the other Gentleman, he was very fond of one or two of those Ladies you see yonder in his Youth, and they as warmly returned his Passion ; but of late, there hath grown a Coldness of his Side ; and graver Studies, in which he hath nobly distinguished himself, have made him less frequent in their Embraces.’ He was proceeding, when several Persons came up, the first of which had, I observed, a great Club in his Hand. The Gate was immediately opened to them ; and as soon as they had entered, the Guard whispered in my Ear, ‘ They are the Family of the *Vinegars* ; he at the Head is the great Captain *Hercules*.’ If you will give me leave, Captain, your Club seemed to strike such a Terror, that I am in some Doubt, whether you did not owe your Admission to it : I no sooner turned about, than I observed a huge over grown Fellow, with a large Rabble at his Heels, who huzza’d him all along as he went. He had a Smile, or rather a Sneer in his Countenance, and shook most People by the Hand as he past ; on each Side of him walked three Persons, with Cloths and Brushes in their Hands, who were continually employed in rubbing off Mire from him ; and really he travelled through such a Quantity of Dirt, that it was as much as they could possibly do to keep him from being covered. I was informed,
that

somewhat out of Breath with the Hastiness of his travelling. He was refused to pass, but received a pretty large Sum of Money at the Gate, with which he seem'd to return very well contented. Immediately after him arrived a grave Gentleman in Black, who marched on with a very solemn Pace: I observed he passed the first Gate; soon after which, I heard the hideous Outcry I mention'd above, repeated for a considerable Time; at last, I was pleased to find the Black Gentleman had escaped them, whom I saw ascending the Hill, tho' they had torn all his Cloaths off from his Back. My Eyes were no sooner taken from him, than they were accosted by a well-dressed, young Man, with a good deal of Fierceness in his Countenance; the Guards did not open the Gate to him on his producing the first Passport, on which I could plainly read the Word *Dunces*; but on his producing a second, he was immediately admitted into the first Gate, and I could neither see nor hear what became of him afterwards. A large Number of People began now to advance, some in very fine, and some in very shabby Dresses; they were all refused, the Guards assuring them, they would let no one pass without telling his Name, if required. As soon as they were departed, I was told, on Enquiry, that they were anonymous Satyrists, most of them very scurrilous, and all very dull. We were no sooner rid of this Company, than a Couple approached, who, tho' their Persons did not much agree, (the one being of the taller Kind, and thin, the other shorter and fatter) yet their Minds seemed to be more of a Piece, they seemed to walk together with great Friendship and Affection: The Gates were instantly opened to them, and they walked on, without any Interruption, to the Top of the Hill; where the little Gentleman, and the nine young Ladies saluted them. They no sooner shewed themselves there, than a Parcel of Asses, who were grazing at the Bottom, set up the most execrable Bray I ever heard:

heard : This I was informed, by one of the Guards, was the Nature of the Beasts whenever they beheld any Figure on the Top of the Mountain. Upon my asking who those two Gentlemen were, the same Person replied, ‘ The shorter of them is the excellent Author of *Leonidas*. He was introduced here many Years ago by *Milton* and *Homer* ; nor is he dearer to those great Poets, than to several *Spartan* and *Roman* Heroes. He is thought, by long Intimacy with those two, to have learnt the Majestic Air of *Homer*, while he dresses himself like *Milton*, tho’ others believe both to be natural to him. As for the other Gentleman, he was very fond of one or two of those Ladies you see yonder in his Youth, and they as warmly returned his Passion ; but of late, there hath grown a Coldness of his Side ; and graver Studies, in which he hath nobly distinguished himself, have made him less frequent in their Embraces.’ He was proceeding, when several Persons came up, the first of which had, I observed, a great Club in his Hand. The Gate was immediately opened to them ; and as soon as they had entered, the Guard whispered in my Ear, ‘ They are the Family of the *Vinegars* ; he at the Head is the great Captain *Hercules*.’ If you will give me Leave, Captain, your Club seemed to strike such a Terror, that I am in some Doubt, whether you did not owe your Admission to it : I no sooner turned about, than I observed a huge over grown Fellow, with a large Rabble at his Heels, who huzza’d him all along as he went. He had a Smile, or rather a Sneer in his Countenance, and shook most People by the Hand as he past ; on each Side of him walked three Persons, with Cloths and Brushes in their Hands, who were continually employed in rubbing off Mire from him ; and really he travelled through such a Quantity of Dirt, that it was as much as they could possibly do to keep him from being covered. I was informed,
that

that a certain Person, calling himself a *Hyp-Doctor*, walked after him, but he was invisible to me. As soon as he came to the Gate, he whispered to the Guard, and then shook him by the Hand ; upon which the Gate was opened, but as the Guard was going to shut it on the rest, the huge Man turned about, and cried, *Sir, I pay for self and Company* ; upon which it was flung wide open, and the whole Crew entered in, and marched on without the least Interruption through the several Passes ; the huge Man shaking all those who *should have kept them* by the Hand. You will not wonder at my Curiosity in asking, who, or what this Man was ; I was answered, ‘ That he was ‘ a great Magician, and with a gentle Squeeze by ‘ the Hand, could bring any Person whatever to ‘ think, and speak, and do what he himself desired, ‘ and that it was very difficult to avoid his Touch ; ‘ for if you came but in his Reach, he infallibly had ‘ you by the Fist ; that there was only one Way to ‘ be secure against him, and that was by keeping your ‘ Hand shut, for then his Touch had no Power ;’ but indeed, this Method of Security I did not perceive any one to put in Practice. The Company, with their Leader, were now advanced a considerable Way up the Hill, when the Ladies applied to the little Gentleman to defend them ; but he, to the great Surprize of every Body, crept under one of their Petticoats ; upon which I heard one behind me cry out, *Ay, ay, he hath been touched before I warrant you*. The two Gentlemen, whom I mentioned to walk up the Hill together, advanced bravely to the Brow, and put themselves in a Posture of Defence, with a seeming Resolution to oppose the whole Posse. And now every one was in full Expectation of the Issue ; when (eagerly pressing too forward) I came within the Reach of the huge Man, who gave me such a Squeeze by the Hand, that it put an End to my Dream, and instead of those flowry Landskips which I painted in the Beginning

ginning of my Letter, I found myself three Pair of Stairs in the *Inner-Temple*.

If you find any Thing in this worth your Notice, the next time I dream at all to the Purpose, you shall hear from me again, I am,

S I R,

Inner-Temple,
Dec. 7th.

Your Humble Servant

C -

PERhaps there never was such a Dearth of Vice, or Folly, that Satire was in Danger of starving for Want of Food: The Severe are of Opinion 'tis at present, glutted with too great a Variety. This is certain, we have often seen her set down with a very keen Appetite, and lay about her, as if she meant to clear the Board. But then she fed so indelicately, not to say coarsely, that it might be said, she turn'd *our* Stomachs, while she gratify'd her *own*.

Some Instances indeed, there are, of her entertaining quite like a Person of Quality: And one in particular, where her Bill of Fare is exquisite, the Order incomparable, the Garniture full of Fancy, the Desert magnificent, and the Honours of her Table, worthy the high Character she then assum'd.

To quit the Metaphor, I have my Eye on a Poem, called *A Canto of the Fairy Queen*, in the manner of *Spencer*; a Piece that may be almost called a new Species of Satire, equally free from Pedantry and Licence, where the Simplicity of Truth is ornamented with the Pomp of Fable; where good Nature, and good Breeding, interchangeably sweeten Reproof, and afford us both Instruction and Entertainment . . . The Author's assuming the Person of *Spencer*, is beside, a happy Expedient to take off that almost universal Displeasure which we feel, when another affects to be wiser

fer than ourselves : And how well it becomes him let the Quotation annex'd witness. . . so well indeed, that, were it not for the superior Harmony of his Versification, (together with a few modern Images) and the Correctness of his Language, I could, without Difficulty, persuade myself, 'twas really a Fragment of that happy Genius, whom I never yet read but with Love and Admiration.

The Scope of this Piece is to dissuade our gay young Gentlemen from travelling, or induce them to make a better Use of it ; as likewise to insinuate, that no Country however pleasant, under absolute Dominion can vie with that which has still preserv'd its Liberty.

For the Rest, I refer the Reader to the following excellent Quotation, which is a faithful Specimen of the whole.

There underneath a sumptuous Canopy,
That with bright Ore and Diamonds glittered far,
Sate the swoln Form of Royal * Surquedry,
And deem'd itself † allgates some Creature rare,
While its own haughty State it mote compare
With the base Count'nance of the vassal Fry,
That seem'd to have nor Eye, nor Tongue, nor Ear,
Ne any Sense, ne any Faculty,
That did not to his Throne owe servile Ministry.

Yet wist he not that half that Homage low
Was at a Wizard's Shrine, in private pay'd,
'The which conducted all that goodly Show,
And as he list th' Imperial Puppet play'd,
By secret Springs and Wheels right wisely made,
That he the subtle Wires mote not ‡ avize,
But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
From his own Motion and free Grace did rise,
And that he justly highte immortal, great, and wise.

* *Pride.* † *By all means,* Omnino. ‡ *Discover, perceive.*

And

And eke to each of that same gilded Train,
That meekly round that Lordly Throne did stand,
Was by that Wizard ty'd a Magic Chain,
Whereby their Actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden Influence the Land,
Yet to his Lord he outwardly did bend,
And those same Magic Chains within his Hand
Did seem to place, albeit by the End [rend.
He held them fast, that none them from his Gripe mote

Behold, says *Archimage*, the envied Height
Of Human Grandeur to the Gods allied !
Behold yon Sun of Power, whose glorious Light,
O'er this rejoicing Land out-beaming wide,
Calls up those Princely Flowers on every side :
Which like the painted Daughters of the Plain,
Ne toil, ne Spin, ne stain their filken Pride
With Care or Sorrow, sith withouten Pain,
Them in eternal Joy those Heav'nly Beams maintain.

Then morn and evening Joy eternal greets,
And for them thousands and ten thousands * moil,
Gathering from Land and Oceans honied Sweets
For them, who in soft Indolence the while
And slumbring Peace, enjoy the luscious Spoil ;
And as they view around the careful Bees
† Forespent with Labour and incessant Toil.
With the sweet Contrast learn themselves to please,
And heighten by compare the Luxury of Ease.

The following excellent Passage, taken from a Play
called the *Bondman*, writ by *Massinger*, is recommend-
ed to the Attention of all Parties without Distinction.

* *Work hard.* † *Quite spent.*

You

You have not, as good Patriots should do, study'd
 The Public Good, but your particular Ends ;
 Factionous among yourselves ; preferring such
 To Offices and Honours as ne'er read
 The Elements of saving Policy :
 But deeply skilled in all the Principles
 That usher to Destruction :
 Your Senate-House, which used not to admit
 A Man, however popular, to stand
 At the Helm of Government, whose Youth, was not
 Made glorious by Action ; whose Experience,
 Crown'd with gray Hairs gave Warrant to her Councils,
 Heard, and received with Rev'ence, is now fill'd
 With green Heads that determine of the State
 Over their Cups, or when their fated Lusts
 Afford them Leisure ; or, supplied by those
 Who, rising from base Arts and fordid Thrift,
 Are eminent for Wealth, not for their Wisdom :
 Which is the Reason, that, to hold a Place
 In Council, which was once esteemed an Honour,
 And a Reward for Virtue, hath quite lost
 Lustre and Reputation, and is made
 A MERCENARY PURCHASE.

INDEX to the TIMES.

AS the Play-House, since some ingenious, young
 Gentlemen have turned it into a *Bear Garden*,
 falls naturally within my Province, I shall think pro-
 per to animadvert on such Occurrences there, as oc-
 casionally happen : It would be therefore unjust, to
 take no Notice of a most excellent Device made use
 of the other Night, where some one observing that
Brutus says of Cæsar,

The angry Spot doth glow on Cæsar's Brow.

Equipped

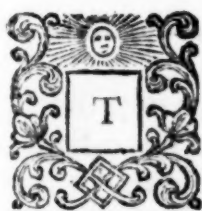
Equipp'd the said *Cæsar* with a large painted Spot over his Eye. Such Decorations as these are of great Use to an Author, as they greatly heighten a poetical Image, and at the same Time help the Audience to understand it; for, as *Horace* says, 'Nothing makes so quick an Impression on the Mind, as *Quæ sunt Oculis subjeeta fidelibus.*'

C



SATURDAY, December 15, 1739.

*Haud Secus ac vitreas Sollers Piscator ad Undas,
Ore levem patulo texens de Vimine Nassam
Cautius interiora ligat, mediamque per alvum
Sensim fastigans, compressa Cacumina nectit;
Ac Fraude arctati remeare Foraminis arcet
Introitu facilem, quem traxit ab Æquore Piscem.*
SIL. ITAL. Lib. 5.



THE great Variety which is found in the Nature of Man, hath extremely perplexed those Writers who have endeavoured to reduce the Knowledge of him to a certain Science, and may perhaps have been the Reason, why the Philosopher in his Definition of Man, doth not include any of his Passions or Habits, but only his outward Figure.

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast,

Says one of our Poets. And, indeed, not to launch out into that Variety, which the Difference of Climates, Customs, Religions, Education, Laws, &c. have introduced into Human Nature, we shall find, between Persons of the same Age, Complexion, Religion, and Education, sufficient Reason to approve this his Observation.

I am surpriz'd, that *Machiavil*, who, in several Places, hath taken Notice, that the same Measures have often produced different Events, hath no where assign'd this as the Cause; for it is the Business of the Politician, as well as the Physician, to study the Constitution of his Patient; for the same Dose will not have the same Effects on all Minds, any more than on all Bodies.

This Diversity in human Nature hath been the greatest stumbling Block in the Way of Politicians, who have found it very difficult to adapt their Bait to the various Palates of Man. Experience teaches these Gentlemen, that he who will fly from one Bribe, will as greedily swallow another, and that every different Man, is to be taken a different Way. On which Account Dr. *South* represents that eminent Politician the Devil, very cautiously suiting his Bait to the particular Disposition of him whom he endeavours to take: 'He offers, saith he, Riches to the Avaritious, Power to the Ambitious, Honours to the Vain, Pleasures to the Voluptuous, &c.

The Art of Politics is not unlike the Art of Fishing. Indeed a Politician may very properly be called a *Fisher of Men*: I shall therefore consider him in this Light; and, as the chief Excellency of both consists in chusing proper Baits, I shall lay down some Instructions, whereby the Politician may know how to bait his Hook as well as the Fisherman: And herein, I shall follow the Style and Method of those Authors who have treated of the Art of Angling; and first, I shall take Notice of the Definition which *James Saunders*,

ders, Esq; a most inimitable Writer, in his *Compleat Fisherman*, gives of the Angler; 'Who is (says he) a Person under some eminent Circumstances, which allow a perfect Description of him; for he is a very particular Person indeed, nor is every Man qualify'd for the Work, or, as it is justly call'd, not a Work, but a Sport.' This learned Gentleman also refutes two Opinions, *viz.* first 'That he who has nothing else to shew for his being a Gentleman, will find it hard to make his Title good in the Herald's Book.'

—And afterwards, he observes, 'That some say an Angler must be a Man of no thinking; whereas (says he) he must have his Passions all at Command, he must govern his Temper with an absolute Sway, and be able to sustain his Mind under the greatest Disappointments;' which being allowed of the Angler, I think it will not be needful to prove the Resemblance he bears to the Politician: For he may not only make himself a Gentleman, but all of his Family, nay his Footman also; and as to the Government of his Temper, it is so necessary, that the Art of Grinning with an heavy Heart, is the very greatest Qualification of a Statesman.

It is a Rule laid down for the Angler, not to go too near the River Side, especially when he would take a Carp, or more cautious Fish; but rather hide himself behind some Bulk or Block.—The same should be observ'd by the Politician; for as the Fish will not bite if he see the Angler, no more will the Man, if he suppose any other see him.

One Caution I shall here premise, as necessary for the Politician, which I have not observ'd given to the Angler; which is, carefully to avoid hooking a Fish too potent for him to deal with; if he does, to let go his Hold immediately, lest he be pull'd into the Water, instead of pulling the Fish out.

I shall proceed now to shew the several Kinds of Fish which a Politician is to angle for, and the Baits with

which they are to be taken.—And first the Carp, of which the aforefaid Mr. *Saunders* fays, ‘ That he is a very fubtle Fish, not eafily surpriz’d, and therefore not undeservedly call’d the Water-Fox ; he will not come near to any Place, where he finds the Water put into a violent Motion ; he being to be taken by the stillest and quietest Methods, nothing that ruffles the Water in the least must be done : For as the Carp is the Water-Fox, so he must be as fubtle as a Fox who takes him.’——From hence we may gather, the great Folly of those who attempt to take this Fish in troubled or muddy Water ; and, indeed, as there requires much Art to take him, in like Manner as much more is necessary to hold him, for, after he is hook’d, he often carries off your Tackle.—And lastly, when taken, he is so very bony and dangerous in devouring, that, I think, it is our Politician’s most prudent Way to let him alone, and as much as possible avoid him : For the political Carp hath a peculiar Quality, which is, that, when he is not fish’d for himself, he will often, by striking down into the Bottom, raise the Sand, and spoil the Politician’s Sport. On which Account, some have taken all Methods, both fair and foul, to rid Ponds of those Fish. Indeed, the political Carp proves often very dangerous, and sometimes fatal to our Angler : for which Reason, one of the most ingenious Anglers I ever knew, shunn’d him with the utmost Caution ; giving out at the same Time, that a Chub was a Fish of a much better Savour.

The second Fish I shall mention is the Pike ; a very voracious Fish, as all who write of him allow. I shall here set down some Rules, which Mr. *Saunders* gives, for taking this Fish.—As first, that the largest Bait is not the best, for tho’ he may bite sooner at the large Bait than the small one, yet the Angler will oftner miss taking him ; for he does not gorge the large Bait so soon as the small.—Secondly, that it were well if you could pull your Line perpendicular, if that may
be,

be, by which Means you might have him safe. — Thirdly, he seems to prefer snapping, to trowling after this Fish. Nor can I omit one Observation of his, that his Throat is the Grave of all the small Fish in the River.

The political Pike differs little from the other, save in the first Observation of Mr. *Saunders*; for this will gorge the largest Bait full as soon as the smallest, and bite as soon at the small, as at the large Bait. *Scotland* and *Cornwall* are thought to send up very good Fish of this Kind: They all bite very greedily, and require little Nicety in the Baiting. As soon as he is hook'd, you may draw him up and down, or from one Side to the other of the River, as you please, and he will yield you most excellent Sport. I shall add only one Thing more, *viz.* that I think Lines properer than Rods for taking this Fish.

I am now to treat of the Chub, of whom Mr. *Saunders* says, that he is not so much esteem'd for the Flesh, as the Sport of fishing for him. — The political Chub however, differs in one Thing from the finny, in that the Head of the latter is the most excellent Part; whereas that of the former is not quite so good; but then it agrees so well with this Description of Mr. *Saunders*, that one would think it was meant of it, *viz.* ' The Chubs are none of the best principled
' People; for if they like any particular Place in the
' River, let the former Inhabitants be what they will,
' Trout, Barbel, Pearch, or any Thing but the Pike;
' they make no Conscience of driving them out, and
' taking Possession for themselves. Hence it often
' happens, that in a Place long famous for Trouts, you
' shall find Chubs; and when once you find a Chub
' there, you may spare your Labour of fishing there
' for any more Trouts, for you are certain to find
' none; the Chub having routed them all out; the
' latter being the stronger and more violent Fish by
F 3 ' far.'

‘ far.’——He says of him afterwards, ‘ That he will bite at any Thing, either natural or artificial, indeed any Thing that is either soft or sweet, and that will hang on the Hook.’ The political Chub seems to agree so well with this Description, that it is needless to say any Thing particular of him ; for it is well known, that where Chubs are, Carps will have nothing to do ; I shall only remark, that there is scarce a Carp left in the *Thames*, which is at present almost full of Chubs.

The Fish which yields the Politician the best Sport, is the Gudgeon : The greedy Nature of this Fish is known to almost every School-Boy, and its Readiness to bite at any Thing, hath grown into a Proverb. The political and other Gudgeons are so much alike, that they need no particular Description. I shall only remark, that as the red Worm is the best Bait for the latter, so a Piece of red Ribband is a fine Bait for the former.

Most of the Kind of Fish which compose a Politician’s Sport, may be reduced to some of these aforementioned Heads ; so that by following these very short Rules, he will easily know how to deal with them : But he is deceiv’d, if he thinks his Trouble over when he has secur’d the Fish : He ought also then to be instructed what to do with him. A Politician ought to be a good Cook, as well as a good Angler ; but at the same Time, not to rely so much on his Cookery, or on any Disguise of Sauce, as to impose a Chub upon the World for a Carp.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

MOST People having betray'd a Curiosity, to be made acquainted with some Particulars, relating to the mysterious Order of the **UBIQUITARIANS**, the following are inserted for their Information.

1. They are so call'd, from their being to be found in every City, Town, and Borough, in the Three Kingdoms : Not a single Village, or lone public House, being free from their *Visitation*.

2. They are of all Professions, all Orders, and Degrees of Men, from a Lord to an Exciseman, and wear all Habits, civil and military : Their Registers abounding with General Officers, Bishops, Judges, and Privy-Counsellors, who have thought it an Honour to be of their Society.

3. A marvellous Circumstance ! They are all of one Mind, and, whatever opposite Opinions an *Initiate* held before his Admission, the Fiat of the Order eradicates them all at once, and he stands forth a Champion, arm'd at all Points, ready to combat, *right* or *wrong*, for the *Ubiquitarians Creed*, which consists but of one Article, *viz. Whatever is, is right ;* and which he deems as infalliable, as that of *Rome*.

4. In all these Assemblies, they have, at the Head of the Table, an empty Chair, plac'd there for their President, whom they call the *Universal Noun-substantive*, affirming, according to the Definition of *Lilly*, that he stands by *himself*, and requires no *Adjunct* to shew his *Signification*.

And Lastly, That he is not only to be *seen, heard, felt, and understood*, in common with other *Substantives*, but *every where* at once : And that, in particular, you may find him with the *Lords of Trade* ; the *Commissioners of Customs and Excise* ; *Hawkers and Pedlers* ; *Stamps and Salt* ; *Lotteries, and Hackney-Coachmen* ; of the *Navy and Victualling* ; *Admiralty and Treasury* ; *Westminster-Hall and Westminster-Abbey* ; in *Change-Alley and St. James's* ; on the *Parade and at Spit-head* ; at the *Council-Board*, and in both *Houses of Parliament*, at one, and the same Instant.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

SHIPS TAKEN BY THE SPANIARDS.

The *Providence*, Capt. *Donnaven*, laden with *Allom*.
The *Neptune*, Capt. *Lynn*, freighted by *Jews*, and according to the *French Papers*, Three more, of which the Names are not mention'd.

SHIPS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH.

NONE.



FH

MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

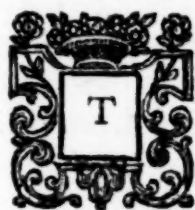
SATURDAY,



SATURDAY, December 18, 1739.

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi
Stultus Ego huic nostræ similem.*

VIRG.



THOUGH it was not, at first, my Intention to deal much in serious Politics in this Paper, the following Letter, which I receiv'd last Week, is written with so elegant and proper a Spirit; and the Matter it treats, of such Moment, that I hope the Reader will receive it with as much Favour as he would something of a more humerous Kind, and that he will forgive me the not striking out the first Part of it, for which I return Thanks to the Author.

S I R,

THOUGH a Vein of Wit hath discover'd itself in your Papers, which the Town hath not, lately, seen any Thing equal to, I am afraid you have not yet met with the Success which your Writings deserve, and which I not only wish, but promise you on your Perseverance; nor would I have you discourag'd, that you are not receiv'd with that immediate Applause, which some of your Predecessors have met with on their first Appearance; bet rather account for it with me, these two Ways: First, that the

People have been so long cramm'd with Nonsense and Dulness, that, like Children, who have been tormented with Physic, they are grown suspicious, and must be brought with some Pains and Difficulty, to receive agreeable and wholesome Food. Secondly, that wise and thoughtful Men, who are indeed the only true Judges of Wit, are scarce in a Temper at present to be entertained. An immense Fleet, a vast Army, a decay'd, sinking Trade, an impoverish'd, indebted, and corrupt Nation, must raise Ideas in every Mind more suitable to that ensuing solemn Fast, which his Majesty hath with great Piety proclaimed, than to any Thing of Mirth and Festivity. I have sent you therefore the following Letter, or Address to the Citizens of *London*, which may possibly procure you more Readers at this Season, than if *Addison* was to arise from the Dead, and write you an Epistle from Sir *Roger de Coverly*.

To the Citizens of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU must be sensible in what Light your late Behaviour on the Election of your principal Magistrate hath been regarded by the whole Nation; that Spirit of Liberty, that Zeal for the Trade and Honour of this Kingdom, which distinguish'd themselves amongst you on this Occasion, have render'd your Names the Objects of Love and Respect throughout *Great-Britain*, and will transmit them in those amiable Colours to Posterity.

The great Esteem and Regard which the People of *England* have ever shewn to the Conduct of their Metropolis, (looking up to this great City always as to their *Alma Mater*) shine forth in your Chronicles, but brighter in no Age than in this. Many Instances are
needless

needless to prove, that we direct our Measures by the Standard of yours. The Excise and Convention (those eternal Monuments of your Glory) are of themselves sufficient Evidence of this Truth. Thus while you direct our Actions, being at the same Time the great Reservoir of what must be stiled the Blood of the political Body, you are at once the Head and Heart of the Nation.

If your Example hath been able in this corrupt Age, to influence and excite Men to the Defence of Liberty, how prevalent must it be, when, coinciding with the Depravity of our Natures, and the Baseness of the Times, it should lead them to Venality and Prostitution? Corruption, which hath for many Years been creeping upon us, and working its Way imperceptibly under Ground, will, if it once finds an Entrance into your Gates, rush downwards like a Torrent, and overwhelm the Nation; for who can stem it, if the Citizens of *London* yeild to its Force? Or where shall it meet with a Dam, if your Walls are none? Can we suppose, that those who are able to bribe the richest City in the Universe, will not be capable of succeeding in a beggarly Borough? Or can we expect, that a poor Country Shop-keeper, who can scarce drive away Famine with his Labour, shall have Virtue enough to refuse what is even necessary to his Livelihood, whilst the opulent Tradesman or Merchant of *London*, avaritiously, or perhaps, wantonly gives up his Conscience, his Country, nay his own real Interest to Hire? Thus the most impudent Scheme ever attempted (for surely to attempt to bribe the City of *London*, must be so) may in the End prove the wisest, and the whole People may be corrupted, as *Caligula* would have beheaded them, at once.

I would not be understood to insinuate that this is the Case. I am far from fearing this ever will be the Case. No, I rather wish to impute those Slanders, spread abroad, to the Desires, than the Hopes of
your

your Enemies : For who can believe that this great and wealthy City, many of whose Members could once, singly, furnish out more Money in one Day, than the whole opulent City of *Amsterdam* in several *. A City ! whose Favour, in all *Æras* of our History, hath been solicitously courted by every Administration, of such Weight hitherto in our Constitution, that, in all Contentions, it hath turned the Ballance by its own Weight to which Side it pleased. Who can, I say, believe that this City is to be purchased ? Who can believe that the City of *London* will submit to be brib'd ? Will stoop to low, mean, and pitiful Bribes ? Will give itself up a Prostitute to the Hire of those who have made it their Maxim, and the constant Business both of themselves and their Creatures, to vilify and depreciate her Citizens ; to treat those rich, powerful, and most useful Members of the Commonwealth, as Knaves and Beggars, who have affected in all their Conversations that Contempt—I repeat the Word —That CONTEMPT for you, which this base Prostitution could only give them in Reality ?

If then there be any among you, whom you justly suspect to be tainted with this Pestilence, shun them as you would a Contagion, drive them from your Society as wounded Deer, or rather infected Lepers. Let the Judgment annexed to the Conviction be perpetual Infamy. Let no Man speak to, no Man deal with such a Person. Let him not only bring Shame, (which is a small Punishment to a Mind thoroughly polluted) but Ruin on himself and Family.

I am warm, Gentlemen, and it becomes you to be so too. The Honour of your City is at Stake ; you have been treated with Rapine and Injustice, but never with Contempt till now. 'This is the first Period in our Annals, which hath seen you the Object of Scorn

* See the 3^d Volume of *Clarendon's History*.

and Ridicule. The first Time that it hath been said of you, *that you might be had, but are not worth having*; on which I will observe, that if the first Part of the Sentence is true, the latter is undoubtedly true also.

The Constitution of the City of *London*, resembles that of *Great-Britain* in General: Indeed all the Corporations of *England* are so many little Wheels comprehended in one great one, whose Form they represent in Miniature. You have a Mayor, an upper and a lower House; in the last of which, as in a House of Commons, lies the Security of your Liberties, as long as honest and upright Men are elected into it; whereas, on the contrary, if you despute base and corrupt Members to that Office, that which should be your Security, will be only a Security to your Enemies in betraying you.

It may perhaps be asked how you shall be certain to chuse an incorrupt Person? to which I answer, that tho' Corruption (curst be the Villains who projected it) hath so insinuated itself amongst us, that it is almost impossible to tell who is not infected; there is however a certain Mark by which you may discover who is. He who is upheld by the Purfes of those who are known Enemies of the City, or the known Creatures of those Enemies, may be depended on as one who will work their Ends and his own Interest at the Expence of the Welfare and Honour of the City.

This is the Man you are to esteem corrupt. This is the Man for whom you are not to vote, but to shun, detest, and abhor all those who do.

The Day is now at Hand, which is to give a Defeat, or a Triumph to your Enemies. A Day! which I regard as of the utmost Consequence to *British* Liberty; since it must appear, on this Day, to all the World, whether the City of *London* is, or is not to be bribed, and drank, and laughed out of her Integrity; whether her Citizens resemble the ancient or the modern

modern Inhabitants of *Rome*. In a Word, whether they are a Body of brave, free, incorrupt *Englishmen*, or a Banditti of Slaves and sturdy Beggars.

Exert yourselves then on this Occasion, shew the World your Integrity in disdaining a Bribe, your Bravery and Freedom in a steady Opposition to those who have laid or promoted Schemes of Slavery and Oppression, and your Resentment in kicking out such from among you as herd with Men, who have dared with as much Folly as Impudence to treat you with Disrespect. Shew your Enemies that you have these Virtues, and they will soon court your Favour in an open and an honourable Manner, who now attempt secretly to undermine you, whilst they openly affect to *ridicule* and *despise* you. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

A Certain notorious *Quack* having long pester'd both Town and Country, with fulsome Narratives of his incomparable Abilities, infallible Nostrums, and miraculous Cures ; and, challeng'd to himself a large Portion of *public Spirit*, for having distributed *Gratis* among his *Puffs*, certain daily Packets of strange Stuff, which he calls *Gazetteers*, and affirms to be a Specific for all Diseases of the Head, Eyes, and Heart : This is to certify, that, upon an impartial Examination, the said Stuff appears to be mere *Powder of Post* : And, that there is great Probability, the said *Quack* will, in due Time, be oblig'd to answer for *Male Practice* before the College.

THURSDAY



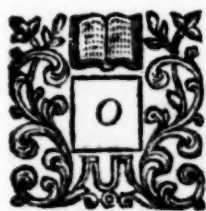
THURSDAY, December 20, 1739.

To the CHAMPION,

Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.

HOR.

S I R,



V ID (who, by the Way, is said to have had a better Knack of ringing Changes, than any other Poet, either before or since) has been pleas'd to divide the Duration of the World into four Ages, every one more corrupt than the other; and all his Readers have given so implicitly into his Opinion, that his *Last of Iron* is suppos'd to have subsisted even to this Day with little or no Alteration.

Now, Sir, 'tis my humble Opinion (for I should be very loath to enter the Lists with so formidable a Champion as *Ovid*) that this System of his must be understood to regard only the Manners of the Universe from the Creation to his own Times, and no farther.

— It being manifest that he writes in the Character of an Historian, not a Prophet; at least, till he comes to wind up his Work; and there, indeed, by the Help of a little poetical Licence, he ventures to foretell the Eternity of his own Labours.

Tamque Opus exegi, &c.

A Passage that has misled great Numbers of Authors, to make themselves the same Compliment ; but who, nevertheless, had the Mortification to be undeceiv'd, by surviving those very Works, which they fondly imagin'd were immortal.

Without any Violation then to the Remains of that admir'd Author, one may venture to affirm on his own Principles, that even the *Iron Age* had its Period too ; and that an Age of *Flint* succeeded it. Some of our most learned Antiquaries may perhaps correct me here, and assert it took Place as early as the Successors of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* ; who were truly Bully-Rocks, and born without Bowels. But, with Submission, I on my Side, may as well advance, that the *Iron-Sides* were no other than the Product of the Dragon's Teeth, sow'd by *Cadmus* ; and so encounter one Fable with another.

But to be convinc'd, that this Age of *Flint* did really croud off that of *Iron*, we need only cast an Eye on the History of the western World from *Tiberius* to *Charlemagne*. What Ambition, Tyranny, and Oppression, what unparalell'd Lust and Barbarities were, in that horrid Interval, authoriz'd by the Examples of Princes ? What Licence reign'd among the Soldiery ? And what Animosities among the People ? What a Torrent of Mischiefs did the Word Religion pour out on Mankind ? What Slaughters, what Devastations follow'd Distinctions merely nominal ? Those in Power never once shewing Compassion, to those that were at their Mercy ; nor those, who, by the Chance War, were deliver'd from the worst of human Miseries, ever relenting when they saw others overtaken by the like Calamities.

This Hint, Captain, I think is sufficient to prove both the Fact in dispute, and the Time of its Duration. — I therefore make Hast to another grand Period in the poetical System, viz. the Age of *Lead* ; to which that of *Flint*, by Degrees, gave Way : And,
whereas

whereas both Kings and Priests had almost an equal Influence over one, the last of those awful Characters seems to have engrossed to themselves the Dominion of the other.

In their Hands, and under their Direction, the *Leaden-Saturn* lorded it as widely and absolutely as ever the *Golden One* had done, but with a quite contrary Effect. Dulness and Oppression encumber'd the Heads and Shoulders of all Mankind from the Ploughboy to the Prince; and the reverend Imposers, never fail'd to lay on their own insupportable Weight to double the Load: They farther took Care that the same drousy Vein should run thro' their Writings, as well as their Actions: Both were heavy alike: And as one made the Laiety groan under their Burthen, the other lull'd them into a Lethargy which Pain itself could hardly rouse them from.

However, *Time* made a Shift at last, to roll off this unweildy Period too; and, according to some Writers, (whose Works I would quote, if I thought a due Deference would be paid to their Authority) a *Wooden Age* succeeded to that of *Lead*; the Symptoms of which, say they, soon evidenc'd themselves not only in the Laws, Politics, Customs, Fashions, &c. of Men, but even in their Language. Not only single Words, such as *Blockhead*, *Logerhead*, &c. becoming characteristical of the Change, but whole Phrases; such as a *special Stick of Wood*, to signify a good-for-nothing Fellow; a *Chip of the old Block*, that Father's own Son is no Changling; *Heart of Oak*, a Man true to his Trust (this is rarely us'd); *to go against the Grain*, a Point carried in Spite of one's Teeth; and a *wooden Piece of Business*, a Blunder of the first Magnitude. — 'Twas observed, likewise, that certain Pieces of *Wood*, under the Denomination of the *Stocks*, *Whipping-Post*, *Pillory*, and *Gallows*, conduc'd more to the reforming of Manners, than all the Dictates of the Law, or Precepts of the Gospel. — Beside, as these
excited

excited Terror, so there were others, seemingly much more insignificant, that challeng'd and received all imaginable Respect; such as a *Constable's Staff*, a *Tip-Staff*, a *Marshall's-Staff*, &c. — Nay, even a *Quarter-Staff*, or an ordinary *Walking-Staff*, has been known to command the Way, and exact a due Regard from all it met: But, which is more remarkable than all the Rest, 'tis upon Record, that a certain *White Staff* was able to vie in Miracles with the Rod of *Moses*. — The Words *Bench*, *Board*, and *Seat* receiv'd also an Importance during this Interval, that, some Authors assert, they will never lose. But this is a contested Point; for there are others who make no Scruple to say that the Veneration, which us'd to be pay'd them, began to diminish every Day; and that there was much Reason to fear they would shortly sink into downright Contempt. — 'Tis added, not merely because they were rotten, worm-eaten, and ready to fall to Pieces, but because they cost more to keep them together than they were worth.

But, however, pregnant Proofs these are of a *Wooden Age*, there are some sanguine Persons who insist upon it; that there are others yet more forcible and conclusive, and among the Rest, never fail to mention a certain Chair made of plain *English Oak*, so exceedingly old and crazy, that it gave Way under two who had it in their Possession, one of whom fell with such Violence that he never rose any more, and the other was so disabled that he never could sit in it again: And yet, they say, this Chair was homag'd by all Ranks and Degrees of People; every one coveted to be near it, and he that had the Care of keeping it in Repair, was almost as much respected as the Chair itself, tho' there are some who say he did it in a very bungling Manner.

To conclude, on this Head, there are others, who carry their Conceits to such a Pitch of Extravagance, as to assert whole Administrations, have been hewn out of the same *Block*: That entire Armies were just
such

such Heroes as the Giants of *Guild-Hall*; their Horses to all Intents and Purposes, *Hobbies*; and certain other Assemblies compos'd of mere *Puppets*; who seem'd to have no Will, Motion, or Words of their own; but, in Fact, spake, were mov'd, and acted just as the Prompter pleas'd. — In short, if we may believe them, several Kingdoms were over-run with *Wood*, and almost every Individual, little better than an Inhabitant of *Dodona's Grove*, capable of Speech, but rooted to the Soil where he grew; sensible of Injuries, but without Power to avenge them.

When, or at what Period, this strange *Lignification* took Place, I shall leave to Chronologists to determine: But, I think, 'tis at present pretty well over, and we seem resolving to our original *Clay*; when properly kneaded up, and ready for the Mould; so that a new *Prometheus* may soon be expected to model us a-fresh, give us what Disposition and Form he pleases, *ordain some of us to Honour, and some to Dishonour*, and have us all, according to the Letter, under his Thumb.

I am,

S I R,

Y O U R S, &c.

**

INDEX to the TIMES.

AT the Precinct Meeting held for Bishop-Gate Ward, the old List had the Majority of Votes; which occasion'd a grave City-Punster to say, *That the Interest which had been made to the Teeth, was lost by the Voice.*

JOURNAL

JOURNAL of the WAR.

We hear from *Scotland*, that certain Soldiers, who were in pursuit of a Defenter, took it into their Heads to seize a loaded Cart, under the Pretence that it contain'd prohibited Goods, and a Skirmish following, between them and the Peasants in the Neighbourhood; one of the last was shot dead on the Spot. — *The blessed Effect of a standing Army.*



SATURDAY, December 22, 1739.

Judicantem vidimus Æacum.

HOR.



WHEN I first undertook the Office of *Champion*, I appointed a general Council, or Assembly of my Family, to meet every *Monday, Wednesday, and Friday* Evening, to examine into Ways and Means for the Improvement and Diversion of my Countrymen; and it hath been likewise usual with me on all Emergencies to convene a Council extraordinary, and sometimes to order the Attendance of any particular Person of my Family, in whose Province the Enormity hath happened, whom I have commanded to draw up a Remonstrance, or Case for my own Satisfaction, to be perused or not by the Public, as I have thought proper.

I have also determined to erect a Court of Judicature, wherein I shall sit myself as sole Judge, and before which I shall summon and try at my Pleasure, all manner of Persons and Things in this Kingdom, assigning to the Parties such Council out of my own Family,

Family, as to me appears meet. This Court I shall hold more or less often at my own Will, and as Occasion requires ; and shall sentence such as I think guilty, entirely according to my Pleasure, without any Regard had to the Laws now in Being. These my Sentences, trusty Officers shall be appointed to execute on the Reputations of all Offenders, which said Reputations they will be fully empowered to abuse, post, pillor, whip, and hang up according to my several Sentences.

With the Transactions of this Court, I shall acquaint my Readers, as often as I think they can turn to their Diversion or Emolument, concealing or exposing the Names of the Offenders, as they give me more or less Hopes of their Amendment.

How useful, and indeed how necessary this Bench must be, will not be doubted by any who consider that our Laws are not sufficient to restrain or correct half the Enormities which spring up in this fruitful Soil. The Man who murders, robs, or ravishes, is indeed punished with Death. But there are Invaders and Destroyers of our Lives and Fortunes, and of the Persons and Honour of our Women, whom no Laws in Being can any Way come at.

Nor would it be enough that those greater Crimes should be punished, the Covetous, the Prodigal, the Ambitious, the Voluptuous, the Bully, the Vain, the Hypocrite, the Flatterer, the Slanderer, call aloud for the *Champion's* Vengeance. In short, whatever is wicked, hateful, absurd, or ridiculous, must be exposed and punished before this Nation is brought to that Height of Purity and good Manners to which I wish to see it exalted.

It will be, no Doubt, a great Satisfaction to my honest Countrymen, that they are to appear before a Judge whom no Partiality can incline; no Bribe allure, nor no Threats frighten to acquit the Guilty, or convict the Innocent. A Judge, before whom no
one

one will be too great or too mean to receive Justice. At the same Time it must give no small Alarm to several who have thought themselves, and their ill-acquired Possessions safe from all Inquisition of the Laws, to find themselves liable to the Sentence of so terrible and impartial a Bench of Justice.

The Methods which I have taken in erecting this Court of Judicature, must give great Entertainment to the Readers.

I have set apart a large Room in my own House, at the upper End of which is a great Elbow-Chair, raised on several Steps, with a Desk and Cushion before it. In this Chair, I shall sit in Judgment; below is a Table, at which my Family are to be placed as Council: Behind is the Bar, where the Prisoners are to be arraigned, and on one Side is a Stool for the Evidence. As for Juries, I have no need of them, as I reserve to myself the full Power of convicting or acquitting as I think just.

I was, at first, at no small Loss to imagine a Prison large enough to contain the great Number of Offenders, and began to entertain some Thoughts of building one by Subscription, (a Method in which I shall pursue all my Schemes) 'till I bethought myself of setting apart those Rooms, where the Convocation was formerly held to this Purpose, at least till the convening that reverend Body, by which time I may possibly find out some other Place to detain my Prisoners in.

As I have observed the good People of *England* to be great Lovers of all Executions; and as I have often heard it lamented, that there are not proper Conveniencies for our Women of Fashion to be present at these Spectacles. I have appointed the Stage in *Drury-Lane* to be the Scene of all Punishments, which are to be there executed between the second and third Musick. This, I think, cannot fail of drawing larger Audiences, than at present frequent
our

our Theatres; and may likewise give the Pit and Galleries such an Opportunity of venting their Spleen and Ill-nature before the Curtáin rises, as may enable them to suffer the Players to proceed without any Interruption.

There being yet no more than one Officer of this Court appointed, I shall here acquaint the Public with the several Offices which I have thought fit to constitute, and the Qualifications required to enable any Man to possess them; that whoever shall think himself duly entitled, may appear before us, next Council Day, at Eleven in the Forenoon, and put in his Claim, where he may be assured of being admitted or rejected according to his Merit.

First, six Tiptaves, two of which are to give constant Attendance, and be relieved weekly: Their Business will be to seize all such Persons, as they shall be thereto impowered by Warrant under my Hand and Seal, and convey them to the Prison aforesaid. These I shall chuse out of such Officers, not above the Degree of a Captain, as shall have given sufficient Marks of their Prowess: I mean, not abroad, with which I have little to do; but at home, in open Defiance of their own Laws and Countrymen.

Secondly, one Head, and four Under-Goalors. The first must give Proof of having confined a young Wife, who gave him a good Fortune in some, lonely House in the Country, for at least ten Years; while he has spent her Money in this Town, without suffering her to enjoy the least Share in it. As for the others, it will be sufficient that they have been Bailiffs, informing Constables, or some others who have made a Livelihood of the Miseries and Misfortunes of their fellow Creatures.

Thirdly, three Clerks, *viz.* Clerk of the Court, Clerk of the Indictments, and Clerk of the Arraigns. These to be chosen out of such Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, as having had too high Parts to confine them-

themselves to the dull crabbed Study of the Law, have spent so much of their youthful Days in Dress, Amour, and other Diversions, that they get a very uncomfortable Subsistence at the Bar ; and from their Want of other Employment, are generally to be seen in the Coffee-Houses about the *Temple* and the *Theatre*.

Fourthly, tho' I shall not hang any of my Convicts, yet as I shall deal with them in such a Manner, that it may be presumed they will hang themselves ; I have therefore appointed Ordinaries or Chaplains of every Religion now current. And whereas, it is modestly supposed, that great Part of my Convicts will be People of no Religion at all, I shall appoint two grave Men out of the Body of Free-thinkers ; the one a professed Atheist, (if one can be found) the other a Deist, to strengthen and confirm the condemn'd Prisoners, that they may retire to a State of Non-Entity, and calmly and quietly dissolve into nothing, without any Perturbations of Mind, or being terrified by Priests, at their last Hours, into Notions, with which their whole Lives have been utterly unacquainted. Reserving, however, to all such Persons a full Power of recanting, at their own particular Desire, and embracing any Religion they shall think convenient.

Fifthly, the Office of a Cryer is conferred on a great Orator.

And Sixthly, As to Counsel, I have reserved that Office entirely to my own Family. C

To the CHAMPION.

S I R,

A S barren Women are often heard to boast of their Miscarriages, so 'tis remarkable that certain Persons, who have as little Wit, as *Sodom* had Grace,

Grace, are always endeavouring to obtrude themselves on the Public, for the only Beaux-Espirits of the Age. Thus, the Moment they have blunder'd on any Thing like a Jest, they not only seem infinitely diverted with their own Humour, but tip the Wink on their Flatterers and Slaves, (for Friends and Admirers they have none) to circulate the Gria throughout all their Acquaintance. — But this awkward good Husbandry of their's, is attended ever with this unlucky Consequence; that their Poverty is visible thro' their Ostentation: For, as the Trumpet sounds hardly above twice a Year, it infallibly follows they can afford to entertain no oftener.

I am led into these hasty Thoughts by reading the Common-Place Patch-Work in Yesterday's *Gazetteer*, and its Rhapsodical Postscript: In which a Gentleman, 'as much above my Praise, as the Calumny of his Enemies, is serv'd up, under the Title of *Petronius*, to gratify the Spleen of *M—/* Clerks and Excisemen; the only Readers (if we except the Idol, to whom this Dunghill steams up its daily Incense) of its pointless, mercenary Slanders.

'Tis pleasant, however, to observe, in what a ridiculous Manner they shoot this Load of Virulence; and accommodate their Odours to their Patrons Taste, — *Ben Johnson* says nobly,

Contempt of Fame begets Contempt of Virtue.

Now their Patron has nothing to do either with the one or the other, and has endavoured to discountenance both to the utmost of his Power. In Compliment to him, therefore, every Man must be decry'd who is ambitious of public Honour, by public Services: Who breaks through his little, dirty Snares to circumvent the Covetous, the Vain, and the Sensual: And who dares act up to the Examples of ancient Virtue, which he is known to admire. — These are Crimes, unpardonable

donable Crimes. — And for these the Pack must be let loose, and hallow'd on to make their *Keeper's* Sport. — But I dare be bold to say, 'twill answer no other End with Respect to the Public, than to excite a general Indignation to see such Scurrillity, in a Manner, publish'd by Authority.

I am, S I R,

Y O U R S, &c.

**

I N D E X to the T I M E S.

THE Election of Common-Council for the City of *London*, came on Yesterday, when there were Polls demanded in three or four of the Wards, but were soon throw'd up, except that of *Bishopsgate*; which by Agreement is to end this Day, at Two in the Afternoon. If the CHAMPION of last *Tuesday* had been read, and duly weighed by the worthy Inhabitants; it might have saved Abundance of Trouble and Disbursements from the *Western* Part of the Town.

N. B. Most of the Elections went in Favour of the Country Interest.

On *Thursday* last the Prophecy was fulfill'd that his Majesty would go to the House of Peers, and give his Royal Assent to the Money-Bills, &c. As, likewise, that which foretold the Adjournment of both Houses till after *Christmas*.

'Tis said, that, in the Lottery of Military Preferments, a young Gentleman has drawn for a Prize, a Lieutenant's Commission (of Marines) by a Mistake of Christian Names: It being design'd for his elder

elder Brother ; who, no Doubt, is as much out of Humour, as out of Luck.

It has been confidently reported that a certain Alderman, who, has busied himself extremely in the Election of Common-Council-Men in a certain Ward, is made Husband of the *Caracca* Ship. Which has occasion'd a Variety of Reflexions among those who remember the Votes of Parliament with Respect to the Purchase of a certain Estate.

'Tis said, that a certain Person, who does not live far from *Downing-Street*, has been heard to declare with great Vehemence, that the Person who signs himself an *uncorrupt Englishman*, in last *Thursday's London-Evening-Post*, is none of his *Acquaintance*.



TUESDAY, December 25, 1739.

— *Quid studium profit ?*

HOR.



Notwithstanding the great Terror in which I keep my Family, and the great Respect which I sincerely believe them all to entertain for my natural Parts, and personal Strength and Intrepidity ; I have often a Suspicion that they have all round a thorough Contempt of my Learning : This my Father, Brother, and one or two of my Sons, have not scrupled to acquaint me with, as they know it is a Point on which I am far from valuing myself : But I was not a little surprized the other Day, to hear my Wife, in whom I never suspected that Preheminence, on some Controversy that happened, answered me very flatly, that she wondered I should dispute

those Things with her, when I might know very well, that she was so much a better Scholar than myself.

I was at first a little ruffled with this Assertion, 'till on reflection, I soon resolved my Anger into that Contempt I have always had for a Qualification, which I look on as effeminate and intended only for Women ; an Opinion I think, plainly intimated in the Habits which all Nations distinguish their Professors of Learning by, nearly resembling that of Females, and to whom we give the Name of the long-robed ; or as I have somewhere heard the Pettycoat-Gentry, including the female and learned World under one general Appellation.

While I was mediating on this Matter, I happened accidentally to open my Father's Common-Place Book, where I found much good Reading under the Title *Learning*, nor a little to my Satisfaction.

It is there observed, that this Word *Learning*, implies the same as *Knowledge*, which was that forbidden Fruit our first Father tasted, and to which we owe all the Evil and Miseries to which our Nature is now subject ; and here I was pleased to corroborate my above-mention'd Opinion of the Effeminacy of Learning, by remarking that it was first introduced into the World by a Woman.

The *Chinese*, a very wise, polite, and well-regulated People, and whose ordinary Institutes of Life, seem far superior to the *Europeans*, have very little Learning among them, more than is immediately necessary to Mechanics and other useful Arts. Their Philosophy, Poetry, History, and other ornamental Branches of Learning are very superficial ; and it is well known, that the *Turks*, a very warlike and great People, are such declared Enemies to it, that they would not till lately admit the Art of Printing to be cultivated among them.

The *Romans* maintained their Greatness little longer than they retained their Ignorance ; and our own An-
nals

nals (notwithstanding the glorious Reign of Queen Anne) shew us at least that we were able to conquer as well in our darker as more enlightned Ages.

I would by no means be here understood to be an Enemy to all good Learning, a Competency of which (I mean to write and read, an Height to which I myself have arrived) may possibly be necessary to all such as are bred to Divinity, Law, or Physic. The utmost I contend for, being to banish from among us those dead Tongues which are not only useles, but, as I am informed, have much contributed to introduce the Religion of the Ancients as well as their Language.

I question not, but many of my good Readers will abundantly stare at a Proposal of banishing Learning from those learned Professions before-mention'd ; but as I think I can prove it not only useles, but very pernicious to all of them, I shall not be hastily afraid nor ashamed of my Assertion.

And first as to Divinity, I think *Peter Burman* in his *Oratio contra Studia Humanitatis*, hath plainly proved the reading those prophane Authors who have writ in *Greek* or *Latin*, to be utterly inconsistent with the Study of Divinity ; as the whole Oration is excellent, and exhausts all that can be said on this Head ; and as I have seen a Translation of it in *English*, I shall refer my curious Reader to it. As for certain Authors called *Fathers*, which writ in those Languages, and which were formerly supposed conducive to this Study, I apprehend they are not at present extant, having to my Knowledge never seen any in the Libraries of our Divines.

The Study of Divinity, I apprehend may properly be divided into three Branches, viz. the *Credenda*, the *Agenda*, and the *Habenda*.

As to the *Credenda*, or Matters of Faith, regarding Doctrinal and Ceremonial Points, I cannot much recommend the Scriptures (little hereof being to be found therein) ; but as I apprehend we have about six Wag-

gon-Loads of Books on this Head in our Language, I cannot see any Reason for our Student to go farther, I shall observe these Books are generally very cheap (considering their Excellence), and a young Divine may purchase a very handsome Library for a Trifle.

Concerning the *Agenda*, or Matters of Morality, I know some Persons have thought that the excellent and divine Sermon on the Mount, contains all that can be said or thought on this Subject; that that inimitable, short System of Morality, which is alone a sufficient Proof of the Divine Mission of its Author, comprehends all that is useful or profitable, or meritorious to ourselves and others; and that, at the same Time, it is so concise and yet so full, it is also plain, that no Law ever less needed a Comment; notwithstanding which, there is scarce one Word which hath not been explained in more Pages than have been written on all the abstruse and dark Passages of the ancient Philosophers, all which excellent Explanations are now extant in our own Language under the Title of Sermons.

As to the third, *viz.* the *Habenda* or Tithes, I apprehend, as very little of this occurs in the ancient Greek or Roman Authors, so a compleat Knowledge may be acquitted thereof by *Bobun's Compleat Law of Tithes*, and a swinging Folio called *Parson's Law*.

I think on this short Survey, it appears how useless Greek and Latin must be to the Study of Divinity, and as to the Perniciousness thereof, I think Loss of Time only would be a sufficient Argument, seeing that a very long Life, and very good Eyes, are requisite to the Perusal of those necessary Books abovementioned; but numberless other Reasons are given by the said *Peter Burman*.

As to the Law, I know it may be objected that *Cicero* hath affirmed a compleat Knowledge of all Arts and Sciences to be necessary to the Formation of a perfect Orator; and my Lord *Coke*, in his Comments on *Littleton*, insinuates that an academic Education is the proper

proper Introduction to the Study of Law. But these will have little Weight, if we consider the Difference between the *Roman* and *English* Laws; in the latter of which, Oratory is by most thought utterly useless; and secondly, that my Lord *Coke* himself is (I am told) at present generally esteemed (especially by all those good Judges who have never read a Syllable of him) to be a very stupid, dull Fellow, who would have made a very indifferent Figure in *Westminster Hall* in this Age. I am assured by my Son *Tim Vinegar*, who hath been a Student in *Lincoln's-Inn* these five Years, that a very competent Knowledge of the Law is to be met with in *Jacob's Dictionary*, and the other *legal* Works of that learned Author. Nay, he very confidently asserts, that nothing is more hurtful to a perfect Knowledge of the Law than reading it; for (says he) it is common in our Books to meet with controverted Opinions, which mightily confound and distract the Mind of the Student, who will be much more likely to be in the Right, if he adheres to his own Judgment assisted with those Books abovementioned; he confirms this with the Example of some old Plodders, who have lost themselves in the Wood, without ever finding the Road to Business; and ludicrously says, the best Advice to a Student is not to outlaw himself.

Lastly, with Regard to Physic, I apprehend it will be objected that as this Science hath been almost totally delivered in the learned Languages, some of its best Books being (as I am informed) written in *Greek*, a Smattering, even of that Language, would not be entirely useless to the Student. Nay, perhaps, it will be insisted on that without a small Share of *Latin*, he will not be able to write a Prescription. To this I answer, that old Physic is as obsolete as old Divinity or old Law; that most of these Books are translated into *French*; (that Hackney-Vehicle of Learning) that the Hospitals have rendered the Universities useless; for

here a great Quantity of Human Bodies are daily prepared to be hacked and dosed just as the Doctors please ; so that a Man may learn to be a good Physician mechanically, as he may to write a good Hand ; for as the Rule is *scribendo discas scribere*, so *purgando discas purgare*. Besides, an intimate Acquaintance with *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, may render a Man obstinate in adhering to their Opinions, which may possibly contradict the reigning Mode, or Medicines in *Fashion*. I shall omit an obvious Conclusion from the eminent Success of some Quacks, who have pilled the Nation in a very extraordinary Manner, without any Assistance from either *Latin* or *Greek* ; and the ill Success of some Physicians who have carried these two Languages in their Heads, and been notwithstanding obliged to walk on Foot all their Days.

As to the Matter of writing Prescriptions, a very small Proportion of *Latin* will be sufficient ; not more, I believe, than three dozen of Words, such as *sumat*, *bibat*, *repetat*, &c. which, with a long Wig and a Cane, I look upon as a compleat Furniture for a Physician.

I think, I have made it appear that Learning is not of such Consequence, as it is vulgarly imagined. And, if it be once allowed, as it surely must, that it is useless in these three Professions, no one will, I conceive, contend for the Necessity of it in any of the other Callings of Life. The Law supposes a Nobleman to be utterly void of it, for it provides that he shall have his Clergy, even tho' he can't read. Nor doth it seem to expect much from a Gentleman ; for it gives this Reason for allowing the verbal Order of a Sheriff to his Ministers ; namely, — It may be the Sheriff can't write. Indeed true Orthography, or the Art of Spelling, hath been ever thought inconsistent with the Character of a Gentleman, as carrying with it too pedantic an Air ; and tho', perhaps, it may be at present fashionable for a Gentleman to be barely able

to write, yet I conceive it will be of great Use to him, that no Body should be able to read his Writing. Those genteel Accomplishments which have been foolishly thought to ask the Assistance of Learning, have lately been discovered to require none at all. Poetry, for Instance, stands so little in need of it, that the Poet of our Age, most cherished at Court, never pretended to more than to read. I know it may be objected, that the *English Apollo*, the Prince of Poets, the great *Laureat* abounds with such a Redundancy of *Greek* and *Latin*, that not contented with the vulgar Affectation of a Motto to a Play, he hath prefixed a *Latin* Motto to every Act of his *Cæsar in Egypt*; some of which, as appears by the said Motto's, he had no Temptation, but his aforesaid Redundancy, to place there; and in one other of his Plays, he hath introduced a Footman talking *Greek*. So that one may say of him with *Hudibras*,

— He could speak Greek,
As naturally as Pigs squeak;
For Latin 'twas no more difficult,
Than for a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.

Nay, his Learning is thought to extend to the oriental Tongues, and I myself heard a Gentleman reading one of his Odes, cry out, *Why this is all Hebrew*. I shall only answer, *Exceptio probat Regulam*; at least, it would be a very unfair Conclusion, that because we have one Poet who is a Man of infinite Learning, therefore great Learning is necessary to every Poet. The same Reasoning might conclude, because we have one great Man with a great Head, that it is therefore necessary to every great Man to have a great Head; especially, since I can produce such a Number of very pretty Poets, and judicious Critics, who owe their Excellence to vast Abilities alone, without the least Assistance from Human Literature; and are living Instances

of the Falshood of that Assertion of one *Horace*,
 which I found in my Father's Common-Place-Book,
 — *Non rude quid possit video Ingenium.* C

To the ten-thousand Authors of the Gazetteer.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE I had left *Hockley in the Hole*, and you in full Possession of the *Bear-Garden* there, I did not expect to have heard any more of you. But I find by your Paper of last *Saturday*, that you cannot bear one Word against Corruption, from whatever Corner it comes. Indeed, this cannot much surprize any Person who considers that it is in Corruption you live, move, and have your Being. I shall, therefore, wink at any Abuses you shall think proper to throw forth on my Writings, with this Precaution, that you avoid all private Reflections on any Person supposed to be concerned in the *Champion*.

When a Servant affronts you, the Resentment is to be shewn to his Master, unless he discards him. Those who receive Hire are Servants, and, if it be to do dirty Work, very mean ones too. If, therefore, any private Investive should appear in your Paper, we do not doubt but the whole World will hold us justified in retaliating on your Master.

I conclude, with recommending to him to peruse the Fable of the *Lion* and *Gnat*; and if the *Lion* should not strike him with any Resemblance, he may, if he pleases, substitute another Animal in his Place.

I am,

The Admirer of both You and Your Master.

HERCULES VINEGAR.

IN-

INDEX to the TIMES.

'T IS given out that a learned Jew, profoundly vers'd in the Doctrines of the Rabbins, is on the Point of exhibiting an ingenious Treatise on the Comparison of ISSACHAR to a strong Ass couching down between Two Burthens ; in which he endeavours to prove that, tho' that Passage seems to be levell'd at Issachar only, it has a much farther Reach ; alluding prophetically, according to him, to a Nation many an Age remov'd : A Nation saddled with an almost insupportable Load of Imposts Civil and Military ; and forc'd to draw the dead Weight of a M——r, and his whole numerous Train of Relations, Creatures, and Dependents into the Bargain.

In the Choice of Common-Council, Contests have run exceedingly high, and great Quantities of Provisions of all Sorts have been consumed on both Sides : But the natural Interest of the City has again prevailed ; and even in Bishopsgate-Ward, where the Opposition was fiercest, those on the old List, who had fewest Hands, out-poll'd the Highest on the New, to the Amount of 37.



THURSDAY.



THURSDAY, Dec. 27, 1739.

— Quid Avarus?

Stultus & insanus.

HOR.



UEVEDO calls a covetous rich Man, one who knows where a Treasure is hid. A Sentiment, which, I think, sets this Person in a most just and ridiculous Light. If there be any Vice, which carries with it a more especial Mark of Madness than all the rest, it is this. The Devil may be said to deal with the covetous Man, as Dr. South tells us, he does with the Swearer, to cheat him of his Soul without giving him any Thing for it.

Plautus, and from him several modern Writers have exposed this covetous Man with great Extravagance and Redundancy of Humour; nor do I know any Character, which is received both on the *French* and *English* Stage, with so general a Satisfaction. The Spectators always shewing a very visible Pleasure in all the Disappointments which he meets with through the whole Comedy.

Mr. *Nehemiah Vinegar* hath communicated to me a Dream, or Vision, of his, which, he imagines to have been occasioned by being a Spectator the other Night at the Comedy of the *Miser*, and which I shall give the Public without any farther Preface.

Methought, says he, I was conveyed into a large Plain, at the upper End of which stood a huge, old Fabric of the *Gothic* Kind: Its Outside seemed all of pure Gold, and by the Reflection of the Sun-beams
made

made the most charming Appearance I ever beheld. As I stood some Time still, admiring this stupendous Structure, which seemed capable of receiving an infinite Number of Inhabitants, I observed several Passengers pass by me in all manner of Vehicles, and some on Foot, who all made directly to it. Most of the Foot Passengers were heavy laden, and some were scarce able to stand under their Burthen. They seemed also to shew great Apprehension of one another, scarce two being in Company together, and often looking round them with great Caution, least any one approached too near them. My Curiosity encreasing to know whither all those Persons could be going, I took an Opportunity of joining one, whose Countenance appeared less forbidding than the rest, and asked him the Name of the Place, which he and so many others were approaching. Instead of returning me a direct Answer, he replied with a piteous Tone, ' Ah ! Sir, I am afraid I never shall get thither : I am not the Man the World takes me for. Before the *South-Sea* indeed I had some Hopes, but that gave me such a pull back, that I am afraid I never shall recover it. I have been travelling Night and Day ever since, and yet am not so far as I was before that curst Year.' As I saw he was mending his Pace, and desired to leave me, I turned about from him, and found myself overtaken by a grave, old Gentleman, whose Journey was considerably retarded by a well-dressed, young Fellow of about five and twenty ; this latter was continually pulling him by the Sleeve, and desiring him to stop, for that he had gone far enough of all Conscience : To which the other answered, ' That he should be undone, he could not support him ; that if it had not been for lugging him along, he should have been at the Palace long since ; that he had sometimes dragged him farther back in a Day, than he had been able to recover in a Month.' I had just Time to recollect
the

the Faces of both, and knew them to be a very rich Citizen and his Son—when I beheld a jolly plain-dressed Man with a Pack on his Shoulders, which almost bent him to the Ground. He was followed by a very comely Personage in Embroidery, who bowed to him every three Steps, and begged that he might ease him of that Burthen, which he promised to deliver to him again at the Palace Gate : This, however, the other refused ; and I heard him say, ‘ My Lord, this Burthen is not so heavy as you imagine, nor is it my own, wherefore I can by no means trust it from my Shoulders, to which it is indeed so fast sowed that it will be difficult to separate them.’ This Couple had no sooner past me, than there came up a Coach and Pair, in which was a tall, thin Man of a very meagre Aspect, who seemed in great Haste, and was continually calling to his Coachman to drive a Pair of Skeleton Horses as fast as he could. He had scarce reached me, when he was overtaken by a very beautiful young Lady on Horseback, who stopped his Coach, and talked to him sometime. I was near enough to hear several amorous Expressions, and a frequent Repetition of the Words *Settlement* and *honourable Design*. At last, the young Lady alighted from her Horse, and got into the Coach, which was immediately ordered to turn about, and I observed drove back with much greater Precipitancy than it had advanced, so that it was soon out of Sight. I now resolved to lose no more Time, but to hasten to the Palace : In my Way thither I overtook several, and was overtaken by others ; I could hear, as I passed, frequent Mutterings of the Words *Poverty*, *Undone* ; nor must I omit several melancholy Objects which appear’d on the Road, such as Racks and Gibbets, on which were bestowed the Bodies of several Malefactors. I saw too several, who by overtravelling, without allowing themselves Time sufficiently to refresh themselves, fainted on the Journey, whose

whose Burthens were immediately taken up by others. Some of whom carried on towards the Palace, and others hurried them back again over the Plain. For which Purposes, it was common enough to see an elderly Person followed by half-a dozen People, who all waited to take up the Burthen, when he who carried it sunk under it; and sometimes I observed them quarrelling and disputing to whom it belonged; which Contests were rarely decided, till the whole was torn to Pieces. These Pieces were usually gathered up by two grave Men in black Gowns, with green Bags in their Hands, who drove each of them a very large Cart, into which they loaded all the Fragments. These Gentlemen would often wrangle very severely on those Occasions, and dispute into whose Cart the said Fragments should be put; but I observed them always very good Friends at the End of the Contest, and overheard an Agreement between them to make an equal Division of the Booty. Amongst the Multitude of my fellow Travellers, I took particular Notice of a very complaisant Person, who bowed, smiled, and whispered to every one he passed by; upon which I saw several Persons take from their own Burthens, and heap on him, till he became as heavy laden as any on the Road, tho' at first his Sack appeared quite empty. I was surprized to hear him tell a very ugly Fellow just before me. 'That he was the most agreeable Figure he had ever seen, and that he knew a young Lady who was enamoured with his Person to the last Degree.' Upon his passing by me without taking any Notice, tho' he had been particularly civil to every one else: I was a little piqued, till I considered it might possibly happen from my being the only Person there without a Pack at my Back. I had scarce taken my Eyes from this Object, when I beheld a Man in a full bottom'd Wig, who travelled with great Speed, and overthrew great Numbers of People as he passed, several of whom were unable to rise

rife again, I was curious to enquire who this Person was; and was informed that he was a Physician in great Vogue.

As I now approached very near to the Palace, I observed the Crowd to thicken on me, which I at first wondered at, but soon perceived it was occasion'd by a great Number of Persons who were denied Entrance at the Palace Gates; where I was informed no one could be admitted 'till his Burthen became of such a particular Weight. It is impossible to describe the Dejection which appeared in the Faces of those who were repelled; some few of these I observed to turn back again, others to go off a little to a Road which they told me led to the Castle of *Content*: but the far greatest Part immediately applied themselves to filling up their Bags by all Manner of Means till they became Weight.

Upon my Arrival at the Gates of the Palace, which I was now told, was the Palace of *Wealth*, I was asked by the Porter in a hoarse Voice, what was the Name of him who had the Impudence to attempt entering there, without a Packet on his Shoulders; to which I confidently answered, that my Name was *Nehemiah Vinegar*. 'How Sir, said the Porter, a little mollified, a Relation to Capt. *Hercules Vinegar*?' To which I had no sooner answered in the Affirmative, but the Doors were thrown wide open, and I was not a little pleased to find the Respect which is every where paid to the important Name of my formidable Son.

The Conclusion of this Vision in our next.

The

The Sum TOTAL for the Year 1739.

- Jan. 3.* **T**HE memorable CONVENTION concluded at the *Pardo*, between *Great-Britain* and *Spain*.
- Feb. 7.* The said important Event communicated to both Houses in a gracious Speech from the Throne at the Meeting of the Parliament.
- April 24.* The *Conferences* began at *Madrid* between the *English* and *Spanish* Plenipotentiaries, but *without Success*.
- May 21.* The Peace proclaimed at *Paris*, which was concluded at *Vienna*, *Sept. 22, 1735*.
A *French* Squadron of five Men of War sail'd for the *Baltic*.
- June 14.* The Parliament was prorogued, and Preparations for War were begun to be carried on both by Sea and Land.
17. The Peace proclaimed at *Vienna*, between the Emperor and *France*.
- July 1.* The *French* Squadron arriv'd at *Stockholm*.
10. A Proclamation was published by the King and Council, to make *Reprisals* on the *Spaniards*.
11. Count *Wallis* engaged in a Battle with the *Turks*, but lost 12000 Men, and was oblig'd to retire.
15. *Belgrade* besieged by the *Turks*.
- Aug. 14.* The eldest Madam of *France* was married at *Versailles* by Proxy, to the *Spanish* Infant Don *Philip*.
17. Count *Munich* defeats an Army of *Turks* and *Tartars*, consisting of 100,000 Men, near *Choczim*.

19. *Choczim* surrenders to him on Discretion.
21. The preliminary Articles sign'd between the Emperor and the Porte, by Count *Nieu-berg* and the Grand Vizier at *Belgrade*.
- Oct. 7. Cardinal *Alberoni* made himself Master of the Republic of *St. Marino*.
Admiral *Haddock* took Two rich *Spanish* *Caracca* Ships.
23. War declar'd at *London* against *Spain*.
- Nov. 15. The Parliament open'd with a gracious Speech, which was answered by Two Addresses from the Lords and Commons, promising their utmost Assistance in carrying on the War with *Spain*.
20. War declared in *Spain*, against *Great-Britain*.

Their Royal Highnesses have charitably order'd a Sum of Money to be given to poor Housekeepers of the City and Liberty of *Westminster*.——For which, no doubt, they will gratefully pray, that the Intention of the Legislature might take Place, with Respect to a certain annual Sum of 100000 *l.* to enlarge the Sphere of that Goodness and Munificence, which render the illustrious Possessor like another *TITUS*, the *Delight of Human Kind*.



SATURDAY,

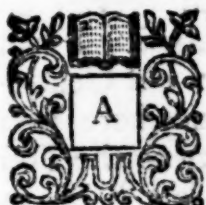


SATURDAY, December 29, 1739.

*Non Possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum. Rectius occupat.
Nomen beati, Qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti.
Duramque callet Pauperiem pati.*

H O R,

The Continuation of the Vision in our last.



T my first Entrance into this vast Palace, which was so beautiful and resplendent without, I found myself in a vast large Hall, whose Walls were all over adorn'd with the richest Ornaments in Sculpture, Paintings, precious Stones, Gold, and Silver ; in short, every Thing noble, rich, and magnificent ; at the upper End of which sat, on a Throne infinitely more glorious than those of the richest Monarchs of the East, a very beautiful young Lady, whose Person was set off with all the Nicety of Art, and a vast Profusion of shining Ornaments. As I attempted to approach the Throne, I was interrupted by one of her Guards, who told me that none was ever suffered to come beyond those Steps, to which I was then advanced, that the beautiful Person whom I beheld was the Goddess of *Wealth*, that I might feast my Eyes as long as I pleas'd at that Distance ; but that the Goddess, who was a pure Virgin, and had never been enjoy'd by any, never admitted the greatest of her Votaries to approach nearer.

As

As I was admiring the profound Solemnity of the Place, and the great Distance at which the Deity kept all her Attendance, I observed several of those, whom I had before seen without the Palace, to enter the Hall, and having paid their Respects to the Goddess, to pass on to other Apartments. My Curiosity soon persuaded me to follow them, and they led me into a vast Gallery, which surrounded a huge Pit so vastly deep, that it almost made me giddy to look to the Bottom: This, as I afterwards found, was the Cave of *Poverty*. There were very high and strong Rails, which prevented any Possibility of the Spectator's falling from the Gallery to the Bottom of the Cave, and yet I observed a great Tremor and Paleness to seize every one who durst venture to cast their Eyes downwards; notwithstanding which, it was very remarkable, that not one of the Company could prevail on himself to abstain from surveying the Abyss. I had not been here long, when I perceived an old Gentleman, whose Face I thought I had somewhere seen before, to raise himself with great Agility to the Top of the Rail, whence endeavouring to lay hold on something a little out of his Reach, it gave Way, and he tumbled down backwards into the Cave. Not long after, I saw a very grave Man, standing on the Top of the Rail, attempting to lift others up, whose Packs he had before receiv'd, tumbling down into the Cave, and pulling all those whom he had laid his Hands on down with him: Upon this I heard several mutter to themselves, 'Ay, ay, I warrant he will not hurt himself, we shall see him soon again;' and indeed, I soon perceiv'd they were in the right, for I shortly after found him in the Gallery, looking much fresher and plumper than before; tho' the same did not, as I saw, happen to any of those whom he pull'd down with him. This made me instantly conceive, that there was some very easy Way of Ascent from the Bottom of this deep Cave to the Gallery whereon I stood.

stood. But I was soon delivered from this Error, and informed, that from the Bottom of the Cave it was almost impossible for any one to ascend again, but that there was a resting Place in the Descent, from whence issued a Pair of private Stairs up to the Gallery ; that the Gentleman I had observ'd to fall, had a very particular Knack of lighting on this Place, this being the third Time he had perform'd in this Manner ; and that he was so far from being hurt, that he grew visibly more lusty from each Fall. This Feat of Agility, they inform'd me was call'd *Breaking*. I had scarce taken my Eyes from this Object, when one whom I had before observ'd to look with great Horror in the Cave, fell backwards into the Gallery and expir'd, as I was afterwards told, with mere Dread of tumbling down. I likewise learnt this to be no uncommon Fate here, and indeed I heard, with great Contempt of their extreme Cowardice, the Lamentations which the far greater Part of the Company continually made of their Apprehension, of Falling, where there was not the least Danger. Several told me, ' O ! Sir, if I could but get to that Place of Safety yonder, I should be easy, I should be content.' Some of whom ventured and enjoy'd their Wish, but were still as uneasy and terrified as before, still climbing to Places which appear'd to them of greater Safety ; some of these fell back into the Gallery, and others into the Cave. While I stood thus amazed with the great Magnificence and Beauty of the Building, and the meagre Aspects and wretched Appearances of its Inhabitants, most of whom were little better dress'd than Beggars ; I was alarmed with a very loud Laugh ascending from the Cave, upon which casting my Eyes downwards, I could just perceive, by the dim Light of a very small Candle, several Persons dancing to the Sound of a scraping Fiddle ; and not far from them, a Set of the merriest Countenances I had ever seen, sitting round a Table, and feeding, as appear'd,

very

very heartily on some Dish, which I could not at that great Distance distinguish. I could, however, very plainly discern there was no more than one Dish on the Table. This Sight, together with the tedious Time, as it seemed to me, which I had spent in no very agreeable Company, made me ask one who stood near me, if he could procure any Thing to eat. He answer'd, that he would have been glad of my Company to Dinner, but that he had at that Time nothing worth asking me to ; his Family being so very small, that they were two Days in consuming one Joint of Meat, and that he was to make his Repast on the Relicts of Yesterday. Upon my afterwards applying to a Second and a Third, I received Excuses of much the same Nature ; my Hunger at length growing very powerful, I endeavoured to lay hold on a small Piece of Bread, which I saw in a Window near me, when the Owner caught it from me with such Violence, that the Surprise waked me, and deliver'd me from a Place which appear'd to me the most miserable I had ever been in.

As soon as I came to myself, I could not avoid some Reflections on my Vision, which may possibly arise in the Minds of most of my Readers. It appear'd to me, that Wealth is of all worldly Blessings the most imaginary ; that Avarice is at once the greatest Tyrant, and the greatest Object of Compassion ; and that the Acquisition of over-grown Fortunes, seldom brings the Acquirer more, than the Care of preserving them, and the Fear of losing them.

C

To the CHAMPION.

S I R,

FROM the present exorbitant Price of Tickets in the Lottery, which is now advanc'd to 7 l. tho' their Value is very little, if any thing, higher than at first : I think we may draw these just Conclusions. First, that the People are extremely Silly ; and secondly, that they are extremely Poor.

I shall not carry this melancholly Speculation farther, and consider the Consequences which a Politician may suggest from this Reflection ; nor shall I here animadvert on the Tendency of Lotteries in General ; but I must observe, that the late Act for Suppression of Gaming, and a future to make that more effectual, will be still deficient, while a few Harpies have a Liberty left them of preying in this Manner, *on the Necessities and Follies of the People*. What will it avail to shut up the Shops of the Christian Dealers at Pharaoh and Bassët, or the Operators at Hazard and Passage ; while a Way remains open to a Set of *Jews* to plunder Thousands, in this public and outrageous Manner.

If we should therefore have any more Lotteries, as no Doubt we shall, would it not be advisable by some restrictive Clause, to confine the Price of Tickets, that, since this is the only *lawful* Method of Gaming left, and will be consequently embrac'd with great Greediness, it may not be in the Power of such Vulturs to draw in thoughtless and simple People to their Ruin ? I shall hope to see this Clause, unless some Projector can prove that there is a material Difference between a Man's being

ing ruin'd by one Sort of Gaming and another ; or, that it is of worse Consequence, that he should be cheated in *Covent-Garden*, than in *Exchange-Alley*.

I am,

YOURS, &c.

PUBLICUS.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

BERLIN, Dec. 29.

MANY Persons having had the Indiscretion, against the King's express Command, to teize his Majesty with Memorials, Petitions, &c. by the Hands of his Gentlemen Soldiers, who were brib'd into the Service, an Edict is publish'd, forbidding on Pain of Death, any such Expedient to be made Use of, to deliver any Petition or Memorial whatever:—
See, BRITONS, the blessed Effects of absolute Dominion !

Lord *Guernsey*, eldest Son to the Earl of *Aylesford*, is chosen unanimously Knight of the Shire for *Leicester*, with this remarkable Circumstance ; that in all that fine Concourse of Gentry, which appear'd on this Occasion, there was not one Person who had Interest enough in the Administration, to be in the Commission of the Peace.—*Surely we are not to infer from hence, that those who are dubb'd* **WORSHIPFUL**, *are not qualify'd to* **VOTE**.

A late *Gazetteer* ends with the following Paragraph, which we think proper to republish entire ; since it is not to be conceiv'd that any Advocate for a Whiggish Ad——n, would dare to insert such detestable Doctrines,

Doctrines, without having first been authoris'd by his Superiors.

' To conclude, if these plain Matters of Fact will
' not satisfy the *Craftsman's* Admirers, and put a Stop
' to him and *Common-Sense*, (their *sworn Enemy*) that
' we may hear no more the Cry of keeping up
' standing Armies, and military Forces ; if this will
' not make them give over their ridiculous Cant, I
' despair of ever doing it, and believe nothing will,
' unless it be a *Pillory*, or a *Cart's Tail*.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The Fellowship, Capt. *Pincombe*, bound from *Chester*,
with Lead, to *Marseilles*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

N O N E.

About this Time it was said, that Warrants would be granted for impressing Land Men into his Majesty's Service.

And that if Matters were not speedily accommodated, six Regiments of Foot, and two of Dragoons, would be raised in the Spring, which gave Occasion to the following Reflection. *Tho' these last Articles are inserted as RUMOURS, 'tis to be presum'd, they are much nearer a-kin to LIES: For how can it be suppos'd, that the Nation should be burden'd with more Troops, when no Use is made of those we have already? When the British Establishment is augmented with no less than ten Regiments from Ireland; when six Regiments of Marines are superadded to them? And all these again supported with 6000 Danes, and a Provision for as many more, whenever demanded?*

N. B. These Queries have since been effectually answer'd by an Augmentation of 6000 *Hessians* Aboard, and Eleven more Regiments at Home.



TUESDAY, *January* 1, 1739-40.

— *Audetque Viris concurrere Virgo.*

VIRG.



NOTHING in my Opinion, deserves more the present Attention of the Public, than that Paper War which hath lately broke out between the two Sexes. This Storm hath been long brooding in these Northern Parts, and is at length burst into an open Rupture. How fatal the Consequence of this must be, unless immediately put a Stop to, cannot be doubted; since not a petty Island, or a Kingdom's Fate, is to be determin'd; but an enitre Dissolution of the World, a sudden Period to the Race of Mankind, are threatned thereby.

Thinking Men have long since seen these Clouds gathering at a Distance, even as long ago as that notorious Insult made on the fair Part of the Species, by the Detachment of a small Party of Books into the World, under the Name of *None but Fools marry, or the Batchelor's Estimate*. This was such a Provocation, that the whole World, at that Time, were greatly surpriz'd to see it pass over in Silence. However, as it hath been observ'd, that the greatest Heroes are the backwardest to revenge, the Ladies treated this Effort with Scorn and Contempt; and indeed they seem'd

seem'd to have some Reason for their Conduct: For, in a very short Time, a pestilential Distemper, call'd the *Moths*, (occasion'd, I have heard, by too much Repose on the Bookseller's Shelf) began to rage among the said Books, which in a very short Time destroy'd them all.

These had not disappear'd long, before a second Body, under the Command of a Parson, or at least one in a Parson's Habit, began their March, or (to talk a little more intelligibly) made their Appearance in a Sermon, call'd, *Reasons against Coition*, on this Text: *It were good for a Man not to touch a Woman. Art thou loosed from a Wife, seek not a Wife.* Said to be deliver'd before a private Congregation, by the Rev. ———, Chaplain to the Earl of ———, where 'tis remarkable, that the Patron, the Parson, and the Congregation, took great Care (as they had great Reason) to conceal themselves. This was such a striking at the Root, such a bare-fac'd, impudent Affront to the whole Sex, and in so tender a Part, that no one could believe they would be passive any longer. However, contrary to the Opinions of the wisest and most learned Politicians, they yet maintained their former Silence and Contempt, and had the Pleasure to see this second Body share the Fate of the former, and soon sink into Neglect and Oblivion.

Whether this long Forbearance in the Ladies arose from that timorous Disposition, which they will not be offended at my ascribing to them, or whether it be a Maxim in female Politics, that gentle Methods are the wisest, and most properly applied to an insolent Enemy, I will not determine. Certain it is, that this Pacific Conduct, far from mollifying, serv'd only to encourage the Enemy, who now threw off the Mask entirely, and sent forth a Pamphlet, declaring at once, in a very plain and magisterial Manner, that *Man was superior to Woman.*

The Absurdity of this Declaration shock'd many even of the Male Kind, but rais'd an universal Up-roar among the Females. They now found they had stifled their Resentment too long ; a general Cry began among them (as that of the *Church* formerly) that the SEX WAS IN DANGER. Flambeaux were lighted, Chairs called, Horses put to, and every thing transacted as in Times of the greatest Calamity. A great Assembly was held at Lady *Townly's*, where the eloquent *Belinda*, spoke in the following Manner.

MY DEARS,

‘ I Am very glad to see so much good Company
 ‘ assembled together, tho’ I believe every Lady
 ‘ here is extremely shock’d at the Occasion. I cannot
 ‘ sufficiently commend the silent Scorn with which
 ‘ you have all treated those infamous Pamphlets that
 ‘ were written, concerning what I will not name,
 ‘ and for which we have all so perfect a Contempt.
 ‘ Odious Thing ! (at which Words a general Elevation
 ‘ of Fans ensued) no, my Dears, such Stuff (as it must
 ‘ have come only from some worn-out Beau, or disappointed
 ‘ Wretch) would have been beneath our
 ‘ Notice ; but when a Point, on which the Liberty
 ‘ of the Sex depends, which we have so nobly defended
 ‘ at the Expence of our Breath, our Sighs,
 ‘ our Tears, our Fits, and whatsoever else is near and
 ‘ dear to us, when this Point is not only brought again
 ‘ on the Carpet, but the Creatures have the Confidence
 ‘ (I’ll assure them) to assert that Superiority
 ‘ over us as a Matter of Right and Certainty, which
 ‘ we have been hitherto so far from giving up, that it
 ‘ hath been always yeilded to us both in public and
 ‘ private Contests. I repeat, (and so did all the Company)
 ‘ when this is the Case, our longer Forbearance
 ‘ would be as worthy of Reproach, as hitherto
 ‘ it

* it hath been of Commendation. Let it not terrify
 * us, that they take an Opportunity of defying us,
 * while they have a vast Fleet and a vast Army at
 * their Command. As to their Fleet, great Part of
 * it is gone we know not where, and for their Army
 * most of the chief Officers being fine Gentlemen,
 * and pretty Fellows, will be at our Devotion; but
 * were they not, why should we fear them? Did not
 * the Great *Thomyris* beat the victorious *Persians*?
 * *Boadicea* the *Romans*? And *Joan* of *Orleans* the
 * *English*?

* And shall We fear an Army, which cannot well
 * have conquer'd any Enemy yet, for it hath seen
 * none, but ourselves, from whom they seldom come
 * off victorious in any of their Encounters? No,
 * surely: For what have they terrifying about them?
 * Nothing, but their Dress; and that we have long
 * rivall'd them in: Nay, at the same Time, that we
 * have mounted our Horses in Male Apparel, with
 * fierce-cock'd Hats, they have curl'd their Hair, and
 * spread their Skirts in Imitation of Hoop-petticoats;
 * so that, perhaps, the Appearance of Fierceness, if
 * it has any Weight, is on our Side. I fear I seem
 * too long, my Dears, in arguing on a Supposition
 * ridiculous in itself; for I doubt not, but we shall
 * shortly see our Army employ'd in more glorious
 * Wars, and all the Fears of Malecontents shewn to
 * be absurd and groundless. However, we cannot be
 * too watchful, too jealous of our Liberty, and, as a
 * Pendulum, the higher it is lifted on one Side, the
 * farther it flies back on the other; so let these At-
 * tempts on our Privileges, drive us not only to defend
 * ourselves from future, but to recover past Encroach-
 * ments. Let us consider not only what Power we
 * now enjoy, but what we ought to enjoy. And
 * here, my Dears, to omit the odious Preference in
 * Inheritance, which the Law gives to Sons before
 * Daughters, nothing surely was ever equal to their

• Treatment of married Women, who are in a Manner annihilated, and considered as mere Non-Entities
 • absolutely *sub Poffete* * *Viri*, under the absolute
 • Power of the Husband (at which there was a great
 • Laugh) Now, whence can this arise, but from
 • our being the only Part of this Kingdom, who are
 • bound by Laws, without giving our Assent to them?
 • A Cofler is represented in the Legislature, but a
 • Dutcheffs is not. This is the Evil, and this is the
 • Caufe; where then is the Remedy?——Why
 • truly, by convening an Affembly, or Convocation,
 • or Parliament of Women, which may enact fuch
 • Laws as may be neceffary for the better Governance
 • of our Affairs, and have a watchful Eye over all
 • Encroachments made on any of our Rights and Privileges, by the He-Part of the Creation. I therefore move it to this good Company, that fuch an Affembly of Women be immediately call'd together.'

Belinda ceafed, and a Debate immediately arofe on the Election, but as they all fpake together, it was impoffible to know their feveral Opinions, and confequently to come to any fixt Refolution: For which Reafon, after much Time fpent in Talking, they adjourned till *Saturday* next, at Ten o'Clock in the Evening.

C

* Poteflate I fuppose is intended.



INDEX

INDEX to the TIMES.

'T IS observable, the following Words in last Sunday's Evening Service, *January 27*, Psalm cxlvii. Ver. 16, 17. were utter'd with a Devotion suitable to the Season.

He giveth Snow like Wool, and scattereth the hoar Frost like Ashes.

He casteth forth his Ice like Morfels, who is able to abide his Frost?

In one of the important Anecdotes of the *Daily Advertiser*, we find the following extraordinary Passage said to be Part of the Cardinal's Answer, to the Spanish Ambassador's late Declaration, viz. *That his most Christian Majesty would not permit the English to seize upon the Galleons, or make any Conquests in the West-Indies, at the Expence of Spain.*——By which one would be tempted to believe, that this same conjuring Cardinal, had set a Spell on the Touch-holes of our Cannon: Or, to be more serious, that these expensive Preparations of ours, were made only to exhaust our Money and our Spirit together: And that it was not in our Power to procure ourselves Redress or Vengeance, without first imploring his Eminency's Leave.

We hear a Plate is engrav'd in *Holland*, representing the Republic of the United-Provinces, by a Lion in a Cradle, rock'd by a great foreign Minister, who sings it to sleep, notwithstanding the Barking of four *English Dogs* to awaken it.

Note, *These Mongrils should rather have been called Curs; for those of the true English Breed, always bite without Barking; and then never let go their Hold till they conquer or die.*



THURSDAY, January 3, 1739-40.

— *Pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem*

Esse, nec indomitæ deberi Præmia Dextræ.

OVID.



HERE are certain Qualities, which, notwithstanding the Admiration of the World hath been pleased to allow them, are, in themselves, quite indifferent, and may enable a Man to be either virtuous or vicious, according to the Manner in which they are exerted; or, to speak more philosophically, according to the other Qualities with which they are blended in the Mind. Valour and Wit in a good-natur'd Man are truly amiable, and justly entitle him to the Esteem of Mankind; but, when they meet with a different Disposition, only render the Possessor capable of doing greater Mischiefs, and make him a more dangerous Enemy to Society than he could otherwise have been.

Those who would rank Valour among the Cardinal Virtues, will often find themselves oblig'd to give the Title of Virtuous, to the vilest, and most deprav'd of Men. The greatest Tyrants, Murderers, and Robbers upon Earth, have been possessed of

of this Quality, and some of them in an eminent Degree. The Devil, as he is described in *Milton*, appears to be the bravest Spirit in the Universe.

Nor, shall we do righter in giving too hasty Commendation to Wit, without having due Regard to the Manner in which it is exerted. When Religion, Virtue, Honour, Modesty, or Innocence, are attack'd by this Weapon, it becomes a Sword in a Mad-man's Hand, and, instead of deserving our Praise, is really an Object of utter Detestation and Horror.

And yet, as clear a Truth as this may seem, the Practice of the World is notoriously against it. Whoever frequents the Execution of Malefactors, must have observed, that such as die with Bravery and Intrepidity never fail of meeting Pity, and even some Degree of Esteem among the Spectators. Whereas, the contrary Behaviour would on those Occasions be much more decent and commendable. It is very well known, that the Man who will receive no Injury, is by the Generality of Mankind much more highly esteemed than the Man who will do none; nor have I seldom seen in the World, Men of the loosest and vilest Principles, whose Actions have sufficiently shew'd that their Hearts were void of all Manner of Virtue, by this Quality alone recommend themselves to the Favour and Affection of their Acquaintance.

The Ladies, whose Voice hath no inconsiderable Weight in our Constitution, universally declare on the Side of Valour. Their great Passion for this Quality, visibly appears in that Preference which they always give to a military Lover. I have also observed on our Theatres, that the Intrepidity of *Lothario* and *Morat*, gained Mr. *Booth* no small Number of fair Admirers, notwithstanding all the Vices with which those Characters are drawn. The celebrated *Macbeth* from his Resolution only, is known to have been so great a Favourite with our Countrywomen, that the

Picture of the Person that represented him, had the Honour to hang in the Chambers of some of our greatest Beauties. The comic Poets seem so sensible of this, that the Hero, who is, in the last Act, to be rewarded with the fine Lady of the Play, is generally set out with no other good Quality.

Wit, tho' the Character of it be held of infinite less Value than the other, is however generally commended, without any Regard to the Uses whereto it is apply'd. Religion hath of late Years been the Subject of much Wit and Ridicule, and that in Writing as well as Discourse. Virtue and true Honour have suffered the same Insults from this unruly Weapon. Nothing affords so frequent Triumph to Wit as Modesty. It is common to see a Man of Worth, by being possess'd of this Quality, made ridiculous and uneasy in Company, by the Jest and Sneers of an impudent witty Fellow. I have often heard it said; It is true, indeed, Mr. Such-a-one has a great deal of Ill-nature, but I easily forgive it him, for he has a vast deal of Wit.

For my Part, when I hear a Man call'd a witty or a brave Man, I entertain neither a good nor bad Opinion of him from such Appellation. *Catiline* and *Thersites* were possessed of these Qualities. But when the Defence of one's Country, or Friend, hath flow'd from Valour; or when Wit hath been used, like that of *Addison* or *Steel*, to propagate Virtue and Morality; when, like that of *Swift*, to expose Vice and Folly; it is then only, that these become commendable, and truly worthy of our Praise and Admiration.

I do not know a better general Definition of Virtue, than that it is a Delight in doing Good; how far, therefore, must they come short of deserv'ing that Admiration which is due to Virtue alone, who are only possess'd of
Qua-

Qualities that enable them to prove hurtful and prejudicial to Mankind.

I have often consider'd, with some Pleasure, what a great Benefit it hath been to the World, that Nature, when she was so exceeding liberal of these commonly supposed Excellencies to my Ancestors, took so much Care to infuse with them such a Profusion of Humanity and Benevolence, as have distinguish'd themselves in the several Heroes of our Family. What a Curse must our great Wit and Resolution, our vast Strength both of Body and Mind have been, had they, instead of the purest and warmest Philanthropy, been grafted on Ill-nature and Cruelty? What a destructive Wolf, must the mighty *Hercules* have prov'd in Society, had he possessed any of those vile and pernicious Qualities, which infested the Hearts of those Tyrants and Monsters whom he destroy'd? C

To the CHAMPION.

S I R,

I Do not know how you can give your Readers a better Idea of the present Adventurers in the Lottery, than by inserting the following Letter sent by a Footman in this Town, to a Mistress of his in the Country.

*For Mrs. Ealce Paretree, liveing with Squire Booser,
at Hogs Norton in Somersethire.*

Dere EALCE,

Hopping that you are wel as I ham at pressent rit in, this cum for to let you no that Mr. *Fifa* the Aturney wass mistakun about the Lutturi, when he zad that twas dree to one, but that we lost our Muny

H 6

b. cause

156 C H A M P I O N.

because that there were dree Blaunks to a Praize. Now, I have vound out a Man that zells all Praizes and nu Blaunks and I ave a boght twenty vortieth Pearts of twenty Tickets and one may get by one 250*l.* so that by the Whol one may get 5000*l.* vor I ave cast it up bat mayhap zum o'um may not cum up zu great Prizes, zu that it may not hapen to bee above half so much. Nu Boddy can tell yet, how-fumdever, I wuld ave you enquire of Mr. *Fifa* whether that little varm be zuold yet or nu, vor I must ave verri bade Lock if I dunt get enuff to bi that. Nu Boddy can tell yet. *Tom Wilson* has got a vortieth Peart of ten Pound and he swears he is out o Pucket but you no Dear *Ealce* there be zum volk that wull never be contented. *Meary Bearns* and *Joan Hay-cock* had a whul Ticket betwix um and thic is a cum up a Blank, but they did unt bi un of the seam Man as I dud. I wish you a mery *Christmus* and a happy new Yere, and a grete manny. I wuld zend you zumthing to remember me but I haf lade out all that I ham worth in the Luturi and wass vorced to zell mi zilver Wash into the Bargain. Dunt vere my Dere *Ealce* that Muny shall ever meake me valse-harted, vor if I get the two ten thousand Pounds, and the dree vive thousands, and the two dree thousands, and the dree two thousands, and that I have bin tuld is nut impossible. I dunt mean the whul Tickets but the vortieth Peart o'am. I will give it ale to thee ; vor if I wase to be meade the gratest Squaire inale the Wuld, I shuld never be hapy without my Dere *Ealce*. Zu with Zarvice to ale Frinds and Love to Brother *Jo* and Zister *Betty*, and veather, I rest

My Dear Ealce's true Lovier till Death

JHON BULLUCK.

Postscrip. As zun as I gut but one o the ten thousand Pounds I intend to give Measter Warning.

C
INDEX

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE Frost has already been of more Service to the News Writers than the War: For tho' it was expected such vast Preparations, set on Foot by the whole Legislative Power, and back'd by the Voice of the whole People, would have furnish'd out abundant Matter of Speculation to all Europe, the Contrary has been so manifest, that the Capture of the Ship St. Joseph, is the only Article of Importance it has hitherto produced: All besides, consisting of nothing but building, repairing, and fitting out Ships, the Slaughter of Hogs, and Oxen, putting pretty Gentlemen into Commissions, pressing of Seamen, raising of Marines, weighing Anchor, and setting Sail; together with piloting round the said St. Joseph from Portsmouth to Woolwich, filling her with Tide-Waiters, and sending her Lading in Hoys to the Custom-House. — Whereas the Frost in a few Days Space, has supply'd us with abundance of Items, which may be of signal Use to those who are writing Histories of their own Times.

On Tuesday, as fore told, the Ode-Royal, (a Species of Poetry, peculiar to the present Times, and of which Colley Cibber, Esq; the present Laureat, is allowed to be a consummate Master) was perform'd before his Majesty at St. James's. But as it is not made public, we are wholly at an Uncertainty, whether it begins with Sing GEORGE and War, or Sing GEORGE and Peace.

'Tis said, that some considerable Enterprize will be undertaken, as soon as the Marines are compleated, which his Majesty has ordered to be as fast as possible.

— God grant this Article may be true; for it was a real War the People of England contended for, not a military

military Parade. And the bleeding Condition of our Manufactures, all over the Nation, joined to the incredible Expences we are daily plunging ourselves into, require an instant and vigorous Exertion of our whole Strength.—Lest the Mischiefs resulting from the ill Conduct of others, should be ascrib'd to ourselves; and our worst Enemies upbraid us with having chose a Remedy, that has prov'd worse than our Disease.



SATURDAY, Jan. 5, 1739-40.

Dein Fustibus.

HOR.



AMONG the Sciences (of all which, I thank Heaven, I am entirely ignorant) I have been always the greatest Enemy to the Metaphysics. A Science I cannot help imagining to have been invented with a Design rather to puzzle and darken Truth, than to explain and enlighten it.

There is no Word in the *English* Language, for which I have so great a Contempt as for the Word *Reasoning*, which my Son *Oliver* informs me is much used in the Metaphysics; nay, is indeed its very Being. I have always looked on this Sort of Contention, as mean and unmanly, and have therefore, on all Occasions, chose to decide my Disputes by the *Argumentum Baculinum*.

It is not without great Pleasure, that I observe our young Nobility and Gentry, at present, chuse rather to frequent those Academies for their Education where this Argument prevails, (I mean the Amphitheatres) than the sophistical Schools of the Universities, where
Men

Men are taught to defend the whimsical Systems of Philosophers, but not their own Persons or Purses.

The ancient Method of proving Truth by Combat, in known Use among our Ancestors, was a Way of arguing truly worthy a brave and warlike People, who chose rather to spend their Blood than their Breath, in Defence of their Assertions. Whence this Manner of Trial was originally derived is not easy to determine, but it seems to be as ancient as the State of Nature, when wild Men and wild Beasts lived together. It still subsists among the lower Rank, such who have least degenerated from that State, with whom it is at present no more than a Word and a Blow. Nor hath it been ever so much laid aside among the politer Sort, but that, when Propositions have been flatly denied, by the Assertion of a little negative Monosyllable which gives great Offence to military Ears, it hath been always esteemed, among Men of Honour, as the only Method proper to convince an obstinate Antagonist.

It must also appear to the Reputation of the *Baculinum Argumentum*, that it hath been always the Favorite of Princes: The Titles of the greatest Potentates of the World have been decided by it. And when the Reasonings of Commissaries and Plenipotentiaries have been found ineffectual to the Conviction of either Party, this Argument hath in a short Time, put the most intricate Matters beyond all Possibility of Dispute: Nor is this used by absolute Princes amongst each other only, it also serves very commodiously to settle certain difficult Points, which sometimes arise between them and their own Subjects; when any Claims have been laid to Liberty or Property, or Clamours raised against Oppression and such ridiculous Things, an Application to the *Argumentum Baculinum* hath immediately quieted all Doubts, and given perfect Satisfaction in the most perplexing Cases.

I have often heard, with the utmost Contempt, an Insinuation that Law is built on Reason ; whereas, it is plain, that, was you to withdraw this mighty Argument, all the Reason in the World would not be able to support it. On which Account, the wisest Lawgivers have always subjoined this as the last and surest Method of convincing stubborn Minds.

I might add, that this is the most general, as well as most speedy Method of Conviction. It instructs the dullest, as soon as the quickest Capacity. Indeed there are some Persons who are to be argued with in no other Manner, of whom it is generally said, *You must have every Thing beat into you.* This those excellent Reasoners, the Authors of the *Gazetteer*, are so sensible of, that after an infinite Deal of Paper wasted to prove the Necessity and Usefulness of the present Army, they have been observed at last to declare to their Antagonists, that if they will be still deaf to their Arguments, they shall be shortly compelled to resort to the *Pillory* and *Cart's Tail*. The latter of which is, I apprehend, a Species of the *Argumentum Baculinum*, which hath not been used in Politics since the Reign of *James II.*

If to silence an Antagonist be any Praise to a Disputant, I am sure the knock-down Argument hath the greatest Pretence to it. *Alexander* and *Nero* more effectually silenced their Opposers than *Aristotle* or *Seneca* ; and, notwithstanding the great Honour which the Peripatetic Schools so long paid to the *Ipse Dixit* of *Aristotle*, I am mightily deceived if that of *Alexander* had not once a much greater Sway : I fancy we shall be puzzled to account for that mighty Respect which most Countries in *Europe* pay to that enforcing Form of Words at the End of an Edict, FOR SUCH IS OUR PLEASURE, without considering it to be always backed with the *Argumentum Baculinum*.

Having thus shewn the Antiquity, the Dignity, and the Efficacy of this Argument, I shall proceed to mention some few (out of the many) good Consequences

quences which will arise from a frequent or constant Use thereof.

First, This is the fairest Way of Reasoning, as it is equally adapted to all Capacities.

Secondly, It is the only Argument a very large Part of Mankind are any-wise susceptible of, it being impossible to convey Truth to several sturdy Understandings in any other Manner, than *by beating it into them*.

Thirdly, I conceive this will be the likeliest Means that can possibly be invented to make all Men of one Mind, to which all other Methods of arguing have been so far from conducing, that they seem rather to have propagated and established Differences in Opinion.

Lastly, As Reason is not always on the Side of Power, and is of no Consequence when against it, but to raise the Indignation of the wiser Part of the People, by letting them see their Misery without being able to help themselves; and consequently, to aggravate their Grief; now the *Argumentum Baculinum*, on the contrary, will always stick close to that Party which is uppermost; and, being properly handled by them, will not fail soon to remove all Rancour and Uneasiness in the Multitude, and bring them without Murmuring to submit to whatever Burthen their Betters shall, in their great Wisdom, think fit to lay upon them. I know it will be answered, that such Heart-Burnings and Grumbling are of no Consequence, but are thoroughly laughed at and contemned by all great Men. To which I reply, I am not writing in Favour of the Powers, but of the People of the Universe, whom I should rather see well threshed, than gulled, or trick'd, and cheated, and laughed out of their Liberties. I might add, that this would utterly render the *Argumentum Pecuniarium* useless, which may sometimes be called in to the Assistance of Reason; nay, and perhaps, dealt forth under her Name:

Whereas

Whereas, the *Argumentum Baculinum* is of itself sufficient, scorning all other Support; nor do I believe, that any Person (unless the *Gazetteers*) ever attempted to defend it by Reason.

For my Part, I can foresee but one Objection which can possibly be made to this Scheme; namely, that the Duties arising from the *Stamp-Office* will be considerably lessened. This may be obviated two Ways, either by advancing a round Sum in Lieu of those Duties, or by suffering no Person to make use of such Argumentation, without being supplied with a Head from the Government: For which Purpose, a very large Parcel of carved, wooden Heads may be provided, which being joined on to proper Sticks, may be dispersed through the several Nations of *Europe*, in what Quantities the several Persons in Power shall think fit.

I should not have recommended this Way of arguing so strenuously, had not I seen the Excellence of it in my own Family; in which, very violent Disputes were wont formerly to arise, tending only, as I observed, to create Animosities between the Parties, who, on these Occasions, always departed more confirmed in their own Opinions; on which Account, I introduced this Argument, and have been often obliged to apply it with great Force on both Sides the Question: But, at present, my whole Family are so perfectly well acquainted with its Weight, that, the warmest Dispute, on whatever Subject, or however far advanced, on my bare pointing to the Argument, which I have formerly informed my Reader hang over my Chimney-Piece, ceases in an Instant, every Thing subsiding and being hushed, as the Tempest in the first *Æneid* at the Voice of *Neptune*. C

Mr.

Mr. CHAMPION,

I AM persuaded by those Hints you have thrown out about the Lottery, that your Ticket No—— is drawn a———: However, if you will promise to say no more about us, will give you an eight Share in a Ticket, which will warrant undrawn.

Yours, &c,

HERCULES VINEGAR.

INDEX to the TIMES.

Leghorn, Dec. 18.

BY Letters from *Corfica* it appears that the *Marques de Maillebois*, continues to punish in the severest Manner, all the Inhabitants who are possessed of Arms, or suspected of troubling the public Tranquility. Every Day furnishes out some Execution either by the Gallows or the Wheel; and Priests and Laity, Soldiers and Scholars are dispatch'd without Distinction.—*So amiable a Thing is a Dragoon Government!*—

A Jury is sworn to enquire into the Boundaries and Extent of his Majesty's Manor of the *Savoy*: And what Mesuages, &c. belong'd to the *Savoy* Hospital, at the Time of its Dissolution. In order to the preparing a Grant of the said Premises first, for Life, to a certain Lady, particularly distinguished at C——t, and of the Reversion to the Descendants of a noble Family by a Daughter of that GREAT Man, whose Services can never be sufficiently rewarded.

JOURNAL

JOURNAL of the WAR.

There being little or no Trade stirring, our Manufactures swarm so fast to the Rendezvous for the Marines; there to be dubb'd Gentlemen, that 'tis imagined those Corps will be full, before the Taylors will be ready with their Cloaths, which they have Orders to dispatch as soon as possible.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

Some Days since was publish'd a Translation of Mr. *De Voltaire's* Essay on the Age of *Lewis XIV.* being an Introduction to the History of that important Period. This little Piece contains a Sketch of the Situation of all the Nations in *Europe*, previous to it, their Learning, Commerce, Interest, Influence, and Dependence on each other.—It enlarges, in particular, on the State of *France*, which is laid open with great Freedom, and equal Truth: Nor has he spared the Court of *Rome*, which, without Question, occasioned the suppressing this Pamphlet at *Paris*, soon after its Publication.

Perhaps it cannot be call'd a perfect Piece; for an accurate and severe Judge, may point out some Blemishes; but, this is beyond Controversy, that 'tis written with great Fire and Vivacity, abounds with forcible and pointed Passages, and affords Half an Hour's elegant and useful Entertainment.



TUESDAY



TUESDAY, *January* 8, 1739-40.

Unum pro multis dabitur Caput.

VIRG.



I S Majesty having been pleased to set a-part to Morrow as a Day of solemn Fast, in Order to implore the Blessings of Heaven on the *British* Arms: I have thought it becoming me, as a good *Englishman*, to throw in my Mite, and dedicate a Paper to the same Cause ; in which I shall cautiously avoid the least Stroke of Wit or Humour, it being far from my Intention to give any Thing savoury to my Readers on this Occasion. I shall, therefore, in a very dry Manner, endeavour to instruct the People how to execute their Duty rightly at this Season, and render His Majesty's pious Intention as effectual as possible: For I would, by no means, have them think that they have discharged themselves towards their Country, when they have barely fasted for it, which perhaps many of us may, at present, find much more easy than to eat for it.

It is something difficult, from natural Reason only, to account for the Merit of abstaining from the moderate Use of those good Things which the Almighty Bounty hath bestowed on us ; and accordingly among those unenlightened Nations, who walked only by the Law of Nature, without the Assistance of Revelation, we meet with no such Practice ; and therefore, the learned Mr. *Broughton*, in his excellent historical Dictionary, lately published

published ; when he says, *Such Solemnities have been observed in all Nations* ; is not to be understood strictly of Fasting, but of Sacrifice and Atonement for Crimes, of which we meet numberless Instances in prophane, as well as sacred Writers.

The earliest Account of Fasting, (says that Gentleman) properly so called, was on the solemn Day of Expiation instituted by Moses, who yet (says he) enjoined no other Fast ; nor indeed do I find any Express Order for fasting in the Text, on which this Solemnity was founded ; the Words are these, *Also on the tenth Day of this seventh Month there shall be a Day of Atonement, it shall be a holy Convocation unto you, and ye shall afflict your Souls, and offer an Offering made by Fire unto the Lord.* However, as the inspired Interpreter thought proper to constitute Fasting as one of the Ceremonies on that Day, this particular Manner of Atonement was not only continued on a yearly Celebration of the tenth of the Month *Tisri*, but was likewise practised on many Occasions both public and private, and became an essential Part of the *Jewish* Religion ; whence it was afterwards received into the Christian, and hath been since stolen by *Mahomet*, and interwoven with his Impostures.

But whatever Idea later Ages may have annexed to this Atonement, it was certainly intended by *Moses* as a Mode only of that Affliction of Soul, which was expressly commanded in the Text cited above ; now, in this Light, it may be considered as a Species of that general Custom of Expiation or Atonement in Times of public Calamity, which (as Mr. *Broughton* observes) hath been common to all Ages and Nations.

Whoever considers it in this View ; namely, as a Means to afflict the Mind, cannot, I think, easily imagine that this Duty consists merely in Abstinence from Beef and Mutton, or any other Flesh, while they riot in all the Delicacies which Fish and Vegetables can afford them ; no, tho' they should give an entire
Holy-

Holyday to the Cooks, and refuse all Manner of Sustenance, during 24 Hours, I would not have them hope such Abstinence will be acceptable, unless it be accompanied with Minds truly and thoroughly afflicted; for otherwise they will have no more Merit than the ostentatious Pharisee in the Gospel, to whom (though he fasted twice a Week) the sincere Publican was preferred.

To afflict the Mind, then, being our Duty on this Occasion, every Thing which conduces to this End, will be properly pursued by all. And tho' Abstinence, even from Delicacies, may in this luxurious Age be a considerable Mortification to those of a higher Degree, yet it is by no Means sufficient. Every Manner of Mortification must be practiced, in order to render our Minds perfectly afflicted. Such particular Methods therefore as occur to me, I will here set down, and leave it to every individual Reader to supply as many more as he can suggest to himself.

It hath, in the first Place, been customary in all Nations, in Times of public Calamity, to manifest the Affliction of the Mind by outward Dress and Behaviour. The *Jews* carried it so far, that even their finest Ladies drest themselves in Sackcloth, and carried Ashes on their Heads at these Seasons. These were Acts of Humility, which I should be glad to see imitated by our Women of Quality. How beautiful would they appear in this *Deshabille*! How much to their Honour would redound a Procession of Ladies of Distinction to the several Churches, in Robes of Sackcloth, with Ashes on their Head! but if they decline this extraordinary Act of Zeal, at least, I hope, no Silver, nor Gold, nor Jewels will be worn on this Day.

A total Forbearance of all Diversions will be likewise insisted on, not only of public Entertainments, which will not be permitted by the Government, but all private Parties, as Cards, Dancing, or any other Merriment.

The

The Practise of such Virtues, as are most disagreeable to polite Dispositions, as it must tend towards Mortification, will be certainly very proper. As first, *Honesty*. I earnestly recommend to all Persons (particularly to such as are very able and very unwilling) immediately on the Sight hereof, to discharge all such Debts as have been long due, and which they may perhaps have it in their Power to with-hold from the poor Tradesman till he is undone. Secondly, *Charity*. I apprehend, in this Time of Scarcity and Stagnation of Trade, when the excessive Prices of all the Necessaries of Life, added to the extreme Poverty of the People, fill our Streets and News-papers with numberless Instances of Want and Misery, at such a time, I say, it would be as meritorious in the few amongst us, who have Wealth, to relieve the Poor from their long Fast, as to fast themselves. Thirdly, *Justice*. I do not here mean the exact Distribution of *meum* and *tuum*, already mentioned under the Name of Honesty; but that Justice in a Civil Society, which requires that every Man should be rewarded and punished according to the Laws of his Country.

This Virtue may, perhaps, be understood to belong only to those few who act in a magisterial or judicial Capacity; whereas, the Truth is indeed far otherwise, and this Justice may be practised by every private Man: But as my Notion may appear, at first, somewhat too refined to the corrupt Eye of the present Age, I will endeavour to explain it in as clear a Manner as I am able.

It hath likewise been customary to all Nations, in Times of public Calamity, or after some high Offence committed by any of their great Men, to make Use of some Atonement or Expiation, in order to avert the Anger of the Gods, which, when kindled by human Wickedness, they thought was only to be melted into Pity by human Sufferings. The Gods were therefore to be appeased by a Sacrifice; no Matter whether of
the

the Person guilty or no, provided it was one of some Consequence, and of the same Family or Race, or Kingdom. Thus *Iphigenia* was to suffer for the Crime of her Father, and the innocent Lives of *Curtius* and the *Decii*, were accepted as a Propitiation for their Country.

Now, tho' the Sacrifice of innocent Blood for the Redemption of the Guilty was an Expiation adapted only to the Palates of the ridiculous, Heathen Deities, and must be abhorred by the only true, great Ruler of the Universe, who is a Being of infinite Justice; yet this same attribute, which must detest the Punishment of the Innocent, must at the same Time look with Satisfaction on that of the Guilty; and therefore, these Lines of the tragic Poet

*When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th'uplifted Thunder-Bolt aside.*

found as well in the Mouth of a Christian as of a Heathen.

I do, therefore, recommend this strict Justice to all His Majesty's Subjects, and do earnestly entreat any Person, who in his own Mind is convinced that he ought to be hanged, tho' the Law cannot reach him, to deliver himself immediately into the Hands of Justice, that speedy and due Methods of Execution may be taken.

Was it not that I cautiously avoid (as much as possible) Quotations from Scripture, I could prove that such a Sacrifice as this would be truly acceptable to the Supreme Being. This I am sure of, such an Example, would, by human Methods, procure all imaginable Success to our Arms, and *Britain* should once more walk forth terrible among the Nations.

How eagerly would such an Opportunity have been embraced by an ancient *Roman*? of how little Con-

sideration would such an Action have appeared in the Eyes of a *Decius*, a *Curtius*, a *Posthumus*, a *Regulus*, or any other of those Heroes who did, or were ready to sacrifice themselves as the Victims of *Rome*? If it be objected that this is not only Death, but Death with Shame: I answer, did not *Horatius Coccles* pass under the Gallows, lest his Country should pay the Forfeiture of his Crime? It is not being hanged, but deserving to be hanged, that is infamous; and it is more than probable, that, if there be any such Person as I have hinted at, his Neighbours know he deserves to be hanged, tho' they can't bring it about: But was the Death of never so infamous a Nature, which of those *Romans* I have mentioned, instead of declining it, would not have cryed out,

*What a Pity is it
We can be hanged but once to serve our Country?*

C

INDEX - to the TIMES.

A Certain necessary Person call'd *John Laruton*, Esq; one of the Undertellers of the *Exchequer*, has been induc'd to wave his Pretensions to represent, in Parliament, the illustrious Borough of *Malden*, in *Essex*, in Favour of *Benjamin K——ne*, Esq; render'd immortal in the famous Convention, by the Name of *Don Benjamin*, alias the *Convention Dove*, who is to be chosen on Account of his great *Merits* and *Services*, without Opposition.

N. B. *Richard Hammond*, Esq; Nephew to Sir *Robert Walpole*, is Bailiff, or Returning Officer to the said Borough.

A

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

Within these few Days a Dramatical Piece has appear'd in Print, not upon the Stage, call'd *Orpheus*, an *English Opera*; written by one Mr. *John Hill*, Apothecary, of which, 'tis superfluous to give any Character, since the Author assures us it has receiv'd universal Applause, not only from his Friends, which he insinuates, are most of the great Men in the Kingdom, but even his Enemies. It is introduc'd to the World, by a long Preface, in which Mr. *Rich* is accus'd of falsifying his Trust, and stealing another *Orpheus* from it, while lodg'd in his Hands for his Approbation. The Charge is very explicit, and if true, the Author has sufficient Reason to spirit up the Pit to do him Justice. — But as yet, the Truth of the Fact is in Suspence; Mr. *Rich* has advertis'd that his Answer is in the Press, and has annex'd a Motto, that needs no Comment. — *Out of thy own Mouth, thou shalt be judg'd, thou wicked Lyar.*

Another new Tragedy has been refus'd a *Permit*, in the *Wit-Excise-Office*; and 'tis said, that a Subscription will shortly be open'd, to collect *Smart-money* for the Author.

* * * That Orphan Wit may be provided for, as well as Foundling Children, be it known by these Presents, that whoever is at a Loss to exhibit their poetical Offspring, may be provided with a proper Midwife, and Nurse, by sending to the Printer of this Paper: That is to say, if they are worth Rearing; For otherwise they will be strangled in the Birth.

The Point in the following Epigram, which we copy from another Paper, renders it worthy to be preserv'd.

On the Report of Mr. K——t's being appointed King's
Face-Painter.

*As to Apelles Ammon's Son
Would only deign to sit,
So to thy Pencil K——t alone
Shall Brunswick's Form submit.*

*Equal your envy'd Honours! save
This Diff'rence still we see;
One would no other Painter have;
None other would have thee.*

JOURNAL OF THE WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The Sarah and Elizabeth Pink, Capt. Gwyn, and
carried into Majorca.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.



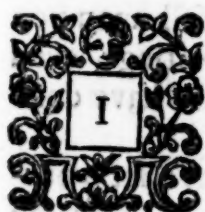
THURSDAY,



THURSDAY, January 10, 1739-40.

— *Quæ non viribus istis
Munera convenient.*

OVID METAM.



Consider my Paper as a Sort of Stage Coach, a Vehicle in which every one hath a Right to take a Place. If any Letter therefore should hereafter appear in it, which may give Offence to particular Persons, they can have no more Anger to me on that Account, than they would shew to the Master of a Stage, who had brought their Enemy to Town. This I assure them, if any Thing be sent to me containing gross Reflections on a *private* Character, I shall always answer, *My Paper is full.* I likewise promise to observe a *strict* Impartiality, and to carry forth into the World the Works of any Party, provided they are writ with Decency and Common-sense. This Declaration will doubtless be a Comfort to certain Persons, who may by these Means have something read as well as writ on their Side: But if nothing of this Kind should hereafter appear in my Paper, the Public may possibly conclude nothing can be said for them.

I know not, how I can give the World livelier Hopes of my future Impartiality, than by printing a very severe Letter on myself, which I have just received.

Captain VINEGAR.

I Have read your late Advertisement, which you would do well to insert in your next Collection of Puffs. I mean from the Stile only ; for I am far from doubting but you have met with Opposition, nay, I declare I myself have been, and will still be your Opposer ; nor would I have you flatter yourself, tho' I think you have failed in the Teeth of Opposition (as the Poet terms it) to about N^o 20, you will be able either by huffing or puffing to carry it much farther. I would therefore advise you to lay down in Time, and if you think you shall be ashamed or afraid to shew your Head afterwards, lest People should fall upon you for your Abuses in the Course of your Writings, even shoot the Pit, and march off as your Betters have done before you.

Who are you ? What are you ? that have set yourself up for a Dictator in this Manner ? That you came from *Hockley in the Hole* must be confest, and do you think your creeping nearer the Court will alter the Manners of *Hockley*, into those of St. *James's* ; when it is notorious, that none but your old *Hockleyan* Acquaintance resort to you, Fellows who were never seen in a polite Part of the Town 'till your Arrival there ?

It is not, Friend, as you would insinuate in your Advertisement, out of any private Spleen or Pique against you that you are opposed ; nor are your Opposers such as desire themselves to establish the Characters of Authors, or set up a Paper. No, Friend, it is that you should not debauch nor corrupt the Taste and Manners of the People, nor expose the Character of the *English* Genius (hitherto famous) by your vile Works. It is from a Contempt of your Parts, from knowing you to be utterly disqualified for the Office you have taken upon you. An Office too great for any one Man to execute, and which hath formerly employed

ployed the best Heads in the Nation, such as *Addison*, *Steele*, and many others. How ridiculous must it seem then, to see a Fellow of a low Capacity, and a mean Behaviour, investing himself with this Office, placing his Family over all the Professions, and shaking a Club at the whole Nation. Have you really had the Modesty to set up your Family as Men of Genius, and to dispose such Parts of your Undertaking to their Province as require great Abilities? or is your Family as chimerical as your Club, and you the only Person who is to dictate to the People? Have you taken on yourself to domineer over all Professions, as well as the Army, which you have with great Modesty set yourself at the Head of?

Would it not have been wiser in you to have joined your little Forces with Men of real Capacity, to have disposed the several Parts in your Undertaking to Men of suitable Qualifications? Thus to have given the political Part of your Paper to such Writers as those of the *Craftsman*, and *Common Sense*. The Poetical, to *Pope* or *Young*, the Critical to *Bentley*, and so of the rest: I know you will, or at least, you may answer that such Writers as these will not appear in a Paper, which hath your Name at the Head of it.

As to your Foreign Affairs, no one who had ever the Assurance to take upon him your Office, hath executed this Branch in so wretched and bungling a Manner. Infomuch, that the whole Town complain of your extreme Ignorance, and are so far from believing you to have any private Correspondence abroad, as you have insinuated, that they rather believe you are unacquainted with even the Geography of the several Countries.

Domestic Matters are what you most shine, or, rather, are least deficient, in. Yet here it is notorious, that you are the greatest Plunderer who ever dealt in them; at the same Time, that you have the Confidence to abuse all those from whom you steal. I do, indeed, ac-

knowledge you handle them in a new Manner; but I apprehend this will be little to your Advantage, when it is confest that you have jumbled them together in such a Confusion, that none of us know what to rely on. What do you mean by your *Journal of a War*? Do you think People will pay their Money for such Stuff? If you go on with this Journal in the Manner you have begun for one half Year, what an Idea must the whole raise in the Reader? Do you imagine any Thing equal to it was ever published in any Language? Would you even aim at the Approbation of the Public, tell us what our Fleets are doing in *America*, the *Mediterranean*, the *Atlantic Ocean*, or the Channel. Believe me, Friend, unless you do something of this Kind shortly, we shall all treat you with that Contempt you deserve, and shall not be always amused with your Accounts of victualling Ships and raising Marines. Will any sober Man believe that such Articles as these are the *Journal of a War*, begun by brave and great Nation, at the unanimous Request of the whole People, in Vindication of their usurped Rights and Revenge of the most inhuman, as well as insolent Behaviour, in her Enemies; a War, the vigorous Support of which hath been resolved by the whole Legislative Power, and begun by raising a strong Army, and fitting out a Fleet capable of conquering all the Maritime Force on the whole Globe; for which the People, tho' labouring in the utmost Poverty and Distress, are ready to contribute their last Shilling: And lastly, upon which His Majesty hath thought fit to implore, in the most solemn Manner, the Divine Blessing.

Give me leave to ask you one serious Question, Do you really think the People of *England* have entirely lost their Understanding, or have worked up yourself into a Belief that they will be terrified by the shaking of your Club? If you are persuaded of these Things, be assured, you are mistaken; let me, therefore, advise you either to leave off, or get some good Assistance, if
such

such will comfort themselves with you, and accept of a Share in the Undertaking equal to your Capacity; with the Force of which, if you are not sufficiently acquainted, give me leave to recommend the Office of collecting the Puffs.

I am,

Your best Friend,

PHILALETHES.

Note, My Father, Mr. Nehemiah Vinegar, has given me to understand, that tho' the Darts contain'd in this Letter, are feather'd with my Name, they are level'd at a much larger Mark.

To Capt. VINEGAR.

S I R,

According to your Invitation, I here send you a Brat, of which I am just delivered, and am,

Yours, &c.

On the LOTTERY.

*This Lottery can never thrive;
Was Broker heard to say.
For who but Fools will ever give
Fifteen per Cent to play.*

*A Sage, with his accustom'd Grin,
Replies, I'll stake my Doom;
That if but half the Fools come in,
The Wise will find no Room.*

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE Gazetteer-Legion, notorious for having long fought under *Spanish* Colours, have at last deserted the Service, and on *Tuesday* last declar'd in Form, that the Injuries our Merchants had sustain'd, were sufficiently prov'd, to give his Majesty of *Great-Britain*; the best Side of the Question.

Jan. 10. The Damage already done upon the River, since the first setting in of the Frost, is computed at 100,000 *l.* — *To which some People add, that our very Swords are froze in our Scabbards; and that the Season has no Way to make us amends for its excessive Rigour, but by demolishing, if possible, the rotten Part of our Constitution.*

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

The Two Pieces lately publish'd, under the Title of *The Sentiments of the Old Whigs upon a Place Bill*, were, originally, the Growth of King *William's* Reign; written by Gentlemen of the greatest Eminency, both for Capacity and Fortune; such as were not only Spectators of, but Agents in the celebrated Revolution, and who endeavour'd both to procure Liberty to themselves, and entail it on their Posterity. No Praise is too great for these excellent Discourses; they comprise all that is necessary to fire the Brave; convince the Doubtful; alarm the Wise, and shame the Abandon'd: In short, if such Writings as these fail of the desired Effects, we must be insensible even to a Mortification; and the Pen may be thrown by, as of no further Use. . . . The Publishers however, should have been honest enough, to acknowledge that they are taken from the State-Tracts, as being a Circumstance, which is so far from lessening

lessening the Value, that it manifests they were not calculated to serve a present Turn, but are really founded on the Reason and Nature of Things.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The *Julian*, Capt. *Brame*, from *Sicily*, for *Lisbon*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.



SATURDAY, *January* 12, 1739-40.

Quid placet, aut Odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
HOR.



SEVERAL Words, in all Languages, very harmless in themselves, have, with great Injustice been wrested and perverted to ill Meanings, and, by long Use and Corruption, been brought to convey Ideas foreign to their original Signification; such was the *Greek* Word for Tyrant, which originally signified no more than King; and such are in our Language the Words Knave, Villain, &c. Words which have been once used in a much better Sense than they at present enjoy.

The Word *Turn-coat* is an Instance of this Injustice. This is a compound Word, intended to express what

we generally call good Housewifery. The *Turn-coats* were no others than certain prudent Persons, who, as soon as their Coat was sufficiently soiled on one Side, were wont to order it to the right about, and make a very handsome and decent Figure with the other Side.

Hence this Term became afterwards metaphorically applied to those Gentlemen, who, perhaps, from much the same Reasons, turned from one Party to the other; changing their Opinions, as the other did their Coats, to the very Reverse of what they formerly were.

But, however unhappy this Word may be in the Opinion of the World, who are apt to express a very great Detestation to it, I can by no means see any just Cause for these Censures; on the contrary, I think it hath a very strong Title to those frugal Honours which it originally received, and to which I hope these my Labours may again restore it.

It must be granted, that no Man is so good a Judge of the true Merits of a Cause, as he who hath been on both Sides of it. It is not sufficient to say, that this Knowledge may be acquired by a strict Examination into them: It is notorious, that, while a Man is attached to one Party, he is always partial in this Enquiry; nor is he indeed able to search to the Bottom, there being certain Secrets, at the Bottom of all Parties, which no one discovers but to Men of the same Principles. So that, thoroughly to understand which Side of the Question hath the greatest Right, it is perfectly necessary for a Man to have declared himself on both.

Besides, a Man, who will rigidly adhere to one Set of politic Principles, must sometimes unavoidably fall under the severest Censure of the Law. What is Loyalty in one Reign, is High-Treason in the next. In *James II's* Time, a Man would have been hanged for not doing, what in the next Reign he would have been
been

been hanged for doing. In the Civil Wars between *Charles I.* and his Parliament, this was more notorious : It was necessary then for any one who would sleep in a whole Skin, to change his Party as often as his Linnen.

Reproach, tho' fixed to the Name of *Turn-coat*, is however often avoided by that Practice. I knew a Gentleman, who, in his Travels through *Europe*, was well received every where, by having travelled through as many Religions as he did Countries, and very wisely recommended himself when he came Home, by throwing off all.

Good Fellowship ought to be cultivated every where, but it will be impossible for any Gentleman to live in any tolerable Share of it with his Neighbours, without this Virtue. He must be with one of his Neighbours a *Whig*, with the other a *Tory*. Indeed, this is only to be done by Men moderate in their Principles, and will be by no means practicable to such as have signalized themselves very particularly on either Side. Such Men, whenever the Majority is on the opposite Side to what they have hitherto taken, must entirely relinquish all their former Friends, must positively deny all they have formerly asserted ; in short, they must turn their Coat throughout.

It may perhaps be asked, and is a Question not easy to answer, How often a Man may be allowed to change his Sides ? Surely he who hath been on both Sides the Question, may, when he finds his former Principles the justest, revert to these Principles ; nor do I see why, on very weighty Considerations, he may not take a fourth Trip also.

As for the Reasons which may justify these Changes they are so many and various, that I cannot be expected to assign them all here. Surely a Man is no more obliged to stick to his Principles, when they disappoint him, than to his Friends. Any ill Usage from his Party, any Refusal of what he thinks him-
self

self entitled to, no doubt sufficiently justify this Exchange. How much indeed a good large Offer from the other Party, when he hath nothing to complain of from his own, may speak in his Behalf, I cannot say; but surely, such is the Weakness of human Nature, that it ought to be considered in his Favour, and will, no doubt, if not sufficiently justify him, very considerably lessen his Fault.

If we look into Antiquity, we shall find several of the most eminent Heroes glorious Examples of this Practice, *Alcibiades* and *Themistocles*, and others among the *Greeks*; *Coriolanus*, &c. among the *Latins*. Indeed our own Country affords very few Instances, Colonel *Hurry* in the Civil Wars, I think makes the chief Figure among the *Turn-coats* of our Countrymen.

I know it hath been laid down, as a Maxim of good Policy, by one of no inconsiderable Reputation, to stand firm to your Principles, inasmuch as you may be assured that the Party you adhere to will one time or other get the Ascendent. But

Vitæ summa brevis, Spem nos vitat inchoare longam.

Put not off 'till To-morrow what you can do to Day; you may die before you attain that by a Change in the Government, which you may perhaps get now by a Change in your own Principles. C

To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,

I N your *Champion* (No 23.) you are pleased to acquaint us, that frequent Disputes arise in your Family, and likewise with your Method of deciding them. I desire to know, whether there be never any Arguments

Arguments between yourself and Mrs. *Joan Vinegar*.
 —If so, what means you use to put an End to them?
 I am, Sir, married to one of as loquacious a Temper
 as your good Lady can possibly possess, and heartily
 wish I could find such another Method to make her
 vent herself to the Public. You must know, Sir, my
 Wife hath had a very good Education, and is well
 read in History, Divinity, Poetry, and Politics, which
 latter seem her present Study: For, notwithstanding,
 she hath a whole Shelf full of Books, she lays out at
 least Half a Crown a Week in News-papers, out of
 which she gathers Matter for my Instruction at my
 Meals—I am but a poor Tradesman, Sir, and have
 never been at the University; and, as all this Learning
 is thrown away upon me, I beg you would be so
 good to let her talk once a Fortnight, at least, down
 half a Column of your Paper, and you will infinitely
 oblige

Your most Humble Servant,

TIMOTHY DRUGGET.

P. S. I can tell you she says abundance of very
 good Things, tho' I don't understand them; and
 you may perceive your's is one of the Papers she
 takes in.

INDEX to the TIMES.

ADVICES.

THE Texts of two Sermons, preach'd before
 the two Houses, have occasion'd many Re-
 marks; one treating of the *great Multitudes* of Ju-
 dah's Enemies: And the other, *That Jehosaphat*
fear'd.

JOUR.

Of all the amusing Phenomena, which this fertile Winter has produc'd, such as the various Incrustations of Ice, that, from Tide to Tide, have furrow'd the Surface of the River, intire Houses in a Manner glaz'd over with Sleet, and hung with Icicles, Trees candy'd with the Hoar Frost, &c. no one seems to be a greater Curiosity, or has afforded greater Entertainment, than what happen'd, a little beyond the Turnpike, by the bursting of one of the *Chester* Water-pipes; for Part of the Water, that spouted up, met in its Descent with a Willow-Tree, and freezing before it fell, inclosed every individual Twig with Ice; whence fresh Streams continually trickling down, form'd the greatest Variety of twisted, branching, and every Way interfering Isicles, that the Fancy can imagine, which in the End, reach'd to the very Ground, and in the Middle, form'd a perfect Arbour of Chrystal; to the infinite Admiration of all who beheld it, but being soon converted into a Gin-Shop, every one who purchased a Dram, took a Fragment of this extraordinary Fabric with them, so that in a very little Time, hardly the Ruins of it remain'd.

'Tis said that Charity, in the Shape of Frost and Snow, has even touch'd the Heart of a Bishop, who has lately dol'd about his Pitance of Alms, to supply several of his poor Neighbours with Coals,—A Piece of News, which no Doubt his Lordship, after the Example of his Brethren, did not intend should reach the public Ear.—*Those venerable Personages, generally, keeping so strictly to the Letter of the Gospel, that their good Deeds are utterly unknown.*

'Tis said, from *Jamaica*, that the Sailors on Board Commodore *Brown's* Squadron, were so well pleased with the Thoughts of their intended Expedition, and so confident of Success, that, with one Consent, they threw into the Sea every Thing, which they imagined would encumber them. . . Q. *Whether they threw over Board, their C——'s O——?*

On

On the strictest Enquiry into the Reasons that induc'd the Directors of the *Wit-Inquisition* to reject the Tragedy of *Arminius*, it appears, the Copy, sent to that tremendous Office, was thought to be written in the *same Hand* with those of *Mustapha*, and *Edward* and *Eleonora*. Some Advices have it, that, at the Time, the Sentence was pronounc'd, behind the Scenes, several Authors were within Hearing, who enter'd immediately into a very solemn and serious Conference upon the Occasion. After which, one of the Principal, in the Name of his Brethren, bid a long Farewel to the Theatre, in very pathetic Terms, which he ended, with Tears in his Eyes, pronouncing the following Line:

The Poet's Occupation's gone.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

(Who 'tis said have Swarms of Privateers, tho' our Men of War never have the Luck to meet with them) the *Peggy*, Capt. *Gault* from *Philadelphia*, to *Lisbon*, and an *Irish Ship*, to the same Port.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

N O N E.



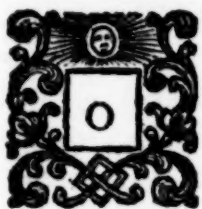
TUESDAY



TUESDAY, January 15, 1739-40.

*Homines in tantis Rebus, ut aut contemnant, aut metu-
ant, aut oderint, aut ament, Opinione non minus Fa-
mæ, quàm aliquâ certâ Ratione commoveri.*

CIC. PRO LEGE MANIL.



F all the Words, which our Language hath borrow'd from the *Latin*, I know not one to which we have applied an Idea so unequal and inferior to what it gives us in its original Tongue, as the Word *Authority*. This we use in the same Sense with Power, and signify by it the Capacity or Ability of doing such and such Things ; whereas, the *Latins* by *Auctoritas* intened to convey an Idea of that Awe and Respect, which the Opinion of Power and Virtue created in others ; in this Sense, *Cicero* every where uses it, particularly in his Oration *Pro Lege Manilia*, where he introduces it at the End of his Climax in the Character of *Pompey*, and endeavours from this chiefly to recommend him to the *Romans*. I shall give my Readers a literal Translation of one Sentence.

‘ Since Authority (says he) hath so much Weight
‘ in the Administration of War and military Disci-
‘ pline, no Man can doubt the Prevalence of this Ge-
‘ neral in this Particular. And who is ignorant of
‘ what mighty Consequence the Opinion which your
‘ Enemies or Allies entertain of your Generals, will
‘ be to the Success of your Wars, since we know that
‘ Man-

‘ Mankind, in these weighty Matters, are not less
 ‘ actuated to Contempt or Fear, Love or Hatred,
 ‘ by common Opinion, than by any Certainty of
 ‘ Reason.

By *Authority*, then, I understand, that Weight which one Man bears in the Mind of another, resulting from an Opinion of any extraordinary Qualities or Virtues inherent in him, which prepares the latter to receive the most favourable Impression from all the Words and Actions of the Person thus esteem’d: This Opinion, when it becomes General of any Man, constitutes what we call Popularity, which whoever hath attained, may with great Facility procure any Thing which it is in the Power of the People to confer on him, may persuade them to, or dissuade them from any Purposes. Whatever he affirms, they will believe; whatever he affects they will hope; whatever he commands, they will execute. In this Light, *Virgil* introduces a Man of Authority pacifying a Tumult, one of the finest Pictures in the whole *Æneid*.

*Ac veluti magno in Populo cum sæpe coorta est
 Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile Vulgus.
 Jamque Faces & saxa volant. Furor Arma ministrat.
 Tum Pietate gravem, & Meritis si forte Virum quem
 Conspexere silent, erectisque Auribus astant.
 Ille regit Dictis Animos & temperat Iras.*

As when in Tumults rise th’ignoble Crowd,
 Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud;
 And Stones and Brands in rattling Volleys fly,
 And all the rustic Arms that Fury can supply:
 If then some grave and pious Man appear,
 They hush their Noise, and lend a list’ning Ear;
 He sooth with sober Words their angry Mood,
 And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

DRYD.

Or,

Or, as another hath translated two of the Lines more ludicrous ;

If in their Tumults a grave Man appears,
All's whist, and nothing stirring but their Ears.

We read in *Machiavel*, that when the *Florentines* in a violent Commotion had slain *Pogolantonio Soderini*, and ran in a Tumult to his House with Intention to plunder it, his Brother *Francisco*, Bishop of *Volterra*, who was accidentally there, marching out into the Crowd in his episcopal Robes, by the Majesty of his Person, and the Dignity of his Behaviour, restrained them from farther Outrage, and prevailed with them to return peaceably Home. And in another Place, the same Writer observes, that *Hannibal* could have kept so vast an Army of different Nations in such exact Discipline, and free from Mutiny and Desertion, by his great Reputation and Authority only.

Nor is this Force of Authority less prevalent in Civil, than in Military, in the lowest, than in the highest Affairs. It presides in all Assemblies, especially such where there is any Degree of Freedom. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Phocion*, remarks, that the least Gesture, the least Nod or Token of a Man held in public Estimation, will be more regarded than the elaborate Orations of those of no Character. The most private Life must afford Instances of this Truth. In every Club, or Meeting of Men, there are some who command the Attention of the Rest, whenever they please to open their Mouths, whilst others may talk themselves hoarse without any Notice taken of them. Hence, I apprehend, arose that common Phrase of being *well* or *ill heard* ; the Consequence hereof must be sensibly felt by every Person who speaks in Company, much more in a public Assembly.

Whence

Whence this Authority accrues, is not necessary to discuss. In public Characters, I believe, it is generally the Attendant on Merit, tho' I confess that sometimes here, and often in private Life, we owe Esteem and Contempt, to accidental, indirect, and sometimes ridiculous Circumstances; of which I shall give this flagrant Instance, that 'till my Removal to a polite Part of the Town, the World paid very little Respect to those excellent Discourses with which I obliged them, possessing themselves with an Opinion, that nothing worth their reading, could possibly come from *Hockley in the Hole*.

But from whatever Causes the good or ill Opinion of the People proceeds, the Consequences of these will be the same; of the Former I have sufficiently spoke already; I shall, therefore, in the remaining Part of this Paper, endeavour to shew, that the universal ill Opinion of a People, renders a Man utterly incapable of executing any public Office, either Military or Civil. Secondly, I shall point out some of the general Springs whence this flows. And thirdly, I shall give a few Hints, by which any Person, labouring under this Calamity, may distinguish the Symptoms thereof.

The First of those hath been inclusively spoken to already, for if Authority or Popularity be of that vast Consequence, that it almost always procures Success, a Reverse of these must have a contrary Effect, for tho' some Men, who have been hated and despised by their Country, may have comforted themselves that they have been less guilty than others, who have shar'd the same Fate, they could not think themselves less unfortunate; the same Incapacity of serving their Country, of effecting any great or glorious Action, will pursue them, whether they are despised, or hated, right or wrong. This being too plain to require the Proof of an Example. I shall proceed, secondly, to the Causes of this ill Opinion, which, though perhaps
an

an Instance or two may be shewn to the contrary, is generally too well founded.

This universal ill Opinion, when in the utmost Perfection, is a Mixture of Hatred and Contempt; whatever therefore produces either of these, may be truly call'd one of the Ingredients in this Composition. Now, I believe, the Original of popular Hatred and Contempt, may be found in some of the following Aphorisms.

The People hate their Enemies.

They hate all those whose Interests are incompatible with their own.

They hate all such as pursue Interests different from their own.

They hate their Oppressors.

They hate all the Devisers and Promoters of Laws, restrictive of their Liberties.

They hate the Inventers of Schemes prejudicial to their Properties.

They despise those whose Abilities are known to be in no wise equal to their Offices.

They despise and hate those who have been raised from very low to very high Degrees, without public Merit and Services.

They despise Men in high Station, whose Persons are clumsy, whose Behaviour is awkward, and whose Manners are low and mean.

They hate all Subjects in Power, who dispose of Preferments without any Regard to Merit or Capacity.

Lastly, They hate those from whom they apprehend their Destruction, and by how much the more they despise such, by so much the more they hate them.

These are the most general Causes of ill Opinion, to which, perhaps, some more may be added. Now the Symptoms, by which an universal Disregard may be discover'd, seem to be chiefly these.

The

The inward Suggestion of a Man's own Mind, that he deserves to be heartily hated by his fellow Subjects ; and an Apprehension arising thence of the free Voice of the People, with a Self-conviction that he hath taken all base Methods to secure himself from this Fear.

A dreadful Experience, that all Men of great Abilities decline his Cause, his Friendship, and his Acquaintance. That none will do him the least Service without Pay, which those, who are most capable of serving him, will not accept. That he hath no Friend who is not his Dependent, and 'hated for being such by all others. That no one will say or hear, write or read any Thing in his Favour ; while every Person and Thing attempting to vilify and ridicule him, are carefs'd and esteem'd by the Public.

Though more might be added (being perhaps particular Branches from these general Roots) it may be needless to enumerate them, seeing that whoever finds the least Appearance of any of the before-mentioned may conclude the Symptoms are on him ; and whoever shall perceive that he is clear of all these, may as safely acquit himself.

I conclude with observing, that we have had no Person in whom all these Symptoms have met, since *Buckingham*, and I heartily hope we shall never see such another. C

I N D E X to the T I M E S.

SINE-Cures of all Sorts are so much in Fashion, that no less than 11 Candidates stood for the Music Professorship of *Gresham College*, nine of which being distanc'd at several Heats, the two remaining push'd one another so close, that it could be decided for

for neither.——So that another Day's Sport is expected, and the best Jockey is likely to carry it.——*To be more serious ; what melancholy Reflections does it afford, to see so noble an Institution for the Support of the Sciences, so shamefully neglected?*

The Common-Council of *Faringdon-Within*, having been libell'd for Misapplication of the Watch-Money, they have voluntarily submitted their Accounts to the Inspection of a Committee, chosen by the Ward for that Purpose, and have been unanimously acquitted.

——*Innocence has nothing to fear from Examination ; nor can there be a greater Presumption of Guilt, than when 'tis avoided.*

As Destruction is the Business of War, 'tis no Matter by what Means it is brought about ; and those who can subdue their Enemies with most Safety to themselves, are the greatest Masters. The Powers, at present, at Variance, seem to be out of Humour with the Sword, and so endeavour to *starve* each other : *Spain* interdicts the *English* Manufactures : And *England* cuts off the *Spanish* Commerce with the *West-Indies*.——The great Experiment to be try'd then is, Whether we can subsist longer without Trade, or they without Money.

About this Time, *Jan. 15*, above 100 Marines were entrusted with Arms, for the first Time, on the Parade in *St. James's-Park*.

And Yesterday another Party of the said *amphibious* Troops, set out for their Country Quarters in the North.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

Considering how often, and how severely Authors suffer by the Tyranny, Dilatoriness, and Caprice of the Managers of Play-Houses ; 'tis much to be regretted that one Mr. *Hill*, who has lately exhibited to the Public, a Thing call'd *Orpheus*, should in his Preface declare open War with Mr. *Rich*, on such slender Grounds :

CHAMPION. 193

Grounds: For such it must be own'd, they appear, since the said Mr. *Rich* has condescended to publish his Answer; wherein (notwithstanding, the superior Air; which indicates the dictatorial Manager in almost every Line) appears a strict Regard to Truth, and as strong Proofs as a Negative will admit of, that the Manager is totally innocent of every Article, charg'd upon him by the Author. — The *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* of Mr. *Rich*, in all Human Probability, then, will neither be hurt by the Wit or Malice of his Rival. — The Public may discern, however, by this Controversy, the Importance of Machine, Painting, and Pantomime, to the Modern Stage. And 'tis high Time for the leading Spirits of the Age to defend themselves from the Snew and Pageantry of one House, when Sense and Poetry are annually suppress'd by the *Wit-Excise-Office* at the other.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The *Sarab*, Capt. *Adis*, from *Newfoundland*, bound to *Lisbon*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.
NONE.



VOL. I.

K

THURSDAY,



THURSDAY, January 17, 1739-40.

*Sæpe & multum hoc mecum cogitavi, bonine an mali
plus attulerit Hominibus & Civitatibus Copia dicendi.*
CIC. DE INVENT.



THE Use of Speech hath by some been represented as an essential Mark, which distinguishes Man from the other Inhabitants of this Creation. I suppose these Persons mean the Power of conveying Ideas to each other by Speech, for that of articulating Sounds we may observe in several others.

Nor, perhaps, will the Observation hold extremely true with Regard to the other Quality. Inasmuch as I see great Reason to believe all Animals have a Sort of Language, whereby they converse with one another. Tho' perhaps they have not a Faculty of modulating Sounds with as great a Variety as Man, having, perhaps, a less Variety of Ideas; yet, whoever has been at all conversant with them, cannot, I think doubt their Power of communicating some necessary, Hints: For my Part, I am sufficiently assured, they have no Sound, but what hath its proper Meaning, and is well understood among themselves: For, not to argue from the Opinion, that Nature hath made nothing in vain, whoever hath observed a Rook alarm his Neighbours on the Apprehension of Danger; or the different Sounds made use of by the Hen when she would summon her Chickens to their Food, or

WARN

warn them to shun an approaching Hawk, must conclude that they have sufficient Methods to convey the Ideas of Delight and Terror to each other, nay, and to those of our own Species, who live much among them, and (if I may be allowed the Phrase) converse intimately with them. The experienced Huntsman knows, by the different Notes of his Dogs, whether the Game be Fox or Hare which they pursue. In short, a Man who should be thrown among a Nation of People, whose Language he understood not one Word of, might full as rationally conclude, that they had none, and all that seemed such in them, was nothing more than certain inarticulate, accidental Sounds without any Meaning, as he might those of the Beasts to be so from the same Reason.

But tho' the very Gift of Speech itself, doth not essentially distinguish us from our fellow Inhabitants of this Globe, yet the Manner in which we employ it, I think, does ; or, in other Words, tho' the Use of Speech be not peculiar to Man, I believe the Abuse of it is.

Mr. *Lock*, in his Chapter of the Remedies of the Abuse of Words, says, 'That whoever shall consider the Errors and Obscurity, the Mistakes and Confusion, that are spread in the World by an ill Use of Words, will find some Reason to doubt, whether Language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the Improvement or Hindrance of Knowledge amongst Mankind.'

I am inclined to believe, that if we could, by a Kind of Chemical Operation, separate those Parts of our ordinary Conversation, which either leave any Idea in the Mind of the Speaker, or convey any to that of the Hearer, from those which do not, the former would be found scarce to bear the Proportion of a tenth Part to the latter.

To instance, first, in Compliments, among the civilized Part of Mankind, what a Number of Words

hath the Introduction of this Custom stripp'd of their Ideas, and in a Manner annihilated? What Idea hath any Man in his Head, when he says to another, *Sir, I am your most obedient humble Servant, I am heartily glad to see you, How does your good Family? I am heartily sorry to hear of the Death of your Father, &c.* I believe there is scarce any well-bred Man, but hath thrown away half the Words of his Language in this Manner. Nor is there any Man either weak enough to intend, or to receive Flattery by this Method; when one Gentleman tells another he is, *His most obedient Servant*, it signifies no more, nor is any more meant or understood by it, than if he had said *Barabatha*, or any other Sound, which in no Language, that we know of, has any Meaning.

A second Way of squandering Words in Conversation, is the Art of adorning your Speech (as some imagine the ancient *Greeks* to have done their Language) with Expletives. This is a Faculty which I have known some Men possess in so eminent a Degree, that they might themselves be properly called Expletives in Conversation.

A third Way, and less innocent than any of the former is that of Swearing on every slight, and sometimes on no Occasion. If an Oath conveyed to the Mind of a Christian, the terrible Sense it properly signifies, it would be impossible for him to be so weak as to use it; besides, considering the present flourishing State of Infidelity, we may often be assured an Oath is a Sound without any Idea belonging to it; for what Idea can an Atheist have in his Mind, when he swears by his Creator, or a Deist, who swears by any of the Articles of the Christian Faith.

There are several other Methods too tedious to mention, in which particular Men very happily succeed; an Argument or a Story often carry off some thousands of Words, and leave no Person the wiser; not to mention certain Phrases which have by long Custom

Custom arrived at meaning nothing, tho' often used; such as, it is very early, very late; very hot, very cold; a very good, a very bad Play or Opera; the best in the World, the worst in the World, and several others.

But besides many other Species of Word-squandering which are generally practised, every particular Profession seems to have laid violent Hands on, some certain Syllables which they use *ad Libitum* without conveying any Idea whatsoever.

I need not mention that Custom so notorious among Gentlemen of the Law, of taking away from Substantives, the Power given them by Mr. Lilly of standing by themselves, and joining two or three more Substantives to shew their Signification; I mean the noble Art of Tautology, which is one Kind of Extravagance in the Use of Words: They have also several Words, or rather Sounds peculiar to themselves without any Meaning, such as learned in the Law, dispatch, reasonable, and many others.

Physicians seem to have so carefully avoided this Extravagance, that in their Prescriptions they use no Words at all, conveying their Meaning to the Apothecary, by certain strange Figures, which some think to have a very mystical, and even magical Force in them; and yet these Gentlemen have some Words in Use among them, to which it will be very difficult to assign any certain Idea. Such are out of Danger, safe Prescription, infallible Method, &c. Nay, I have been told, that Physician itself, is a Word of very little, if any Signification.

The Mercantile World, may at first Sight, from their Writings be supposed to spare all Superfluity of Language, and use no more than the needful, and yet notwithstanding their frequent Banishment of the first Person out of their Epistles, we shall find in their Mouths several Words and Phrases of as little Meaning as any before mentioned: Such are, very cheap,

lowest Price, get nothing by it, fair Trader—As I have a Soul to be saved, this cost me, &c.—

There are also several Ways at first used to distinguish particular Degrees of Men, but by time immemorial stript of all Ideas whatever.

Such are Captain, Dr. Esquire, Honourable, and Right Honourable, the two last of which signifies no more than if you should pronounce the above-mention'd Word *Barababatha*.

Great Men have peculiar Phrases, which some Persons imagine to have a Meaning among themselves, but give no more Idea to others, than any of those unintelligible Sounds which the Beasts utter; such are, upon my Honour, believe me, depend on me, I'll certainly serve you another Time, this is promised, I wish you had spoke sooner; and some hundred others of this kind, very frequent in the Mouths of the said great Men.

I shall enumerate no more out of many Instances which might be brought of our using Sounds, without Ideas; but from what has been said, I am persuaded the Use of Speech appears of no such universal Advantage as some may think it, and that we may not consider the Distinction which Speech has set between us and the Brute Creation (if it hath set any) so much to our Honour, nor make so ill a Use of it, as to upbraid them with what if Nature hath granted to us, we have so barbarously and scandalously abused.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

ADVICES.

THE celebrated Don *Benjamin Keen* has taken his Seat in the House of Commons, to the immortal Honour of the Borough of *Malden* in *Essex*.

Instructions

Instructions have appear'd in Print from the Citizens of *Bristol*, the Burgesses of *Leominster*, and those of *Caermarthen*, to their Representatives, to exert their utmost Endeavours, to procure an *effectual Limitation* of the Number of Placemen in the House of Commons. There is a very remarkable Warmth of Expression in the last of these Papers, which makes very free with the late honourable Convention, and has a Passage very like a Reprimand to the Gentleman it is address'd to, for having acted disagreeable to their Sentiments on that Occasion.

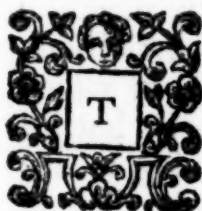
'Tis reported, that some Time next Week, the long expected and desir'd Bill for the Limitation of Placemen in the House of Commons, will be brought in; and we are assur'd, that the Wishes and Prayers of all throughout the Kingdom, who have not bow'd their Knee to *Baal*, will be preferr'd at the same Time for its Success.



SATURDAY, *January* 19, 1739-40.

To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,



URNING over certain old Manuscripts lying by me some Time since, I met with the following Vision, or Dream; which, provided you think as favourably of, as I do, you are at Liberty to communicate to the Public.

I am, S I R,
Your constant Reader,
And real Admirer,

Q. Z.,
Having

HAVING, for several Days, amus'd myself with reading over that celebrated Humorist of Antiquity, *Lucian*; I fell, one Evening, into a Sort of Reverie, which had all the Extravagance, though void of the Wit and Poignancy of that celebrated Author. — 'Twas not one of the Frolics of Fancy in Sleep; but the pure Result of the Imagination, heated with what I had read, and busying itself with erecting a Thousand new Edifices on the same ideal Foundation.

Methought (for a Man may dream with his Eyes open) the *Jupiter* of the Ancients was again the Deity in Fashion, and, again dispos'd to familiarize himself to Men, by admitting Prayers, Conferences, or even Expostulations: Methought, I saw him descend in that awful, but yet conversible Figure, in which *Homer* has describ'd him, and, it may be suppos'd, that *Phidias* represented him; his Brow unclouded, his Eye benign, and every Muscle sweeten'd with Smiles of Condescension and Complacency, like the God of Nature, and Parent of the Universe: His Terrors all laid by, his Thunder sleeping; not the Judge, but the Friend of Man.

Methought, likewise, that, by a Sign from him, the Earth lost its rotund Figure, and, as *Milton* aptly expresses it, immediately stretch'd itself into Longitude, becoming an immeasurable Plain, hardly to be comprehended by human Eyes, tho' view'd from the remotest of the Stars, and to be distinctly survey'd by none but *Jove* alone. On this were instantly assembled all the Nations of the World, of all Complexions, Manners, and Religions; thro' the Midst of whom two different, nay opposite Beings continually hurried to and fro, present at Births, and following to the Grave, traversing all the Stages of Life, the Bud of Infancy, the Bloom of Youth, the full-blown Flower of Manhood, and the Decay of Age; mixing with Society, visiting Solitudes, equally intimate with the
Great

Great and the Vulgar, and, alike serving and governing the whole human System.—These were Sisters and Twins, produc'd from the same Parents, and brought forth at the same Moment; but totally unlike, and seeming at perpetual Variance with each other.—The Eldest had the Face of a *Gorgon*, he'd a Whip of Scorpions in her Right Hand, and a Vessel of Gall in her Left; with each of which she inflicted Plagues and Miseries wherever she came: She was felt before she was seen: Cries of Horror attended her Approach: Groans and Agonies declared her Presence, and Tears remain'd even after her Departure.—The Younger, on the contrary, had a Face like *Hebe*, the Smile of *Venus*, the Voice of a *Siren*, and all the Allurements of all the *Graces*. Ease, Joy, and Extasy were ever in her Train. The Prayers, Vows, and Wishes of the Universe were offer'd solely to her; courting her Presence with Blandishments, hailing her Arrival, and soliciting her Residence. A Glance of her Eye reviv'd the Poor, comforted the Mourner, and let in a Dawn of Hope on the Broken-hearted.—In a Word, Power, Pomp, Riches, and Luxury of all Sorts, were coveted only for her Sake.—She gave them their Value, and, when she refus'd her Blessing, they instantly chang'd their very Natures, and became Corrosives, that, like the Vulture of *Prometheus*, prey'd on the very Heart of the Possessor.—The Names of these two potent Principles, were *Pleasure* and *Pain*; through every Climate, under all Dispensations, in all Ages, alike the Terror and Desire of Mortals!

These, therefore, it may be easily imagin'd, were the most interesting Figures in the various Scene before me; nor, in Spite of the Presence of the Thunderer, could I help acknowledging their Importance, or being sensible of their Power.—At length *Mercury*, by Command, gave out a Proclamation, that *Jupiter* being continually importun'd with a great Variety of im-

pertinent Prayers, was come down to grant his Creatures a general Boon, willing them to put up their Petition, and to render it as comprehensive as possible; since the God was in good Humour, and would give his Fiat to whatever they should agree to ask, without putting them to any Expence in Sacrifices, or Fees to his Priests.

An universal Burst of Applause succeeded to this gracious Declaration, and immediately the Assembly divided itself into Parties and Cabals, to consider how to make the wisest Use of the Golden Opportunity. Soon after which, as if one Soul had govern'd that huge Body, all Eyes were turn'd on *Pain*; now, as usual, busy in Mischiefs; and teaching them what to ask, by what they suffer'd.—*Pain! Pain is the universal Evil!* exclaim'd the Voice of the whole Earth; *Rid us of that, we ask no more! 'Tis she has defeated the benign Purposes of Heaven, blended herself with the whole Product of Nature, corrupted the very Elements we are form'd of, and made Life itself a Curse.*—*Whereas, once remov'd, the Heavens will be all Sun-shine and Star-light, the Ocean will smooth itself into Calms, and Earth convert itself into a new Elysium.* *Rid us of Pain, then, almighty Jupiter! In that one complicated Curse, is contained all we would deprecate! All we would avoid!*

As soon as their Petition was prefer'd, the God was seen to smile; and, giving his Assent, by the majestic Nod of Acceptance and Favour, *Pain* instantly disappear'd, and the whole Assembly, which was the Moment before agitated like the tumultuous Billows of the Ocean, remain'd fix'd and motionless as Statues: Not a Limb, not a Tongue, not an Eye was mov'd. Actions began, Sentences half utter'd, Thoughts in Embrio, all remain'd suspended: A dead Calm seem'd to benumb and stupify the whole Creation. *Pleasure* appear'd now to be connected by secret, and till then invisible Ties to her Sister *Pain*, and when one

one was remov'd, the other was compell'd to follow. These, then, were manifestly the Weights to the Machine, and of Course, were no sooner taken off, but all the Wheels stood still. As there was nothing to shun, there was nothing to desire : Conscious, and unconscious Beings were both reduc'd to the same Level : And if Animal Life remain'd for a while after, it was owing to the Impulse formerly given it, and would lessen, every Moment, 'till it stopt forever.

When this surprising, but affecting Scene had taken Place, methought the God, as sufficiently diverted with the Folly of his Votaries, by a second Signal, introduc'd the two *Sisters* again ; at whose Appearance the vast Wheel of Life renew'd its former Office ; and the late clamorous Petitioners seem'd more abash'd at their Error, than pleas'd to have it remov'd : Which the God foreknowing, explain'd himself thus.

Children ! I do not blame your Mistake, since I foresaw it was inevitable. Neither do I insult you with my Power or Wisdom, at the Expence of my Goodness or Justice. You are all my Creatures ; of Course equal in my Esteem, and I have exactly proportioned your Pleasures to your Pains. You cannot reproach sleeping Matter for being incapable of Pleasure, since 'tis equally free from Pain ; neither could Matter, if endu'd with Voice, insult your Pain, since 'tis recompens'd with an equal Sense of Pleasure. Fram'd as you are, Pain and Pleasure must both enter at the same Door : And that you so are fram'd, is a Proof you are fram'd aright.

At these Words, *Jupiter* and his Herald disappear'd, the Scene chang'd, and I found the World, at my Return, just as I left it.

INDEX to the TIMES.

YESTERDAY, Jan. 19, an *Extra Writer* made his Appearance, in that Hackney-Vehicle of M——r——l Dulness and Scurrillity, the *Daily-Gazetteer*; who by endeavouring to out-do all his Predecessors in Virulence, Tautology, and Invektive, would be understood to be a Person of Importance.— But in whatever Mint this base Piece was coin'd, it may deservedly be called one of the most flagrant Libels that ever was publish'd, to disgrace and insult a whole People. In the Introduction confidently asserting we are all *corrupt* alike: About the Middle, expressly declaring that there is no Way to support, and secure the Constitution, but by making a *Seat in Parliament, the Road to Preferment*, absolutely denying that there is any such Thing subsisting among us, as *Love of the Public*. And towards the Conclusion, ridiculously arguing we can be in no Danger from a venal M——j——y, because it is not to be imagin'd they will sacrifice themselves.— These and such like are his villanous Tenets; nay, are always the Tenets of this mercenary Paper, which is not only circulated with Impunity all over the Nation, but at the national Expence; as if together with our Lives and Fortunes, we ought to surrender our Understandings too, and pay for the very Tools employ'd both in forging and rivetting on our Fetters.

N. B. He speaks of 200000*l.* (tho' by the Way he makes as large Abatements as Com——y S——t, for prompt Payment) dispos'd of in Places annually among the Representatives of the People, as a Trifle; whereas our Ancestors declar'd the *Pensioner Par——t*, in the Reign of King Charles the Second, infamous
for

for having receiv'd little more than that Sum in three Years.

Men are very apt to esteem those their Masters from whom they receive their Wages. And, if the Honours and Privileges of Par——t, are no Consideration without so much ready Cash, into the Bargain, I believe the People are both ready and willing to pay their Servants themselves, as was the laudable Custom of old.

We hear 'tis become a *Fashion* to be *charitable*, and that the Ladies, greatly to their Reputation, are become as zealous in collecting for the Poor, as formerly in putting off Tickets for the Benefit of their Favourite *Fara-nelli*.

'Tis asserted, that all *Place-men*, *Demi-Place-men*, *Quarter-Place-men*, *Would-be-Place-men*, and certain Auxiliaries call'd *Job-men*, have been expressly summon'd to their Winter Quarters, from East, West, North, and South, without Excuse or Delay ; it being given out as a Spur, *That the Craft is in Danger*.

'Tis said, a new List of both Houses, with proper Distinctions, will be publish'd, soon after the Fate of the intended *Place-Bill* is decided. To which will be prefix'd this Motto, *Pro Aris, & Focis Ang. For the Loaves and Fishes*.



TUESDAY,



TUESDAY, January 22, 1739-40.

*Continuo Sentes Ultrix accincta Flagello
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra
Intentans Angues vocat Agmina sæva Sororum.*

VIRG.



HERE is a Set of Philosophers who have, it seems, in direct Opposition to that ancient Tenet of the Stoic School, that Virtue is the greatest Good, found out, that Virtue is the greatest Evil, and that the surest and indeed only Way to human Happiness is utterly to pluck up by the Roots that useless and pernicious Weed, which every where obstructs Men in all desirable Pursuits.

As it was the Aim and earnest Endeavour of the Stoics, and other Sects of the ancient Writers, to raise and elevate human Nature to the highest Pitch of Goodness and Virtue; these Philosophers have, with no less Pains, laboured to degrade and debase it to the lowest Sink of Iniquity and Vice. As the former had before them the Pattern of Divine Perfection, the Imitation of which they assiduously preached up to their Disciples and Followers, the whole Course of their Labours visibly tending to bring Mankind as near as possible to the Excellence of the Deity; so the latter have not scrupled to set before their Readers the Imitation of an infernal *Dæmon*, and drudged as heartily to level us with him.

What

What Advantage these Political Philosophers propose to themselves or the World from the Propagation of this Doctrine, is not easy to determine ; or why they should so strenuously endeavour to prove that true which they must at the same Time own, is highly our Interest to wish false, I cannot imagine. Was human Nature really as depraved, and totally bad as they represent it, surely the Discovery is of the same Kind with his, who with great Pains persuaded his Friend that a Wife, who had agreeably deceived him, and with whom he lived extremely happy, was false to him. A Man, upon whom such unwelcome Discoveries are intruded, may say with him in *Horace*.

*Pol me occidistis, Amici,
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas
Et demptus per vim Mentis gratissimus Error.*

An Evil which admits of no Remedy, a wise Man would surely wish to remain in Ignorance of. Surely a Person violently deformed in his Features, would have little Reason to thank one who officiously held a Glass to him ; nor is he more obliged to another, who tells him he is undoubtedly a Rogue in his Nature.

These Philosophers have carried on their War against Virtue two Ways. They have first, as much as in them lay, endeavoured to ridicule and extirpate all our Expectations of any future Reward in another Life ; and secondly, they have represented it as directly incompatible with our Happiness and Advancement in this. While one Part of this Tribe have been kicking our Religion out of Doors, another have as strenuously applied themselves to send our Morals after. We have seen Religion represented as a Grievance, and Vices very modestly called the chief Benefits to a Nation.

I shall not here enter into the Discussion of Points of so great Consequence, and which have been so often and so well proved as the Immortality of the Soul, and the Certainty of a future State. The Reader will find in *Tillotson*, and *Clerk*, sufficient Demonstrations of this Truth, sufficient Antidotes against all such Writings as I have above-mentioned. The Scope of this Paper is to prove, that these Writers would do a real Dis-service to Mankind, even supposing these Allegations were true, and Religion as false as they would have it imagined.

Was there no future State, it would be surely the Interest of every virtuous Man to wish there was one ; and supposing it certain, every wise Man must naturally become virtuous. How finely does the Stoic argue,

*If there's a Power above us.
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
In all her Works, he must delight in Virtue.
And that which he delights in must be happy.*

What a glorious, What a rapturous Consideration must it be to the Heart of Man to think the Goodness of the Great God of Nature concerned in his Happiness? How must it elevate him in his own Opinion? How transported must he be with himself? What extatic Pleasure must he feel in his Mind, when he presumes that his Ways are pleasing to the All-powerful Creator of the Universe? How transporting must be the Thought that he is look'd on with Favour by the mighty Being, in whose Will is all Goodness and Benevolence, and in whose Power is all Existence and all Happiness? If this be a Dream, it is such a one as infinitely exceeds all the paltry Enjoyments this Life can afford. It is such a Delusion as he who undeceived you might be well said *Occidere & non servare*, to destroy, not preserve. How cruel would it be in a Physician

ficant to wake his Patient from Dreams of purling Streams, and shady Groves, to a State of Pain and Misery? How much more cruel then is this pretended Physician of the Mind, who destroys in you those delightful Hopes, which, however vain, would afford such a Spring of Pleasure during the whole Course of your Life.

And supposing that the Deist, nay the Atheist, could carry his Point, supposing that the Belief of a future State, nay of a very Deity, could be rooted out of the World, and Men could be brought to believe that this vast regular Frame of the Universe, and all the artful and cunning Machines therein were the Effects of Chance, of an irregular Dance of Atoms. Suppose the Atheist could establish his Creed (a Creed abounding with many greater difficulties to human Understanding than any religious one whatever) nay, suppose the Deist could establish his, that we could believe the Deity a lazy, unactive Being, regardless of the Affairs of this World, that the Soul of Man, when his Body dieth, lives no more, but returns to common Matter with that of the Brute Creation, where would be the Advantage accruing to us? What Misery would be banished out of the World? would Men be the happier or better for this Knowledge? What would be the Consequence of this? Why then Mankind might be left to pursue their Desires, their Appetites, their Lusts, in a full Swing and without Controul. The Ambitious, the Voluptuous, the Covetous, the Revengeful, the Malicious, steering clear of human Laws only, without any Fear of being called to a future Account, might feast and glut their several Passions with the most delicious Re-asts they could procure. How little productive of Happiness this would be, I shall hereafter enquire; but let us, for the present, grant with the Deist that the Almighty slumbers on his Throne, that the Soul of Man is as mortal as his Body, nay, is a Part of his Body, or whatever else he pleases to have it.

it. Nay, further, let us give to the Athiest himself that creating Power which he denies any where else, let him make his Heroe, and endow him with Beauty, Health, and Vigour, let him form him for the utmost Delights with Women, and gratify him with the finest Dainties that the Gardens, or the Shambles of *Venus* can produce ; let him, if he please, compliment him with all the other Passions in the same Perfection, and glut him with the same Luxury ; yet will he, I am afraid, be forced to own all his Pleasures infinitely inferious to those exquisite Raptures which the coolest Enthusiast in Religion enjoys.

What Advantage therefore to Mankind can the Deist propose, by endeavouring to rob him of these Delights, however ill-grounded they may be, nay, what Amends can he make us for so doing ?

Put suppose, as Dr. *South* observes, the contrary should be the Case and Religion not that mere Bugbear some represent it.

What will be the Case then ? How innocent have been the Swords of the Conquerors and Destroyers, the Heroic Murderers and Butchers of Mankind, in Comparifon with a profligate Pen ? How wholesome are the most poisonous Drugs and Venom of Serpents compared to his Ink ? What Applause, what Reward can attend his Labours, but the dreadful Consideration

To glad all Hell with Numbers he has damn'd ? C

TIS confirm'd, that a Spanish Privateer had the Boldness to take one of our Ships off the Bay of *Lisbon*, in the Sight of several of our Men of War; none of which, it seems, thought it their Duty to attempt to recover the Prize, or chastise the Enemy.

'Tis added, that one of our Articles, contain'd in the late Memorial presented by the Merchants trading to *Portugal*, relates to a certain Commander's having refus'd to convoy the Ships homeward bound from *Lisbon*, till what he thought a proper *Consideration* was pay'd down on the Nail.

N. B. The rest of the Exploits of Admiral *Haddock*, and of all the Commanders now upon the Cruize; as likewise of the Marines, the 6000 *Danes*, and the Standing Army on both Establishments, shall be faithfully inserted, as soon as they come to Hand.



THURSDAY, Jan. 24, 1739-40.

— *Vis rectè vivere? Quis non?*
Si Virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omiffis
Hoc age Deliciis.

HOR.



Do not remember a more noble Sentiment preserved to us in the Records of all Antiquity, than what is contained in a short Sentence of *Plato*, which I have often seen quoted. 'That could 'Mankind behold Virtue naked, they 'would all be in Love with her.'

Seve-

Several of the Philosophers, as well as primitive Fathers, and some modern Divines, have dressed her up in such disagreeable Colours, have represented her to be of so rigid a Nature, and so difficult to be attained, that they have frightned the weaker and more indolent Part of Mankind from her Embraces, while these have either despaired of Success in the Pursuit, or fancied such intolerable Penances, as they were unable to undergo in her Possession.

A certain Sect, whom I mentioned in my last Paper, taking Advantage of this frightful Figure, in which, Virtue was set forth, turned the Arms of ridicule upon her, and endeavoured to persuade Mankind, that this outwardly disagreeable Mistress had as few Charms within. That, however ugly she appeared in that Dress, wherein her Advocates had exhibited her, she had really put on her best Face; that those hidden Beauties which they talked so much of, were nothing more than Chimeras of their own Brains, or at least Forgeries only devised to impose upon and cheat the Multitude. In Opposition to whom, they tricked out and adorned with all possible Shew and Splendor, a very fine, young Lady, who they assured the World was full as charming within as without, and ten Times a more valuable Conquest than that Mistress for whom they had sighed so long.

Some of these Gentlemen acted in a more disguised Manner, never telling any the Name of this Mistress they so commended, while others grew bolder, threw off her Masque, and were not ashamed to declare, that Vice, to every wise Man, was infinitely preferable to Virtue. That every Man who intended to advance himself in the World, or to be great and happy, must make his Addresses to the former; that Thirst and Hunger, Whips and Chains, were the only Boons which Virtue bestowed on her Admirers. That her Favour was the sure Road to Misery, and that those in whom she most delighted, she made most unhappy.

In

In Consequence of this, several Treatises were written, shewing how Men might attain the full Possession of the former Lady ; or, to drop the Allegory, Rules were prescribed to make us complete Rogues.

And yet, if we examine this Matter thoroughly, if we strip Virtue and Vice of all their outward Ornaments and Appearances, and view them both naked, and in their pure, native Simplicity, we shall, I trust, find Virtue to have in her every Thing that is truly valuable, to be a constant Mistress, a faithful Friend, and a pleasant Companion ; while Vice will appear a taudry, painted Harlot, within, all foul and impure, enticing only at a Distance, the Possession of her certainly attended with Uneasiness, Pain, Disease, Poverty, and Dishonour.

Virtue is not that coy, nor that cruel Mistress she is represented. Nor is she of that morose and rigid Nature, which some mistake her to be. If she loves Retirement, and is more safely preserved there, still she will accompany you in Cities, in Courts, and in Camps. Ambition itself, if moderate, she will countenance, she will not indeed permit you, by all Means whatever, to rise and advance yourself ; yet she has been known to raise some to the highest Dignities in the State, in the Army, and in the Law. So that we find Virtue and Interest are not, according to *Pho-tinus* in *Lucan*, as repugnant as Fire and Water. Besides how much more desirable is Preferment acquired by virtuous, than that obtained by vicious Means. The virtuous Man, for the most Part however, enjoys his Preferment with a Security of Mind, with Safety, and with Honour. Whereas the Man, who by base and dishonest Means hath raised himself to Power, stands as it were on a Pinacle, exposed to every Wind, fearful and disquieted within, hated and pursued without. His Power seldom lasting, always uncertain, and generally sure to end in Ruin and Dishonour.

Nor

Nor hath the virtuous Man less Advantage in the Ways of Pleasure. Virtue forbids not the satisfying our Appetites, Virtue forbids us only to glut and destroy them. The temperate Man tastes and relishes Pleasure in a Degree infinitely superior to that of the voluptuous. The Body of the voluptuous Man soon becomes impaired, his Palate soon loses its Taste, his Nerves become soon unbraced and unfit to perform their Office : whereas, the temperate Body is still preserved in Health, it's Nerves retain their full Tone and Vigour, and convey to the Mind the most exquisite Sensations. The Sot soon ceases to enjoy his Wine, the Glutton his Dainties, and the Libertine his Women. The temperate Man enjoys all in the highest Degree, and indeed with the greatest Variety : For human Nature will not suffice for an Excess in every Passion, and wherever one runs away with a Man, we may generally observe him sacrificing all the rest to the Enjoyment of that alone. The virtuous and temperate Man only hath Inclination, hath Strength ; and, (if I may be indulged in the Expression) hath Opportunity to enjoy all his Passions.

Poverty is so far from being enjoined us by Virtue, that Parsimony, which she expressly prescribes, is a certain Way to Wealth. Indeed she suffers us not by any base or mean Arts, by imposing or preying on others, to rush, as were, into immense Fortunes, The Consequences of which, we may observe, to be always either spending them again in a Manner as detestable as they were amassed, or forfeiting them to that Justice which we injured in the getting them, or becoming absolute Slaves to them. The last of which is of all Circumstances the most miserable. There is scarce any Trade, any Profession in Life, which will not abundantly supply the industrious Professor. If we search to the Bottom, we shall find the moderate Acquisitions of Industry and Honesty more productive of
Hap-

Happinefs, than all the Plunder with which Fraud, Rapine, or Violence can enrich us.

It is needlefs to run through any other Instance, we fhall find in all, that Virtue indulges us in the Ufe, and preserves us from the Abuse of our Paffions. That it is always the Refult of Wifdom, as Happinefs will be always the Refult of Virtue.

Vice cheats us with the Appearances of Good, while Virtue only gives it us in Reality. Honour, Pleafure, Wealth, are only found under her Conduct. Vice plays the Courtier with us, it flatters, and promifes, and deceives. Virtue is more referved, lefs liberal to us on a flender Acquaintance ; but when we prove ourfelves worthy her Favours, ſhe is always profufe in beftowing them.

And this is ſhe that hath been represented in ſo rigid and odious a Light by ſome of her own Advocates. That hath been pictured as ſuch a Tyrant, requiring Things almoſt impoſſible to be performed, and forbidding us other Things from which it is as difficult to abtain. This is that Virtue which wanton Wits have ſtrove to ridicule, and wicked Sophiſters have argued to be ſo contrary to our worldly Intereſt ; whereas, her Commands are moſt eaſy, and her Burthens light ; ſhe commands us no more than to be happy, and forbids us nothing but Deſtruction. In ſhort, her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantnefs, and all her Paths are Peace. C

INDEX *to the* TIMES.

THIS Day it is ſaid, a Motion will be made for limiting the Number of Place-men in the Houſe of Commons ; agreeable to the Senſe of ſo many Cities, Shires, and Boroughs, expreſs'd in their Inſtructions to their Members, the preſent critical Situation of the Public,

Public, and the very nature, Design, and End of a free Representation of the People.

'Tis reported from *Paris*, that *Cardinal Fleury*, seems to think the Voice of the People of *England*, still of some Moment, by his taking Pains to convince them, by the Means of Lord *Waldegrave*, that the Neutrality of his most Christian Majesty was really to be depended upon. ——— Which if true, is a Compliment from a Foreign Minister that we never receiv'd from our own.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

The Legion-Authors in the *Daily Gazetteer*, having had the Rashness to fall foul of a Pamphlet, lately publish'd, call'd, *A State of the Rise and Progress of our Dispute with Spain*, there is no great Need of speaking much in its Recommendation. If it had not been founded on Facts, carefully collected, and aptly introduc'd, if it had not detected our Bunders, and expos'd our Pusillanimity; if it had not given us a frightful Abridgment of Impositions on one Hand, and Concessions on the other: Ignominious Concessions to those who injured us, and as ignominious Artifices to deceive those we ought to have aveng'd! If it had not plainly trac'd this Mistry of Iniquity to the Bottom, and treated Commissaries, Embassadors, and Ministers, in the Cavalier Manner, this odious Conduct deserv'd, these Creatures had not been let loose to mangle what they could not refute, or murder Common-Sense in Defence of Measures now universally exploded by the whole Nation. Nothing being a more certain Indication of Truth, than their Opposition, or of Merit, than their Calumnies.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The *Bettula*, *Collins*, bound from *London* to *Lisbon*.
And the *King George*, *French*, from *Dublin* to *Rock-
fort*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.



SATURDAY, January 26, 1739-40.

*Dixero quid si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi Juris
Cum Venia dabis.*

HOR.

To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,



YOU have lately surpriz'd the World by
two very elaborate, (not to say dull)
Essays upon Virtue. Who would have
expected, or who indeed can bear such
pious and moral Declamations from the
Mouth of Capt. *Vinegar*?

Quis tulcrit Gracchos de seditione querentes.

It would have been much more consonant with your former Character, to have taken the other Side, and have given a final Kick to this Lady, whose Nudities it seems, *Plato* was so delighted with. I know not whether she may be so fond of appearing naked in these colder Climates, but I am sure she will always leave her Followers so.

My Lord *Bacon*, somewhat a greater Philosopher I think than yourself, was so far from attempting to establish real Virtue, (and let me tell you she had then a little better Footing than at present) that he only endeavour'd to recommend her Shadow. He advis'd Men only to wear the Mask of those Virtues which were nearest allied to their Vices; the covetous Man to affect Thriftiness; the Prodigal Liberality; the Coward Humility; the rash Man Valour; and so of the rest.

This is indeed arguing like a wise Man, like a Man who understands the World, and the Way of living in it. This is such philosophical Diet, as a Man may grow fat by feeding on. No chimerical System, which hath starved all its Professors, which favours of the romantic Tub of *Diogenes*, and would soon reduce us to be glad of a Tub to live in.

I shall not here attack the former Part of your Apology for Virtue, where you speak of another World. That Subject, I hope, hath been pretty satisfactorily handled already by some modern Free-Thinkers. I cannot, however, help observing, how aptly you use the Word *Dream* on this Occasion. And if you have a Desire to dream on, or to talk in your Sleep, as we are well convinc'd you did in the beforementioned Essay, far be it from me to wake you. Dose yourself as you please, good Captain, but distribute not your Opiates through the Nation; for when you do, I shall always apply proper Antidotes. I shall not be afraid of your Club, whose ridiculous and miraculous Power, *Credat Judeus Apella non ego*.

I come now to the second Part of your Apology, where Virtue is very modestly asserted to be not only consistent with, but necessary to worldly Interest. Here you set out very bravely indeed, noble Captain, with shewing us how considerable a Prop she is to Ambition, how necessary to the acquiring or keeping Preferments. As you have not been so good as to tell us what Preferments you mean, I will suppose in your Favour, they may be at Court. Indeed, if we consider the Characters and Conduct of those Gentlemen among us, who are, at present, so happy to possess these, we may be, perhaps, inclin'd to come into your Opinion. Yet it is certain, that several Writers of your own Side have thought Courts a Soil wherein this Plant of Virtue seldom grows to any great Height. I must own, indeed, that as few of these Writers have appear'd lately, the Court-Soil may have been improv'd since the Times of the Stoics, and Virtue may flourish better there now than formerly it did. But whether this Plant, like some others, may not change a little of its Nature with its Soil; whether the Virtue that is necessary to Court-Preferments, be not another Sort of Virtue from that which *Plato* was in Love with; whether there be not some particular Virtue proper for a Gentleman, as King *Charles II.* said of Religion; or whether, as *Horace* tells us, that as Vice often puts on the Mask of Virtue, so Virtue may not sometimes put on the Appearance of Vice, I shall not determine. Perhaps, certain Qualities and Actions may be Virtues in a Courtier, which are Vices in any other; we know shedding Blood is accounted laudable in a Soldier, as it is his Profession; Forgetfulness of Promises, Treachery, &c. may therefore, have the same Title to be praise-worthy in the Courtier. Lastly, which I think the strongest Argument of all, as it is a Maxim in Law, that the Fountain and Head of a Court can do no wrong, this Incapacity of doing wrong, may probably descend to all who belong to a Court; and thus a vicious Person can

be never preferred there, because he is no longer vicious than 'till he is pefer'd.

But I shall dwell no longer on this Article, since I think I can easily confute you on the other Heads. And if I can once prove the Court to be the only Place where Virtue thrives, if I can drive her to that Retreat, I shall leave her in that good Company with all my Heart.

You have asserted, that Pleasure consists in Temperance. But, I suppose, you will agree that it has no great Affection for Hunger, or Thirst, or Cold : And these, Sir, are Misfortunes which Virtue can in no wise hinder you from. Virtue is a Sort of Cash, unknown to the *Butcher*, the *Baker*, the *Draper*, the *Taylor*. If a Man carries nothing but Virtue to Market, he will, I am afraid, carry nothing else from it. Nor are the virtuous Pleasures which you allow us with Women, to be purchased by this Coin. The gravest Parent would listen very little to the Catalogue of a Man's Virtues, if he brought no Rent-Roll with him ; nor would he easily prevail with the young Lady to run away with him, by any such Charms. If *Plato*, and an Ensign of the Foot-Guards were to be Competitors for a Wife, the Philosopher would stand as ill a Chance in the Lady's Eye, as he would in her Father's, was a rich Country-Squire, or City-Alderman, his Rival. Money must purchase him Pleasure, and Virtue will scarce purchase him Money. A very virtuous Man may starve in *Westminster Hall*, or among the fair Traders in the City, while the Gentleman who would take Fees in any Cause, or sometimes on both Side of the same Cause ; and the Trader who swears solemnly that he gets nothing by his Silk at a Crown a Yard, and sells it afterwards for four Shillings, will be pretty sure of growing rich. And Riches are the Way to Honour as well as Pleasure. Nay, the very Titles, which are peculiar to Virtue itself, are usurp'd by Riches. What is the Meaning of a good Man in the City, but a rich Man ;

Man; or a bad Man, but a poor one? Will not Riches, even at Court itself, procure a Man a Title, and does not a Title endow him and his Successors with Honour? Human Happiness is surely plac'd in being rich, and Riches are not procured by Virtue. How they are procur'd, I shall shew you in a future Letter. You may as well publish these my Lucubrations yourself; for, if you do not, I shall carry on the Controversy in some other Paper; and I know one very fit for my Purpose: For whatever Paper is carried on for the Support of Corruption, will not stick at proclaiming War against Virtue.

I am, &c.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

BY a great Variety of Articles from *Spain* and *Italy*, relating to the Chevalier de St. *George* and the late Duke of *Ormond*, one would think, at first Sight, that the Court of *Spain* had really a Design to invade us. But upon a nearer Examination, they must appear no better than *Political Puffs*. For if the *Spanish* Fleet dare not look one *British* Squadron in the Face; nay, hardly believes itself safe, tho' surrounded with Fortifications, how shall it be able to force its Way thro' the whole Navy-Royal of *England*, and at the same Time, cover the almost innumerable Transport Vessels, necessary for a Descent on this potent Island? Or, say 'twas possible that *France* could be so perfidious as to join them, notwithstanding so many solemn Declarations to the contrary, in almost all the Courts of *Europe*, the necessary Preparations could not be made for so great an Enterprize, without giving us the Alarm; and with such

a Fleet, and such an Army to oppose them, none but Madmen could hope for Success; unless assur'd that we ourselves, were so much our own Enemies, as to open our Arms to receive them. But of this there is not the least Appearance. No Man being so desperate as to expect Redress of *Grievances* from *Spain*, or *free* Parliaments from *Rome*.

In the *London-Evening-Post*, we find the following Letter, said to be written by a *Representative* to his *Constituents*, in Answer to certain *Instructions* receiv'd from them, with Regard to the *intended Place-Bill*, which, instead of containing such Expressions, as might be expected from an *Attorney* to his *Principal*, much nearer resemble those of a *Lord* to his *Vassal*.

To the Worshipful the Mayor of ———.

S I R,

I N Answer to yours of the 23^d of last Month, as I have the Honour to be one of your Representatives, I shall always be ready to take your Directions in every Thing brought into Parliament, wherein your Corporation is particularly concern'd; if I am convinc'd that it is for the Benefit of it. But in Matters of a general Nature, you'll allow me to judge what is best to do, a Confidence I take to be repos'd in every Member of Parliament by their Electors.

As to what your Letter refers to, I don't know of any such Bill to be brought in, more than common Report; if there is, when I see how it is fram'd, I'll act therein as I think most for the Good of the Public.

Who am, Sir,

Your most faithful Servant.

The

The *Gazetteer* of Yesterday, having had the Impudence to assert, that in the *Righteous Reign of the Stuarts*, as he is pleas'd to express himself, no such wonderful Care of the Public was ever thought of, as the present Expedient of a Place-Bill, 'tis thought proper to reprint *once more* a Resolution of the House of Commons, December 30, 1680, in the Reign of Charles the II^d.

Resolv'd. *That no Member of this House shall accept of any Office or Place of Profit from the Crown, without Leave of this House, nor any Promise of any such Office or Place of Profit, during such Time as he shall continue a Member of this House.*

On Jan. the 24th, about 1 o'Clock, the Frost, which for a while before seem'd to relent, resum'd its Rigour; not like a Sovereign, but a Tyrant; making the proudest tremble, and lording it over the Elements, according to its own arbitrary Will and Pleasure, which has occasioned the following Query: *Whether the Church should not calculate a Form of Prayer for warm Weather, as well as wet and dry.*

In one of the Papers of the same Day, an humorous Article is introduc'd, signifying, that Application will be made to Parliament, for a Bill, to set up a Turnpike, to mend the Roads thro' *Fleet-street*, and oblige the City Officers to do their Duty; and some busy People, having mov'd, for employing the Standing Army, after the Manner of the *Romans*, in Works of that Nature, it has been reply'd: *That the People of ENGLAND never desire to see their Soldiers of any Use at Home.*

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

In Sight of several *English* Men of War, the *William*, Capt. Love, bound from *Cork* to *Lisbon*.

Like to be taken by the ENGLISH.

A *Spanish* Privateer, drove by Strefs of Weather into *Waterford*, in *Ireland*.



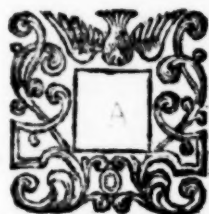
TUESDAY, January 29, 1739-40.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyris & Carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*

JUVENAL

To Captain HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,



S I have, I think, in my former Letter, sufficiently overthrown all your Arguments in Defence of Virtue, which I therein proved entirely incompatible with our worldly Interest. I here send you, according to my Promise, some Instructions whereby a Man may arrive at that Pitch of Grandeur and Honour in the World, which you so falsely suggested to be attainable in the Roads of Virtue.

The first Quality which every Man ought to be possessed of, who promises himself to make any Figure in this Hemisphere, is the Art of Lying. This Word, as it regards our Interest, however it came to be scandalous I will not determine, comprehend Flattery and Scandal, a false Defence of ourselves, and a false Accusation of other People.

It hath been laid down as a Maxim, that a Liar ought to have a good Memory. This I take to be a Blessing, which if not born with a Man, is not easily attained. Such as think it is, I shall recommend to that excellent Treatise call'd *Memoria Technica*, and
other

other Books which they may find of the same Nature.

First, a Lie ought never to be improbable; several Liars, who might have made a very creditable Figure in their Country, have been blown up at once, and destroyed by one too bold Stroke. I have seen more fail in this Profession from too great Forwardness, than the contrary Excess: For in this Calling, as in no other, a Man should avoid a Reputation of excelling in it if he would turn it to any Advantage. There are some Persons so famous for this Art, that their very mention of a Story is sufficient to destroy the Credit of it. These can only scandalize by praising. It will be proper always to have some Regard to public Notoriety, *A—gyle's* Valour and Dignity, *Ch—ld's* Wit, or *D—ton's* Politeness, will not be so judiciously call'd in Question. Such Lies as these should, if possible, be avoided. But this regards only the Le scandalous; if you come to the Le panegyric you need set no Bounds.

*It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best Things be said o'th' worst.*

Here the Assent of the World is of no Consequence to you; your Patron believes himself, and that is sufficient. You may lay on Honour and Beauty, and all Manner of Virtues as thick as you please, you are not to consider what he is, but what he should be, or what he would be thought. Those are the Perfections you are to compliment him with, and you will scarce ever fail of Success.

But, however fearless a Liar may be of being contradicted by others, he should always take especial Care not to contradict himself. Indeed, in being of both Sides the Question, he must quit his Occupation, and dabble in Truth to which he ought always to be a professed Enemy. Yet, if he sees it for his Interest,

provided there be some tolerable Intervention of Time, (not less than three Months at least) he may abuse the same Man for Vices which he has not, whom he had before complimented with Virtues that he had not. But this requires great Caution.

In spreading false News, especially Defamation, Care should be taken in laying the Scene. Thus he may, with great Intrepidity, at *London*, report any Adventures from any Place a hundred Miles distant. If he confines himself to this Town, he should at least lay the Scene of his Action at one Part, and report it in the other.

A fourth and last Precept, which I shall here lay down, is never to publish any Lie in the Presence of one who knows the Falseness of it. This, besides its rendring it of no Effect, may possibly lead the Liar into some Inconveniencies.

The second Quality which equips a Man out for Preferment is Impudence, some indeed have called it the first. This Quality, or some Degree of it at least, should be born with a Man, but as many are so unfortunate as to bring a very slender Share into the World with them, I shall communicate such Measures as are most proper to be taken in order to the attaining it.

And first, as a neighbouring Nation, how justly I will not affirm, are famous for this Excellence, it would not be amiss to have the Child suckled by an *Irish* Nurse, whence it may very regularly be conveyed to a *French* School-master. At the Age of Twelve at farthest, let him be put to some Attorney, or rather Solicitor. As the Place of his Education ought to be in this Town, let him go at all leisure Times to the Play-House, especially when some of noted Assurance act; if he could have the Liberty of going behind the Scenes, it were better, where he might have an Opportunity of conversing with the Actresses, who are generally great Mistresses in this Science.

ence. On *Sundays* he should be sure to frequent the Oratory. After he has been about two Years with an Attorney, it were good to make him a Page at Court, or Ensign of the Foot-Guards, he may here perform his Exercises at the Play-House and Oratory as before: It may be proper also for him to frequent a *French* Ordinary, and if he paid now and then a Visit or two to *Westminster-Hall* in Term Time, it were not amiss. Particular Care should be taken to keep him out of the Way of all Manner of Learning, which hath been found too apt to render Men modest. Persons who know the most, being always most diffident of themselves. The only Schools he should therefore frequent are the *French* School as above, a Dancing-School, and that celebrated School of Mr. *James Figg*, where he will meet with the best and properest Company. I believe, if these Rules were strictly observed, we should see very few fail of arriving at this Excellence, which how necessary it is to our Preferment need not be here explained. It is that with which no Man can fail, and without which no one can succeed. So true is that of *Hudibras*,

*For he that has but Impudence,
To all Things has a just Pretence.*

How many Persons have we seen make considerable Figures in the World by this Endowment only?

But it is possible for a Person to be too impudent, at least to be improperly so. When a Man is once sure of being thoroughly an Adept in this Science, that is, of having utterly banished all Shame, he may then trust himself with the Affectation of Modesty; for he is most truly and happily impudent, who is so without appearing so. The impudent Person, as well as the Liar, must succeed under the Disguise, the one of Truth, and the other of Modesty. It may indeed be sometimes proper to throw off this Mask, but then

great Care is to be taken to whom he is impudent. If he carries it no farther than putting a modest young Lady out of Countenance in a public Assembly, provided she has no one by to defend her, or to the roasting a Man of real Merit without Assurance ; to mix, without any Invitation, in the Company of Men infinitely his Superiors, or bear off, or, as others call it, put a good Face on his own notorious Rogueries, I think it may be allowed him ; but he must take Care not to mistake his Man, or even his Woman. I have known the impudentest of all Fellows put to shame by a pretty Repartee from a fair Lady, whom he had attempted to confound ; and the same Person very severely used by one of his own Sex, for exerting that Talent on him. In short, Impudence is a Horse, to which, if you give the Reins too loosely, he will be apt to run away with you ; but being well ordered and governed, will never fail of carrying you to the Top of your Wishes.

A third Ingredient in our Politician must be Ingratitude. He must know no other Tye but his Interest, to which he must at any Time be ready to sacrifice his Party or his Friend. He is to consider all the World as a Set of designing Rogues, and all Obligations conferred on him as done with a View to the Doer's own Benefit, and that his was the least consulted in them ; but if any Obligation should appear to be of such a Nature, that it is impossible to attribute it to any of these Vices, he is then to look on the Person who conferred it as a simple Fellow, to ascribe it to his Weakness, and instead of valuing, to despise him for it. This a Man must have the Seeds of in himself, and cultivate by Conversation in the World. There are some Men of such milky Natures, as Lady *Mackbeth* says in *Shakespear*, that it will be difficult to bring them to this Height of Perfection ; but such Men I reject, as utterly incapable of ever coming to any Thing, and proper only to be your Disciples.

A Man once thoroughly indued with these three Qualities of Lying, Impudence, and Ingratitude, will, I believe, scarce want any other Titles to Preferment and Grandeur. As for Bravery, tho' some have succeeded well with it, who have had no other Virtues as it may lead him into Scrapes and Inconveniencies he had better be without it; let him stick close to these I have prescribed, and I fear not but he will soon look down on all those who pursue such Romantic Schemes as you have advanced. I am,

S I R,

Yours, &c. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

Certain QUERIES.

1. **H**AVE not the present Set of State-Mercenaries, *ordinary* and *extraordinary*, uniformly asserted, that the Complaints, prefer'd against their Patron, were the Clamours of a *Faction*, not the Voice of the *People*?
2. Do not the *People* now speak for themselves, in their *Instructions* to their Members?
3. Is not the Sense of the Inhabitants of *London*, *Edinburgh*, *York*, *Bristol*, *Salisbury*, *Worcester*, *Gloucester*, and many other principal Towns, beside those of several Counties, to be esteem'd the Sense of the Nation?
4. Do not the said Instructions not only complain of, but demand Security against the dangerous Underminings of *Corruption*?
5. Can any Set of Men be truly *Representatives*, unless they answer the Intention, of their *Constituents*?
6. Were not all the Articles of the Act of Succession,

on, suppos'd to be equally inwove with, and secur'd by the Constitution?

7. Is not the said Act, the Basis of the present happy Establishment.

8. Is it not provided in the said Act, that no *Place-men* shall have a *Seat* in *Parliament*?

9. Have not the People, an incontestable Right to insist upon the said Act's, being put into full Force?

10. If the *Limitation* propos'd, should be overrul'd, have the People any Share in the L—v—e left?

11. And if they have not, is there any other but a *nominal* Difference between *one*, and *five hundred*?

'Tis reported, that the present exorbitant Price of Coals will be represented to our Superiors, as a Grievance, that both deserves, and demands Redress.—*It may be said, the Fire of London is burning still, since a great Part of the Duty on Coals owes its Rise to that Calamity: Being first granted for the Re-building of St. Paul's; and then continued for the erecting 50 new Churches: But at present, it may be presum'd that Piety has nothing more to do with it.*

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

M. Hill, the Author of a Thing call'd *Orpheus*, has answer'd the *Answer* of Mr. Rich to his Preface; and, if abundance of Abuse and Invektive are of any Weight, he has much the best of the Argument. The Title-Pages of both these Answers are written in Plain English—*Out of thy own Mouth shalt thou be judg'd, thou wicked Lyar*, says Mr. Rich. *An Answer to the many plain and notorious Lies, advanc'd by Mr. John Rich*, says Mr. Hill, So that if we give Credit to the Evidence on both Sides, 'tis difficult to ascribe the *Truth* to either.

Journal

Journal of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

A Dutch Ship laden with English Goods.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.



THURSDAY, *January 31*, 1739-40.

ADVERTISEMENT.



R. S. *Susan Ribbon*, gives Notice, that she sells Gentlemen's Muffs of the newest Fashion, being neatly finished with white Ermine at the Ends, and equally fit for young Gentlemen or Ladies.

She hath likewise provided a large Quantity of Short-cloaks against the approaching Encampment, most of them quite new, and the others worn only by the most celebrated Toasts about Town. She hath some of a thicker and warmer Sort proper to carry to Sea, for Marines.

The best Field-Toilets are likewise to be had at the same Place, together with Campaign Boxes, consisting of Tooth-Powder, Pomatum, Lip-salve, and Sal-volatile.

N. B. Gentlemen may be provided with very neat Fans against the Summer, by the same Person.

INDEX

INDEX to the TIMES.

ON *Tuesday* Night between 11 and 12 o'Clock, a *Negative* was put on the Motion for a Bill to limit the Number of *Place-Men*, sitting in the House of Commons. — The Division was 222 against 206. So that this *great Point* was carry'd but by a Majority of Sixteen.

Those incorrigible *Hacknies* the *Gazetteer - Legion*, have again shew'd the disqualifying Placemen to sit in the House of Commons is a *Novelty*; though the Resolution of the said House to that Effect, *Anno Dom.* 1680, has been *twice* publish'd in this Paper: And though such a disqualifying Article is one of the Fundamentals of the Act of Succession, which may be aptly call'd the *Magna - Charta* of the present Times.

Whereas, it is given out that a certain Miniature-Writer has a pyritical Design to plunder us of our *military Journal*, and engrave it, like the Lord's-Prayer, within the Compass of a Crown Piece; this is to warn him to proceed at his Peril, it being our Design to publish it in Folio, with proper Embellishments,

By SUBSCRIPTION,

Which will be solicited by the Hawkers, from the Hero's of *Hyde-Park*, and their Admirers as soon as the intended Camp is form'd there.

JOURNAL OF THE WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The Polly Norman, and the Totness Bursel, both from *Newfoundland*, for *Lisbon*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.

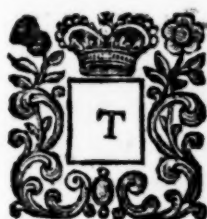
SATURDAY,



SATURDAY, February 2, 1739-40.

Totum in eo est, ut imperes tibi

Cic. Tusc. Q. Lib. 2.



THE Conquest of one's self is justly preferred by wise Men to that of Armies and Kingdoms. This is that Courage which is so ardently recommended in our Religion, and which, however passive it may be in Regard to others, is extremely active with Respect to one's self. Whoever carefully surveys his own Mind, will find sufficient Enemies to combat within ; an Army of obstinate Passions that will hold him in tight play, will often force his Reason to retreat ; and if they are at length subdued, it will not be without much Labour and Resolution.

This is a War, which cannot fail, I think, of affording great Pleasure to the Victorious, but is attended with infinite Danger to the Conquered. We have seen Empires and Kingdoms raising themselves again after the most entire Defeats. *Rome* soon retrieved her Loss at *Cannæ*, and *France* hath repaired the Rout of *Hockstet* : But in this War of the Mind, if Reason once lose a Battle, once suffer an absolute Overthrow, we seldom, if ever, see her exert herself again. A triumphant Passion is an active Conqueror, never failing to improve the Victory, nor stopping, 'till it hath perfectly subdued and rendered itself absolute Master of the Mind.

And

INDEX to the TIMES.

ON *Tuesday* Night between 11 and 12 o'Clock, a *Negative* was put on the Motion for a Bill to limit the Number of *Place-Men*, sitting in the House of Commons. — The Division was 222 against 206. So that this *great Point* was carry'd but by a Majority of Sixteen.

Those incorrigible *Hacknies* the *Gazetteer - Legion*, have again shew'd the disqualifying Placemen to sit in the House of Commons is a *Novelty*; though the Resolution of the said House to that Effect, *Anno Dom.* 1680, has been *twice* publish'd in this Paper: And though such a disqualifying Article is one of the Fundamentals of the Act of Succession, which may be aptly call'd the *Magna - Charta* of the present Times.

Whereas, it is given out that a certain Miniature-Writer has a pyratrical Design to plunder us of our *military Journal*, and engrave it, like the Lord's-Prayer, within the Compass of a Crown Piece; this is to warn him to proceed at his Peril, it being our Design to publish it in Folio, with proper Embellishments,

By SUBSCRIPTION,

Which will be solicited by the Hawkers, from the Hero's of *Hyde-Park*, and their Admirers as soon as the intended Camp is form'd there.

JOURNAL OF THE WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The Polly Norman, and the Totness Bursel, both from *Newfoundland*, for *Lisbon*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.

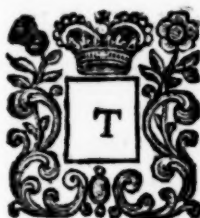
SATURDAY,



SATURDAY, February 2, 1739-40.

Totum in eo est, ut imperes tibi

Cic. Tusc. Q. Lib. 2.



HE Conquest of one's self is justly preferred by wise Men to that of Armies and Kingdoms. This is that Courage which is so ardently recommended in our Religion, and which, however passive it may be in Regard to others, is extremely active with Respect to one's self. Whoever carefully surveys his own Mind, will find sufficient Enemies to combat within ; an Army of obstinate Passions that will hold him in tight play, will often force his Reason to retreat ; and if they are at length subdued, it will not be without much Labour and Resolution.

This is a War, which cannot fail, I think, of affording great Pleasure to the Victorious, but is attended with infinite Danger to the Conquered. We have seen Empires and Kingdoms raising themselves again after the most entire Defeats. *Rome* soon retrieved her Loss at *Cannæ*, and *France* hath repaired the Rout of *Hockstet* : But in this War of the Mind, if Reason once lose a Battle, once suffer an absolute Overthrow, we seldom, if ever, see her exert herself again. A triumphant Passion is an active Conqueror, never failing to improve the Victory, nor stopping, till it hath perfectly subdued and rendered itself absolute Master of the Mind.

And

And, since we have seen such dreadful Instances of the Tyranny of these victorious Passions, what severe Tribute they exact, how cruelly they torture those who submit to their Yoke, it will be, I am persuaded, found our Interest to stand to the Battle manfully, to give no Ground to the Assailant, nor Quarter to the Retreating. We can be guilty of no Cruelty in the Pursuit of these Enemies; forasmuch, as we are certain they omit none when the Fight inclines to their Side. The severest Slavery imposed by Men on one another is light, in Comparison of that under an overbearing Passion.

Seeing, therefore, that this Contention is so absolutely necessary, and at the same Time so difficult, it is well worth our while to fortify ourselves against such Attacks, to consider by what Means we may best resist the Impulse of these dangerous Enemies, and arrive at that Perfection which hath been recommended by the wisest of Antiquity, and fulfill that glorious Precept *vince teipsum*.

As it behoveth every Prince, before he enters into a War, to examine his own Force, and strengthen himself with the best and most powerful Alliances. So it is the Interest of this our Warrior to study well the Strength of his own Mind, and to borrow all the Assistance which Philosophy can lend him on this Occasion.

I have been often surprized, that among all the Divines and Philosophers, who have declaimed on this Subject, few or none have laid down any good Rules for the attaining so desirable a Conquest. The former have ascribed all to Grace, and the latter to that consummate Virtue of the Stoics, which was able to do all Things. They have both trumpeted out much on this Head, and sufficiently demonstrated the great Glory of our Self-Conquest. But, by their Leave, this is acting little unlike to a Physician who should sing forth the Praises of Health, when he should prescribe

scribe Men the Method of attaining it; or a Guide, who instead of shewing him the Way to *London*, should entertain a Traveller with the great Beauty and Magnificence of the Place.

I shall therefore attempt here to lay down some Rules whereby we may proceed to the attaining what I think needs no Recommendation to the Pursuit of.

The OEconomy of the Body hath been often compared to that of the State, so may also that of the Mind; as a just Ballance of Power can only support any Degree of Liberty in a Political Constitution, so must the exact Ballance of the Passions preserve Order and Regularity in the Mind. It is therefore the Business of every Man, carefully to consider to what Side the Scale leans, otherwise he will be hurried away before he is aware, and perhaps, while he comforts himself that he is neither hurtful, nor covetous, nor cruel, Pride is imperceptibly, getting the Ascendant over him, and laying such a Foundation for universal Empire in his Mind, as it will be afterwards difficult for him to destroy.

This Self-Examination is by no means easy to be well executed: A Man may be thoroughly acquainted with the Policies of the World, may be a perfect Master of the Interests and Designs of all the Princes in *Europe*, and yet an utter Stranger to what is doing in that little State within his own Breast. It is a Knowledge perhaps of all the most difficultly attained. Our Passions are subtle Politicians, and when they find the Man on his Guard, will act in the most cunning and disguised Manner. It hath been observed, that we often mistake the Actions of others, as good or Evil from not knowing the Springs whence those Actions proceed: But what if we are as great Strangers to the Springs of even our own Actions! If we mistake Avarice for Parsimony, Profuseness for Liberality, Pride for Honour, and so of the rest! This is a Deceit which our Passions often put upon the most cautious

tious, and against which we ought to be daily on our Guard.

When the Enemy is thus discovered, we must not be lazy or backward in opposing him. It is easier to obstruct a Foe in his Landing, than to attack him when drawn up in Battle array, or to drive him successfully out of the first Trench than out of the last. Every Inch of Ground gives fresh Courage to him that advances, and takes it from him that retreats. It is well said, *he that looketh on a Woman, so as to lust after her, hath already committed Adultery with her in his Heart.* For, not to understand this, according to the generally supposed Meaning, that the least Degree of Vice gives a Taint to the Mind, it will be always found much easier to resist the first Impression of Evil, than to root it out when it hath got the least Footing. No Passion attacks us at first with that Violence, which it afterwards assumes. It steals imperceptibly into our Minds, and seldom declares itself till certain of the Victory.

Nothing can conduce more effectually to our Defence against these Invasions, than a right Knowledge of the Methods which our Passions take in attacking us. The most usual Way is, I believe, to dazzle our Eyes by the immediate Glare of the Object before us, so as to hurry us on to Action, without giving our Understanding Leisure to consider and weigh the Consequence. Lust especially acts in this Way. I have heard the most abandon'd Libertines, when they have been drawn into the least cool Consideration, confess their Folly, and condemn themselves. Indeed, if a Man would set before his Eyes the Ideas of Pain, Disease, Dishonour, Poverty, Death, and all the frightful Ideas of those Miseries, which the least Indulgence of this Passion will almost certainly bring upon him, he must be very fool-hardy to give way to it; but he is allured and charmed with the Hopes of the immediate Possession of a desirable Object, with the Satisfaction of the

the most violent of all Desires ; he looks not beyond the present Moment which promises him perfect Happiness. Could his Reason say to him.

*Aspice, namque Oculis quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hæbetat visus, clauditque videre
—— Nubem eripiam.*

He would scarce fall into the Snare. — Did a Man, when first attacked by Avarice, consider the eternal Watchings, Care, Fear, Heart-achs, all the Pains and Terrors which that Passion must infallibly bring upon him, he would be safe from its Dominion ; but his Passions have dazzled his Reason, with shewing the beautiful Objects near and in a full Blaze, while the other Ideas are kept at a Distance, and out of his Sight. Revenge, which Dr. South calls, *the most delicious Morsel that the Devil ever dropped into the Mouth of a Sinner*, works strongly in this Way. If a Man once dare consider and make use of his Reason, this Passion, unless in very depraved Natures, loses all its Force. Pride, which is a subtle and alluring Flatterer, is of all the most necessitated to this Way of Proceeding. Pride indeed is not only obliged to hide from us the Evils which attend her, she must also hide a Man from himself ; for did he once consider his own Mind, and the wretchedness of his Condition ; did he compare himself with others ; nay, with the very Beasts of the Field ; I believe, most of us would laugh this ridiculous Passion out of our Minds. I shall mention but one more, which acts in a contrary Manner from all the rest. They strive to allure and flatter us into Compliance, but Fear is a blustering Bully, and endeavours to frighten and terrify us into Obedience. And this, however, by Methods as vain and as deceitful as the rest ; and which require us only to exert our Reason to subdue : For, if we examine thoroughly the Evils with which it threatens us, and those it cer-
tainly

tainly brings upon us, we shall find the latter to be much the heavier and greater of the two. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

NO less than 124 Members were absent when the Fate of the *Place-Bill*, for this Session was decided; *Who will no Doubt, make a third Column in the intended List, under the Head of INGLORIOUS NEUTERS.*

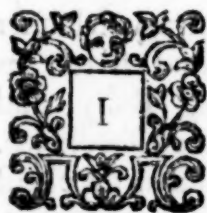
In Yesterday's *Gazeteer*, sign'd *R. Freeman*, was inserted a dull, canting Panegyric on a certain Right Rev. Prelate, and a few Months ago the said Right Rev. Prelate was libell'd in as dull a Satire, by the very same Author: 'tis true, it was only circulated in Manuscript among his Friends, and never became public, because no Body thought it worth transcribing.



TUESDAY, February 5, 1739-40.

Jurgatur Verbis.

HOR.



I WAS wak'd this Morning by a very great Noise, which, in my first Confusion, I imagined to have been Thunder; but, recollecting it was a Season of the Year when that rarely happens, I began to think the great Guns were firing on some public Solemnity; till at last, I was very much surpriz'd, and I believe the Reader will be so too, to understand

understand that this dreadful Hurricane was nothing more than my Wife *Joan*, who was laying about her with great Vigour, and exercising her Lungs on a Maid-Servant for the Benefit of my Family.

This good Woman is one of those notable Housewife's, whom the careless Part of the World distinguish by the Name of a Scold: This musical Talent of hers, when we were first married, did not so well agree with me. I have often thought myself in the Cave of *Æolus*, or perhaps wished myself there on Account of this Wind-Music; but it is now become so habitual to me, that I am little more alarmed at it, than a Garrison at the Tattoo or Reveille; indeed, I have, I thank God, for these 30 Years last past, seldom laid myself down, or rose up without it; all the Capitulations I have made are, that she would keep the Garrison-Hours, and not disturb my Repose by such her Performances.

It hath been remarked by some Naturalists, that Nature hath given all Creatures some Arms for their Defence; some are arm'd with Horns, some with Tusks, some with Claws, some with Strength, others with Swiftneſs, and the Tongue may, I think, be properly said to be the Arms which Nature has bestow'd on a Woman.

This Weapon, however harmless it may appear, is generally found sufficient, as well for all offensive as defensive Purposes. I think it is the wisest of Men that says, *Beware of an evil Tongue*. A Scold is very often dreaded by her whole Neighbourhood, and I much question whether my Wife's Tongue be not as great a Terror to all her Acquaintance as my Cudgel can be.

The Wisdom of our Legislature seems so sensible of the Danger of this Weapon when wantonly used, being indeed little less than a Sword in a Madman's Hands; that, in certain Districts, they have erected over Canals a wooden Stool, wherein, the Offender being

being placed, is to be very severely duck'd ; which Kind of Punishment, as it stops the Mouth of the Scold, so it also seems to intimate the Violence of this Weapon, whose Force, like that of Fire, can only be extinguished by Water.

Dr. *P.* in his Natural History of *Staffordshire*, gives the following Account of the Method of curing Scolds at *Newcastle* and *Walsall*, ' Which Method
' (says he) so effectually, and so very safely does it,
' that I look upon it as much to be prefer'd to the
' Ducking-Stool, which not only endangers the Health
' of the Party, but also gives the Tongue Liberty
' 'twixt every dip ; to neither of which this is at all
' liable : It being such a Bridle for the Tongue, as
' not only quite deprives them of Speech, but brings
' Shame for the Transgression, and Humility there-
' upon, before 'tis taken off. Which being an In-
' strument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here
' presented it to the Readers View, Tab. 32. Fig. 9.
' as it was taken from the Original one, made of Iron,
' at *Newcastle* under *Lyme*. Wherein the Letter *a*,
' shews the jointed Collar that comes round the Neck ;
' *b*, *c*, the Loops and Staples, to let it out and in,
' according to the Bigness and Slenderness of the Neck ;
' *d*, the jointed Semi-circle that comes over the Head,
' made forked at one End to let thro' the Nose ; and
' *e*, the Plate of Iron that is put into the Mouth, and
' keeps down the Tongue. Which being put upon the
' Offender by Order of the Magistrate, and fastned
' with a Padlock behind, she is lead round the Town
' by an Officer to her Shame ; nor is it taken off, 'till
' after the Party begins to shew all external Signs
' imaginable of Humiliation and Amendment.' I
am very sorry I have not an Opportunity to give
my fair Readers, and particularly my own Wife,
a Representation of the Figure refer'd to, in this
Paper, but shall advise all who may be any wise
concerned to consult it in the Doctor's Book, as I ap-
prehend it may tend very much to Edification.

A certain ingenious and learned Gentleman, some Years since, published a very elaborate Treatise on *The Art of Altercation or Scolding*, wherein he proved, much to its Honour, that the Gods, Goddesses, and Heroes of the Ancients, were great Proficients therein, and produc'd several Passages from *Homer* and others, where *Juno, Venus, Pallas, &c* fight (to express myself in a proper Language on this Occasion) very handsome Bouts thereat.

For my own Part, I cannot help thinking that several very good Effects are produc'd from this Practice. My Wife *Jean* tells me, that, on going into any Family, we may easily see, by the Regularity and Order of Affairs, whether the Mistress of the House be a Scold or not; to which perhaps the old Adage concerning the best Mustard may allude.

A very ingenious Clergyman of the Church of *England* hath assured me, that he found a very sensible Alteration (for the better) in his Parishioners, upon the Settlement of a very excellent Scold among them. Whatever Vice or Enormity any in the Parish were guilty of, they were very sure of hearing it, as the Proverb says, *On both Sides of their Ears*, by this good Woman; who, the Doctor very pleasantly assured me, did more towards the Preservation of good Manners by these daily Lectures which she exhibited *Gratis* in the Streets, than he could by all his Sermons in the Pulpit.

I believe, it hath been often found, that Men, whom the Preservation of their Healths and Fortunes, nay, even the very Terror of the Laws could not restrain from Extravagancy, have owed their Reformation to a *Curtain-Lecture*. I do remember, when I was a young Fellow, to have heard a Man excuse himself for retiring early from his debauch'd Companions, by saying, *Gentlemen you know I have a Wife at Home*.

Nor is this Practice as it hath been represented, confined within the Precincts of *Billingsgate*, or the lower

Orb of People only. There are Scolds of all Ranks and Degrees, and I have known a Right Honourable, who could be heard all over a large Palace to her Praise with great Facility.

Notwithstanding what has been here said, it is very certain, that this, as well as other Customs, however good in itself, hath sometimes been used to evil Purposes, and that a too sonorous Tongue hath often made a pretty Face a very disagreeable Companion. On such Occasions, I have known several Devices practised with good Success, nor do I think I can sufficiently applaud the Ingenuity of a certain Gentleman, who used to accompany his Wife's Voice with a Violin, thereby turning what another would have esteem'd a harsh Entertainment into a very agreeable Concert.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

A List of *English* Ships taken by the *Spaniards* since the War has been publish'd at *Utrecht*, which already amount to 47; valued, together with their Cargoes, at 936750 Piaſtres, or Pieces of Eight. Against all which, we, the Sovereigns of the Sea, have the Honour to place the two *Caracca* Ships, and certain small Wares besides.

Florence, Jan. 23. Mr. *Henriquez* the Apostolic Commissary at *St. Marino*, has declared in the Name of his Holiness, and much to his Honour: *That his Holiness desired nothing but the Advantage of the Republic, that he would confirm its Privileges, and re-establish its ancient Liberty.* In consequence of which, he assembled the different Orders of the Republic, to know the Disposition of each. And, tho' the 60, which compose the Council, had been put in by *General Alberoni*,

Alberoni, 56 swore Fealty to Liberty, and only Four to the Court of *Rome*. Even the very Clergy likewise took the Part of Liberty, and the Chiefs of the Commonalty; insomuch that the Affair is esteemed in a Manner, decided.

A strange Instance of Liberty recover'd, and Power relinquish'd by the Successor of St. Peter!

On Saturday a general Thaw being apprehended, and many Ships speedily expected to set Sail (some of which had been freighted these *three Months*, but retarded for want of Protections and Convoys) our Merchants were Thunder-struck with a new Embargo. *Of which more may be said at some other Opportunity.*

'Tis remarkable, that Trade has been only under a nominal Restraint in all the Ports of *England*, except *London*; and that to *humble the City* is, in certain Places, become as favourite a Phrase, as *Delenda est Carthago* was of old.

We are told, that, in former Times, a Loan being refus'd by the City, it was threaten'd, in Revenge, to remove the Court to *York*. To which the then Lord-Mayor had the Sense and Courage to reply. *We hope they will leave the Thames behind them.* Q. Whether E——s do not remove the River?

Notwithstanding the Report of some important Expeditions being on the Point of taking Place, 'tis certain the Commissioners have as yet hir'd no Transport-Vessels: They demanding every Ship to be fitted out at a very extraordinary Expence, yet refusing to indemnify the Owners, in Case Affairs should take a different Turn, and the intended Embarkation be thought no longer necessary.

In last *Saturday's Gazetteer*, 'tis asserted, with the Modesty peculiar to that Paper, *That the Writers who spirited up the War, now publish the bitterest Invectives against it.* Which is such a glaring Falshood, that one would think no Man could be Fool enough to flat-

ter himself it could obtain Credit. But here lies the Artifice: That Paper is circulated *Gratis*, where no other is suffer'd to appear; and, granting all the Readers within the Bills of Mortality are convinc'd of its Knavery, many, who live more remote from public Business and Controversy, are not aware of such a frontless Deceit; and, by the Help of a Comment upon the Text, by the Exciseman, or Parson, believe every Man, who dips a Quill against the Administration, is descended in a right Line from *Guido Faux*, or one of the *Papishes* who began the Fire of *London*.

On the late Earl of SCARBOROUGH.

*With the best Virtues of a private State,
With the best Talents of the truly Great,
In Courts he liv'd; without one slavish Fear,
Nor lost the Briton in the British Peer.
Honour'd and lov'd by all the World beside,
One Man accus'd him, and the Base One ly'd.*

JOURNAL OF THE WAR.

From *York*, we hear the Inhabitants are so martially dispos'd, and flock so fast to be dubb'd *Gentlemen* in Colonel *Robinson's* Regiment of Marines, that the Officers begin to grow more delicate in conferring that Honour: Chusing none but such as are fit for the *Levitical Priesthood*, without Spot or Blemish.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The Expedition, Capt. *Barker*, drove by Distress of Weather on the Coast of *Galicia*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

N O N E.

THURSDAY,



THURSDAY, Feb. 7, 1739-40.

— Veniunt a Dote Sagittæ.

JUVENAL.

To Mrs. JOAN VINEGAR.

MADAM,



Know not any one Person to whom the unhappy and injur'd of your Sex may more properly apply for Relief, than to yourself. The Interest you must be suppos'd to have in that invincible Champion Capt. *Hercules Vinegar*, who seems resolv'd, with his victorious Pen, to lash Mankind into Humanity, hath thrown it happily into your Power to contribute to the redressing all the Injuries we suffer from Mankind; whom nothing will so effectually reform, as that Dread which they have of your Husband, when he hath once declared himself our Champion. I beg, therefore, Madam, you would be so good as to represent to him my unfortunate Case. About six Years ago, I was left a Widow in the 30th Year of my Age; and, as I think, the Prime of my Life, in the Possession of a Jointure of about 800^l. a Year, and a considerable Sum of ready Money in my Pocket. This, after the Shock which I really bore at the Loss of none of the best of Husbands, made my Estate pretty comfortable, and I began to be

esteemed in as happy a Condition, as any Woman in the Country. The Time being once past, wherein Decency obliges us to distinguish ourselves by the outward Dress of Mourning, I soon receiv'd several Offers from the neighbouring Country Gentlemen, who seem'd to think the Situation of my Estates so convenient for them, that they were willing to purchase at the Rate of maintaining a Wife at a very moderate Expence out of them. My Fortune was too easy already to make me listen to any Match, merely on the Account of Riches, and as these Lovers did not attack me with any other Baits, I found it no very great Difficulty to withstand them. Besides, Madam, I will own to you, I had that foolish Desire which too frequently prevails among us, of making a Blaze in the World, and enjoying the Triumph of a Crowd of well-dress'd Admirers, the certain Portion of every young Widow who is tolerably handsome, and can support any Figure in the Town. With this foolish Ambition I came up to *London*, where I insensibly fell into the full Possession of what I desired. I became the general Mark of Admiration among the Men, and Envy among the Women. I receiv'd the Bows, the Sighs, the Ogles of the Beaus, as so much Homage due to my Beauty, which made me still more sensible of my own Merit, but gave me no Impression of their's. My Heart remain'd quite free and unengag'd, Oh! that it had still done so! but alas! it was my Fate to be acquainted with that too false, too artful, and too agreeable *Bellarmino*. He soon made me perceive that my Heart had held out unhurt against many Attacks, not so much from the invincible Strength of the Fortrefs, as from the Weakness of the Assailants. *Bellarmino* is possess'd of a Talent, against which few Women can be secure, of making you pleased with him, by persuading you that he has a sincere Passion for you; at the same Time that he makes you more pleased with yourself, for possessing those many Excellencies,

lencies, which he insinuates could only make an Impression on a Heart, hitherto so secure from the Charms of the whole Sex. To this, with a most agreeable Person he join'd the most vigilant Affiduity. I could scarce cast my Eyes any where but I saw him. At Court, Assembly, Opera, Play, Park, still *Bellarmino* was before me, still entertaining me. In short, I was soon convinc'd that he was the most agreeable Man in the World, and had the sincerest Passion for me. This warmed my Heart to a generous Disregard of his Circumstances ; I considered only his Merit, and thought of nothing more than how to reward it. I married him. To prevent the foolish Ceremonies of Visits on this Occasion, and to enjoy one another's Conversations undisturb'd, we retired immediately into the Country. Here his Behaviour to me was so full of Fondness, his Conversation so full of Tenderness, his Looks, his Words, his Actions, so kind and so obliging, that I began to think myself the happiest Woman upon Earth. All ridiculous Notions of Power and Triumph vanish'd from my Mind, and my whole Thought were bent on nothing, but how to add continually to his Happiness, who was so entirely the Cause of mine. But how many Years do you think, Madam, this Scene continued ? Truly no longer than three Months. At the End of which, he told me a Journey to *London* would be very requisite to settle some Affairs there. As he said, his Stay would be short, I did not sollicit to be taken with him, though I proposed to myself no other Pleasure till his Return, than what the daily Expectation of it could afford me. The tender Sentiments which he had so often expressed to me, while we were together, still surviv'd in his Letters ; but alas ! these grew less and less frequent, as the Length of his Absence made the Uneasiness of my Mind more and more require their Consolation. When I press'd his Return, he grew cool, and answered that Business must be prefered to Pleasure ; with other in-

dious Reflections of the same Nature, which are the severest Insults on a passionate Affection. Six Months had now past, when he return'd; alas! who return'd? Not the fond, the tender *Bellarmino*. No, a cold, peevish, cruel Husband; nothing that I could say or do had Power to please him. All the little Efforts of Fondness, which had once so many Charms in his Eye, were pish'd at and term'd Folly. He found Fault with every Thing. His Dinners were always ill-contriv'd and ill-dress'd; happy was the Man who married a good Housewife. When I had spent a whole Morning at my Toilet to please him, Lord, I was the awkwardest Creature; such a Thing was ungenteel; I look'd wretchedly; and a Thousand other Upbraidings, which Ill-Nature generally couches under the Name of Advice, though they are really said with no other Design than of giving Pain to the Person they are spoken to. But alas! this lasted not long neither; for, in one Fortnight, Business call'd him away again, and he left me big with Child, and in the Company of an old Aunt, who was every Day throwing in my Teeth, the Folly I had committed in so disadvantageous a Match. In vain I solicited him to suffer me to go to Town. No, such Journeys were expensive, we were young and likely to have a great Family, and must take Care not to starve our Children.——It was now that my Eyes began to be open'd, that I look'd with Horror on my dreadful Condition, that I repented that giddy Fondness which had thrown myself and my Fortune into the Power of a Man who now hated and despised me. It will be more easy than pleasant for a good-natur'd Reader to guess how I passed my Time till my Lying-in was over. During which Time, tho' near two Months distance, I received no more than two Letters from *Bellarmino*, one of which I shall here transcribe.

MADAM,

MADAM,

I Receiv'd your Letter, in which you say, the Melancholy of your Mind is no very good Physic for your present unhappy Condition.——Your Condition is such as all Wives must expect, and I think the Trouble you bear of bringing Children into the World, is a slight Ballance of what we bear in providing for them. I am surprized you should want Money again so soon, and wish you would lessen your Expences. I cannot help saying, that the keeping a Midwife in the House, is a monstrous Extravagance. I laugh at your telling me, that some Wives, in your Case, would come to *London* without Leave; you very wisely add, that nothing, but the last Extremity, shall force you to such Measures. As for my leaving this Town; at present it is impossible, nor do I see of any Service I can be to you.—— I shall always do what I think my Duty. But the foolish Fondness of a Wife shall never over-rule the Reason of,

M A D A M,

Your affectionate Husband,

And Humble Servant,

BELLARMINE.

Guess, Dear Madam, for Pity's Sake guess, the terrible Effect this Letter had on me, written from a Man for whom I had done all in my Power; to whom I had given my Person, Fortune, all; sent to me at such a Time, in such Circumstances: But I will not try to ag-

M 5

gravate

gravate them.—I recovered from that Danger, to which Nature has render'd our Sex only liable ; but alas ! to what did I recover, but to experience greater Scenes of Misery, continual fresh Instances of *Bellarmino's* Cruelty and Ingratitude : For I have certain Information, that, while I am supporting here a miserable Life without Company, without Conveniencies, nay, almost without the Necessaries of Life, my Husband is wasting my Fortune in the Arms of a Strumpet. My Aunt, who has the Captain's Papers constantly sent to her, has advis'd me to this Application to you. For Heaven's Sake try if you can prevail on the Captain, with whom you have such visible Power, to attempt something in my Favour—A Word or two of his may do much, and since the publishing this Letter in his Paper may have some Effect, I hope that will not be denied to,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient,

And Humble Servant,

AMANDA.

C

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE *Four-Column-and-three-Quarter-Letter*, sign'd R. Freeman, in a late *Gazetteer*, has put the Public in Mind of the Answer of a *Spartan* King, to a tedious, declamatory Speech made by a *Samian* Em-

Embassador.——Sir, the Conclusion of your Speech was so long, that we have forgot the Beginning.

A certain noted *Chemist*, having found out a Way to extract an admirable *Soporific*, from the Writings of the said Author and his Brethren, is resolved to dispence it *Gratis*; that what is, at present, a public Charge, may, at last, become a public Service.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

In the Beginning of the Week, a Poem was publish'd, call'd *Hobbinol*, or the *Rural Games*; which we are told in the Preface, is a *Satire against the Luxury, the Pride, Wantonness, and quarrelsome Temper of the middling Sort of People*; and, by the Invocation, appears to be written in Imitation of the *splendid Shilling*.

The Reputation which the Author justly acquir'd by his Performance call'd the *Chace*, will unquestionably bespeak the public Prejudice in Favour of every Thing he produces: But the Reputation of an Author ought not to dazzle the Judgment of the Reader; and if a Tale is ill imagin'd, poorly conducted, and abruptly broke off; if the Characters introduced, are tame and insignificant; the Adventures they are engag'd in trivial and uninteresting; and above all, if the Vein of Humour does not flow from the Heart; but appears affected, forced, unnatural, and unentertaining, 'tis not a Pomp of Diction, the artful Blinds of frequent Similitudes, or here and there a shining Passage, can make us amends, or hinder a Verdict. 'Tis humbly mov'd, therefore, that all these Particulars may be candidly examin'd before our Set of Rhiming Panegyrists (who have no other Way to ascend *Parnassus*, but by clinging like Burs, to the Skirts of their Betters) are suffer'd to dose away, and oblige us to swallow every Thing impos'd on us, because gilded over with the Words *Fortune* and *Establish'd Character*.

CANTO 1st, P. 9.

———— On the large Bough
 Of a thick-spreading Elm Twangdillo sits :
 One Leg on Ister's Banks the bardy Swain
 Left undismay'd ; Bellona's Lightning scorch'd
 His manly Visage, but, in Pity left
 One Eye secure. He many a painful Bruise
 Intrepid felt, and many a gaping Wound,
 For Brown Kate's Sake, and for his Country's Weal.
 Yet still the merry, Bard, without Regret,
 Bears his own Ills, and with his sounding Shell,
 And comic Phyz relieves his drooping Friends.
 Hark, from aloft his tortur'd Catgut squeals,
 He tickles every String, to every Note
 He bends his pliant Neck, his single Eye
 Twinkles with Joy, his active Stump beats Time,
 Let but this subtle Artist softly touch
 The trembling Chords, the faint, expiring Swain
 Trembles no less, and the fond, yielding Fair
 Is rewedded into Love. ————



SATURDAY,



SATURDAY, *February* 9, 1739-40.

—*Quaecunque Viris, vobis quoque dicta, Puellae,
Credite,*

OVID. REM. AMOR.

Mrs. JOAN VINEGAR Greeting.



U R whole Family was highly alarmed this Morning by the Captain having, with a very angry Voice, commanded the Cudgel to be taken down. As I am the only one who dare look him in the Face on these Occasions. I, in a very humble Manner, and with Tears in my Eyes, begged him to tell me the Cause of all that Passion with which he appeared to be so inflamed; or why, he had order'd the Cudgel to be unchained. At first, his Eyes seemed to chide me for being so inquisitive, but, having taken two or three Turns, and cooled himself, as is his Custom, with a huge Dram of Brandy, he took me tenderly by the Hand, and spoke thus;

‘ Will you wonder, my Dear, at the Cause of my
 ‘ ordering down the Cudgel, when you hear that I
 ‘ have read the Letter you had so just a Reason to de-
 ‘ sire to publish. Can you imagine that I am insensi-
 ‘ ble of poor *Amanda's* Wrongs, or that I will suffer
 ‘ such a Villain as her Husband to pass unpunish'd?
 ‘ It was, *Mrs. Vinegar*, for the Correction of such Of-
 ‘ fences as these, which our imperfect Laws have pro-
 ‘ vided no Remedy against, that I entered upon that
 ‘ Office, with which I have honoured myself, and
 ‘ which

‘ which I have hitherto, with such Glory, executed.
 ‘ Besides, when I first declared myself a Champion, I
 ‘ had an especial Regard to the Defence of the beau-
 ‘ tiful Part of our Species, whose Weakness is too of-
 ‘ ten injured by the usurped Power of our Sex. Believe
 ‘ me, they shall never be oppressed with Impunity
 ‘ while Capt. *Vinegar* lives. — Bring me the Cudgel,’
 — At that Word, I threw myself at his Feet, and en-
 treated him to suspend, at least, the Execution of his
 Wrath. I told him, I was far from trying to excuse
 the Crimes of *Amanda*’s Husband, but that I feared,
 the Zeal which he had always shewn for our Sex might
 hurry him too far, that we ourselves were often high-
 ly deficient in matrimonial Duties ; and lastly, I beg-
 ged him, before he took that terrible Weapon in his
 Hand, to read the following Letter, which I delivered
 to him, and, at last, prevailed with him to run thorough.

To Mrs. JOAN VINEGAR.

Madam,

I AM a young Woman, very few Months more than
 five and twenty, and am married to a Man several
 Years older than myself. This, Madam, you must
 know, I consented to contrary to my Inclinati-
 ons ; I cannot say I was forced, having been entirely
 Mistress of myself ; but can affirm, that I was over-
 persuaded by my Acquaintance, who all urged the
 vast Advantage which would accrue to me by his infi-
 nitely superior Fortune. Now, Madam, as I married
 him entirely on that Account, I think it is very rea-
 sonable I should enjoy it ; but alas ! I might as well
 have been tied to the poorest Wretch on Earth, for any
 Benefit which arises to me from his Riches : He con-
 fines me, almost nine Months in the Year, in the Coun-
 try, where, at least two whole Days in the Week, I
 have not one human Creature, besides himself, to con-
 verse

verse with. We have been miserable these six Years, and in all that Time would you believe it, Dear Mrs. *Vinegar*, I have been but twice at *Tunbridge*, and three Times at the *Bath*. Tho' it is very well known, that he has an Estate of 1200 *l.* a Year, and there is a Widow Lady, whose Seat is in our Neighbourhood, who, with a Jointure of half that Sum, goes regularly every Season from *London* to *Tunbridge*, from *Tunbridge* to *Bath*, and from thence to *London* again. In short, she has not spent three Months at her Seat since I have been her Neighbour. Not long ago, on my complaining to him of the dull, stupid Life we led, he had the Assurance to tell me, he thought a Woman might spend some Part of her Time amongst her Children (for I have had four by the odious Creature); and yet, notwithstanding, I think it very plain by this ill Usage, that he hates me entirely, and I assure you, I am not one Bit behind-hand with him; such are our Laws, that is impossible for me to obtain a Divorce. What shall I do? Dear Mrs. *Vinegar*, order the Captain to cudgel him soundly, and I assure you, any Favour in my Power shall be granted him in Return, by

His and your humble Servant

FLANTINELLA.

P. S. He need not bring his Cudgel with him, for I can supply him with one.

Having read this Letter, he stood for some Time silent, but, at last, recovering his former Countenance, 'Well, Child, says he, I own you have here a convincing Proof, that Wives have their Faults as well as Husbands; but sure, you will not say, that the Foibles of *Flantinella* excuse the Crimes of *Bellar-mine*.'—No, my Dear, replied I, but I may be allowed to think, that the Foibles, as you gently term them,

them, of *Flantinella*, reach very near to those of *Bellarmino*, and perhaps that they do not exceed them is not her Fault. I find her every Way a Libertine to the utmost of her Power ; or, am I certain that *Bellarmino* is not in some Light the less culpable ? From the Confession of *Amanda* we may conclude, that her Husband had at her Marriage a real Passion for her, tho' it afterwards changed to another Object ; whereas, *Flantinella* never appears to have had any Liking to her Husband either before or after their Marriage ; she frankly owns that his Riches were the only Incitements to her Consent. Indeed, they are in the End both equally criminal, both ungrateful to their Benefactors, both working the Misery of those to whom they owe all their Happiness. And, I think, it were to be wished, that there were some Law to punish the Fortune-Hunters of both Sexes, who seek to advance themselves by Marriage, without any Regard to the Happiness of the Person through whom they effect it. I would inform *Bellarmino*, that when the charming *Amanda* preferred him to her Crowd of Admirers, and threw herself and Fortune, all into his Power, without any other View, than what I think a very reasonable one in any who confers a Benefit, of meeting a Return of her Affection for him. I say, I would inform Mr. *Bellarmino*, that he received at that Time at her Hands, almost the greatest Obligation which it is in the Power of human Nature to bestow. What then must his Ingratitude be, who is the Cause of making this Creature, to whom he is so infinitely obliged, the most miserable of her Species ? But then you will own, my Dear, that the pretty *Flantinella* has been no less obliged, nor is she less guilty of Ingratitude. Wherefore, I humbly beseech you, that if you are resolved to cudgel *Bellarmino*, I may apply the same to *Flantinella*. Tho' if I might be permitted to advise, as all severe Proceedings only leave wider these Wounds ; (For when Love must be the Remedy, harsh Methods must

must be in the highest Degree hurtful :) Leave them a while to ponder on what has been here said ; which, with your Permission, I will To-morrow give the Public. Perhaps, a Review of their Vices, together with the Terror of your Arm, may reclaim them ; at least, it will not be too late, should these Methods fail, to apply Force at last ; for Severity loses not its Strength by Delay. The Captain, upon this, smil'd, and embracing me affectionately, said, ' My dearest Joan, ' who art an Instance of the Truth of that excellent ' Proverb of the Wise Solomon, *Who so findeth a Wife, ' findeth a good Thing, and obtaineth Favour from the ' Lord.* Heaven was industrious for my Happiness, ' when, to allay the vast Impetuosity of my Temper, it ' gave me the prudent Coolness of thine ; I will suffer ' myself to be over ruled by your Reasons ;' and immediately he gave Orders to have the Cudgel chained up again. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

Yesterday Truth made her Appearance, for the *first Time*, in the *Daily Gazeteer*, which very justly expos'd the unreasonable Demand of advanc'd Prices at the Theatres for old Entertainments, and Exhibitions of the R. Family.

So little Business is done at the *Custom-House*, that 'tis fear'd the Clerks will forget their Cunning : And, as to Money, 'tis so seldom seen there, that a certain Projector is hard at Work upon a Scheme to secure the Payment of their S——s.

The Stagnation of foreign Trade, begins already to affect our Manufactures at Home : Those Tradesmen who us'd to pay 40 or 50 *l.* per Week, Journeymen's Wages,

Wages, now not paying above five or six : Whence 'tis easy to account for the daily Encrease, both of the Numbers and Calamities of the Poor.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

Short, occasional Essays, on the Follies, Vices, Humours, Controversies, and Amusements of the Age, have been esteem'd both so useful and entertaining, that not a Library in the Three Kingdoms, and scarce a Lady's Closet is without those great Originals, the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. — And that no subsequent Pieces have obtain'd the like Success, is perhaps, as much owing to an Opinion, that those Volumes had exhausted all the Wit and Humour the Subject was capable of, as that the Merits of *Steel* and *Addison* are above Comparison or Imitation.

But there's a Sort of Craft attending Vice and Absurdity, and when hunted out of Society in one Shape, they seldom want Address to re-insinuate themselves in another. — Hence the Modes of Licence vary almost as often as those of Dress ; and consequently, require continual Observation to detect and explode them a-new. — There is Room, then, for other Papers to shine, as well as those quoted with so much Deference and Honour above, and 'tis an Affront to the Nation, to imagine its whole Stock of Genius depended on any two Lives whatever. Those justly celebrated Gentlemen have, certainly, a Claim to be plac'd at the Head of *this* Table of Fame, but the Door ought not to be shut on their Successors. And, among them, *The Free-Thinker* has a legitimate Title to be introduc'd the *Foremost*.

In the Volumes under that Title is contain'd a great Variety of Discourses on Subjects not touch'd, or but slightly by the two Accomplish'd Masters, his Predecessors ; some handled with Wit and Pleasantry, some with great Force of Reason, some with the Charms
of

of Eloquence and Persuasion, and all with the strictest Regard to Politeness, good Sense and Virtue. There are in particular certain Papers on Government, Laws, Religion, Enthusiasm, and Superstition, which are admirable, and many short Pieces of Poetry, that would have done Honour to the most eminent Writers among us.



TUESDAY, February 12, 1739-40.

Tu, quid ego & mecum Populus desideret, audi.

HOR.

To Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR.

S I R,



NOTHING is a greater Proof of the general Fondness in Mankind for Scandal, than their Readiness to extend any Censure which may be justly incur'd by a particular Member of a Profession to the Profession itself. Hence it is, that we so often hear general Invectives thrown out against three learn'd Bodies, to whom the Care of our Property, and of our Wealth, both spiritual and temporal, is committed; for amongst such Numbers of Men, it will be impossible to prevent the intervening of some of deprav'd Inclinations, even amongst those who are more especially set a-part for the Service of the Divine Being, who are indeed call'd to that Holy Office, and consequently are endow'd with a double Portion of his

his Spirit, by what soever Names or Titles they may be dignified or distinguish'd.

For this Reason, good Men have sometimes rather chosen to conceal the Crimes of Individuals, than to be the innocent Occasion of bringing Aspersions on a whole Society of Men; and, as, amongst those three Professions, the Law hath more especially experienc'd this Love of Calumny, I thought it necessary to premise somewhat before the following Accusation of an unworthy Brother of that Class, for which I have so unfeigned and so well-merited an Esteem, whose Name however I shall yet conceal; in hopes, if possible, of his Amendment.

Without farther Preface, I am a Freeholder of a Manour, in that Part of *Great Britain* call'd *England*, the Lord of which is a Man of an unexceptionable good Character, and heartily desirous of protecting his Tenants in all their Immunities; but, as he hath so large an Estate, that it is impossible for him personally to inspect all Parts of it, he is obliged to retain a *Steward*, and, unhappily for his poor Tenants, hath fix'd on an *Attorney* for that purpose, who, as it hath since turn'd out, proves not only deficient in the Knowledge of his Business, but also labours under a Suspicion of too familiar a Correspondence with some neighbouring Lords.

In one of the adjacent Manours there stands a Coppice, by the Side of which our Lord's Tenants have an undoubted Right to pass, and, for Time out of Mind, have passed and repass'd to and from Market with Waggon and other convenient Carriages: It hath been reported, that some idle Fellows of our Parish have taken an Opportunity, as they return'd Home late, to cut and carry away certain *Logs* of *Wood* out of this Coppice; whether this be true or no I will not determine, but, be that as it will, I will venture to say nothing was ever more unjustifiable than the Measures which that Lord took to defend himself, by seizing our Waggon

Waggons, under a Pretence that they were made of his Wood; and impounding our Horses, as taken *Damage-Faisant* in his own Manour, where they were very barbarously used, and had their *Ears* cropp'd.

Upon these Outrages, wherein I was a very particular Sufferer, I applied to the *Steward*, and desired him to bring an Action against the *Lord of the Manour*: His Answer was, that the Lord was his intimate Acquaintance, and that he doubted not but he should procure me ample *Reparation* without having Recourse to *Law*, which he said was a very precarious and expensive Remedy, that he would *negociate* Matters with his *Steward*, and did not fear Success; especially, as he had a good Correspondence with the *Lord's Wife*, who govern'd her Husband. This satisfied me for some Time, till, hearing nothing from him, and the like Violences being daily repeated on me, I renew'd my Application. He now alter'd his Tone, and shaking his Head, told me, he was afraid I was one of the *Fellows* who cut the *Wood*; and, for bringing a Replevin, he added with a Sneer, that, since my *Horse's Ears* were cut off, it would be impracticable for me to recover them, since they were now no longer Horses in the Eye of the Law; for that one *Littleton* (I think that was the Man's Name) says, **That a Horse is an entire Thing, and not capable of being sever'd.**

He added more to the same Purpose, till I lost all Patience, and, after having asserted my Innocence, I positively insisted that he should follow my Instructions, or I would employ another *Attorney*; this startled him, when, changing his Voice a little, he said: If I would go to Law, I should go to Law, and bidding me take Notice, it was no *Law-Suit* of his, which he hop'd I would remember when his *Bill of Costs* come to be pay'd, he promis'd to send for a *Writ*.

Several Months past before I could hear of any *Arrest* being made, or any *Writ* serv'd on the *Defendant*, who still persisted in his injurious Behaviour with
ad.

additional Insolence, while I was laugh'd at by all the neighbouring Parishes, as one who did not dare to do himself Justice. Upon this, I made such vigorous Applications to the *Attorney*, that he thought proper to delay the Affair no longer; indeed he now set about it like a Man who was in Earnest: I am not well vers'd in Law Proceedings, but, soon after he had taken out a *Writ*, he made a Thing, which they call, I think, a *Declaration*, in which there was a Set of Words sufficient to frighten a Man, not over-timorous, out of his Wits, *Swords, Staves, and Knives*, were, I remember, therein mention'd: To this the Defendant, as my *Attorney* informed me, put in what he call'd a *Special Plea*, justifying all his Insults, and making me the *Aggressor*, pretending that he had a *Right* to sieze all *Waggons* which pass'd too near the Hedges of his *Cop-pice*, to which my said *Attorney* advis'd me to *demurr*; but, on consulting the Dictionary of Law put forth by Mr. *Giles Jacob*, I conceived this was only intended to *delay* my Cause: I therefore insisted on having it brought to a *speedy Trial*; on which my *Attorney*, being resolv'd to put me to as much *Expence* as possible, fell to work like a *Madman*, and *subpœna'd* half the Parish, at the same time distributing *Fees* to all Manner of Council, and to some, who, as I have heard, would never have been employ'd by any other. I now thought my Affairs would have been decided, and I should have obtain'd some Satisfaction of the *Defendant*, to whom he had given Notice of *Trial*; but, to my great Surprise, meeting several of my *Evidence*, whom he had to my great Cost, brought up to Town, walking idly about St. *James's Park*, and acquainting them that my Cause would certainly come on in a Day or two, One of them told me, that my said *Attorney* talk'd of bringing Matters to a *Reference*. This incens'd me to such a Degree, that I went directly to him, and, after a severe Reprimand, told him that I was resolv'd to rely on the Merits of my Cause, the Strength of my

Evi-

Evidence, and the Verdict of an *English* Jury: He then whisper'd in my Ear, that if I proceeded, I should certainly bring the Lord *Paramount* on my Back, who had been heard to say, that the Defendant was in the right, and that I had better be quiet; I hastily answer'd, a F——t for my Lord *Paramount*, if my Cause be just, we have a good Lord of our own, who will stand by his Tenants, and I am determin'd to go to *Trial*. Well, says he, you shall go to *Trial* then, and the next Day down he sent a new Set of Subpœna's, which Method he repeated as often as I insisted on bringing the Matter to a Decision. In short, he has now *subpœna'd* almost the whole Parish, who are all in Town at my Expence, scarce People enough being left behind to carry on the daily Labours of Husbandry: notwithstanding which, I see no Likelyhood of any *Trial*, though, at the same Time, the Defendant is playing the Devil with me, and laughs at my Law-Suit, while my *Attorney* says, it is all of my own seeking, that I would not be advised by him, that he was always against my going to Law, that the Lord *Paramount* is going to fall upon me, for all which I may thank myself; nay I am told, he shakes his Sides among his Clerks, and asks in Derision, if I have had enough of Law already, which I was so very eager to enter into? and that if I have not, he'll give me enough of it, with other Sarcasms of this Kind.

But what vexes me more than all is, that if I, or the other Tenants offer to complain, he says we *fly in the Face of the Lord*, for whom we have all of us the most perfect Love and Respect; and I am certain, if he did but know how his Steward has us'd us, he would *discard* him; and, indeed, it would be very much his Interest so to do, for, when his Tenants are ruin'd, his Manour will be little worth, but alas! the Steward has his Ear, and we have not: however I am now assured, that my Cause will be brought on soon, and that I shall recover Damages: If the contrary should happen, I hope

hope the *Attorney* will not take it ill, when I move the *Court* to have my Papers taken out of his Hands; for I have been lately told, that tho' he manage Matters well enough at the *Sessions*, and hath an admirable Knack at *settling Rates*, his Knowledge in the Law is very *superficial*, and he is no ways equal to the conducting an *Action*.

I shall conclude as I begun, by desiring you or your Readers not to apply what I have here said to all *Attorneys* in general, several of whom undoubtedly behave with great Honour to their Clients, nay, I myself know some, into whose Hands if I had put my Affairs, they would long since brought the *Defendant* to *Reason*; but, at present, my Affairs are in such Confusion, that I am afraid I shall get no one to undertake them.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.
C

S I R,

IN your last Champion. I apprehend your Printer hath made a small Mistake, which I beg Leave to correct: your Words are: *He that findeth a Wife, findeth a good Thing and obtaineth Favour of the Lord*: By reading it thus: *He that findeth a Wife, If he findeth a good Thing obtaineth Favour of the Lord*: The Sense will be visibly improved.

Yours,

T. B.

INDEX

INDEX to the TIMES.

SIR Robert Godschall, with all the Common-Council Men of *Bishopsgate-Ward*, have, much to their Honour, appear'd at the late Common-Council in Cloaths made *entirely* of ENGLISH WOOL. *If this should become a Fashion, 'tis not material, at which End of the Town it began.*

Last Week a Sort of *Place-Bill*, was propos'd in the City, which met with the same Fate, with that at the other End of the Town. *Self-Denial seeming to be as hard of Digestion to one Party, as the other.*

Feb. 11. A Creature, (who has presum'd to *impress* the venerable Name of that great Martyr in the Cause of Liberty, *Algernon Sidney* into the Service of the *Gazetteer*) had the Absurdity to set forth a wretched Triumph on the Defeat of the *Place-bill*. To which we dare not return such an Answer, as it deserves.

On the Comparifon made between one FORAGE and
FABIUS MAXIMUS.

Our Tools of State, *without a Blush*, compare
FORAGE and FABIUS for their Skill in War.
But here's the Difference, — One without a Blow
His Country SAV'D, and weary'd out the Foe.
The other, FORC'D to arm, the Fight delay'd,
To ruin THOSE for whom the War was made.

'Tis talk'd in the City, that an *Accommodation* is on
Foot.

'Tis talk'd on the Parade, that we are like to have
a new *Enemy* to deal with.

'Tis talk'd, in midway, between both, that we are
in a *neutral* State; neither at War nor in Peace.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

Last Week a Poem was publish'd, with the simple but all-comprehensive Title of *Deity* ; which, 'tis presum'd, will excite but little Curiosity, and therefore, will be but little read : Not that it does not deserve a Reading, or will not afford the serious Mind a very elevated Entertainment, — but because few Readers can be entertain'd with what is serious, or care to be made so themselves. 'Tis divided into as many Sections, as we ascribe attributes to the Godhead ; is wrote in a clear and elegant Stile, the Versification smooth and flowing, but, by being cramp'd within almost perpetual Distichs, allows very little Variety of Cadence, and Period : And that it is not void of the Sublime, let the following Passage demonstrate.

From thee all humane Actions take their Springs,
The Rise of Empires, and the Falls of Kings !
See the vast Theatre of Time display'd,
While o'er the Scene, succeeding Heroes tread !
With Pomp the shining Images succeed,
What Leaders triumph ! and what Monarchs bleed !
Perform the Parts thy Providence assign'd,
Their Pride, their Passions to thy Ends inclin'd :
A while they glitter in the Face of Day,
Then, at thy Nod, the Phantoms pass away ;
No Traces left of all the busy Scene,
But that *Remembrance* says — *The Things have been !*

In short, tho' the Scheme of this Piece, is far from being unexceptionable, and the Author treats his Antagonists with a true Orthodox Pride, *Go Sceptic-Mole, Vain Sceptic, &c.* and tho' he now and then sinks into a flagrant Anticlimax, (as in the Description of God's Descent to *Sinai*,

When

When shrunk the *Earth* from thy approaching Face.
And the *Rock* trembled to it's rooted Base.)

Hardly any one has succeeded better on the Subject ;
and the Church in particular, owes him great Obligations ; which, 'tis to be hop'd, its Rulers will not be backward to acknowledge.



TUESDAY, *February* 14, 1739-40.

— *Traſtant Fabrilis Fabri.*

HOR.

Mr. NEHEMIAH VINEGAR, *Greeting.*



Have lately received ſeveral Hints from my Cor-
reſpondents, earneſtly entreating me to apply myſelf to Politics, though they aſſign different Reaſons. One Part of them telling me, that if I had any Love for my Country, I ſhould not be ſtill at this Seaſon, when Poverty like a Deluge ſeems breaking in on the whole Nation, when Trade is almoſt at a Stand, and our Manufactures at an End ; when the Poor are a greater Burthen than the Land Tax was laſt Year on our Eſtates, and yet are but ſcantily provided for. When Luxury hath inſinuated itſelf amongſt all Ranks of People, and introduc'd her Daughter Corruption along with her. When the poor, ſlaviſh, racked

Tenant, with all Industry and Success, can scarce pay his Rent, and waits but a Year of general Plenty or Dearth to be undone, when his Landlord languishes for Quarter-Day, to pay his hungry Tradesman, who is as impatiently sollicitated by his Merchant; the two last of which live as much beyond their Gains, as the Gentleman beyond his Estate, when a prodigious Debt, a useless Army, an immense Fleet, and dreadful Taxes to support them, when a dilatory War, formidable Enemies, and suspicious Allies hover over us. When *

when and when
 at this Time these Writers tell me, if I had any public Spirit, I should call it forth, and not amuse the Town with Essays of Virtue and Vice, Words which have lost their Ideas a great while.

Another Set of my Correspondents assert, that a more favourable Opportunity was never given for Panegyric than the present, that we have as strong Fleets as Heart could wish, and as fine an Army as a Man would desire to see on a Summer's Day, which we shortly are to see encamp'd, without going a great Way for the Sight, that every Thing is in the most flourishing Condition, and never greater Plenty of all Kinds of Provision, both for Man and Beast, and all owing to those who have been abus'd by a Set of infamous, base, false, † Fellows, who only want to be what they are not, cannot, shall not, will not, ever be.

As these two Parties assign different Reasons, so they offer different Rewards; one of them Reputation, Ho-

* *This Part of the Letter was writ so eagerly, and with such Zeal, that it was not legible.*

† *This Part savour'd too much of Billingsgate to be inserted.*

nour, Fame, and the like ; the other ask me, if I have no Love for my Family, and talk of Vacancies, good Things, snug Places, &c. One Mr. *Forage* particularly says, *Do, do, do, Mr. Vinegar, write, write, write, and I'll warrant you* || — as soon as it happens — let me see but — ay that will do — depend — but then — through thick and thin — my Interest ; by which last Word I imagine him a Man of Consequence : There are likewise some Instructions to abuse certain Persons whose Names I dare not insert even the first Letters of, for Fear of having my Paper sentenc'd by the Common Voice, to be burnt by the Hands of the Common Hangman.

Though I have as great Contempt for the Promises of Mr. *Forage* as any Man living can have, and have therefore, instead of abusing any Person according to his Desire, absolutely concealed the least Hint of their Names ; yet, on the other Side, I have some Regard likewise for the Advice of a very sensible Writer as he seems, who signs himself *Cavendum est* ; for, I do not know many Parts of my Body, for which I have a greater Respect than my Ears ; nor is there, I apprehend, any Reason for writing more on Politics at this Time, when Matters seem perfectly to be settled and concluded ; besides, there are such a vast Number of able Heads employ'd in that excellent Political Paper, call'd the *GAZETTEER*, which is publish'd every Day, and distributed *Gratis* over the Kingdom, at the Expence, as some imagine, of the Authors, who are not content to club their Wits, but club their Purse also, for the Good and Instruction of their Country ; besides which, I have heard it whisper'd as a *Secret*, that there hath been publish'd for these 3 or 4 Years, a certain Piece of Paper, intitled *The Hyp-Doctor*, treating, as the News-Papers inform us, on political Subjects, so that

|| *All these Hiatus's are illegible.*

N 3

there

there is really no Room, not to say Occasion, for any other Writer ; nay, some have asserted, that a great Deal of that excellent Doctrine in the *Gazetteers* themselves, passes directly to a certain Part of the human Body, which was never understood to be the *Seat* of Politics, without being first perused in common with other *Fundamental* Treatises.

Lastly, which is indeed a very satisfactory Answer of itself, I find I am no Politician. It is true, I have read most of the ancient and modern Historians, as well as the most celebrated Writers on Government, but alas, *non omnia possumus omnes*. I find this is a Study beyond my Reach. A Man must be born a Politician as well as a Poet, or else *omnis effusus Labor*. Mr. Bayle tells us that some of the *Rabbi's*, who agree that *Adam*, at his Creation, contained all the other Learning and Knowledge of the World, assert that he was no Politician. I know some have thought that *Eve* was the first vers'd in this Art, which she is thought to have learnt of the Devil ; an Opinion confirm'd by Dr. Scuth, who deduces it from the same Fountain, and affirms the Devil to be a very eminent Politician. Others derive Politics from *Pandora's* Box ; but I think the most probable Opinion is, that it came first into the World at the Building of *Babel* ; the attempting to build a Tower up to Heaven, bearing an exact Resemblance to most political Schemes ; the Builders of this Tower have by the best Critics been thought no other than a Set of Ministers, which I suppose to have been collected from their confounding one another by their Language, a Circumstance in which all their Successors have imitated them, it being the chief Excellence, and earnest Endeavour of a Minister to avoid being understood by any of his Fraternity. And though some few of them have been such wretched Bunglers in their Art, that all their Schemes have been seen through and defeated by their cotemporary Ministers, yet have these
very

very Bunglers been able to confound and amuse all others, and oftentimes many of their Countrymen, who have been infinitely wiser than themselves.

Nor indeed can it happen otherwise, for whatever was the Original of Politics, it must certainly be allow'd to be a Mystery; *i. e.* according to the learned Mr. Bailey, a *Thing concealed, a Secret not easy to be apprehended*: Which Etymology is so true, that all Arts, Sciences and Professions have laid hold on this Word to signify those Arcana in their several Professions, &c. which are reserv'd only for the Adepts in them; thus Divinity, Law, and Physic, contain Mysteries which are understood by Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians, though they have no Manner of Idea to any who have not been initiated into them; on which Account it may not be improper to observe, that the *Greek* Word for initiating is immediately derived from that which signifies Mystery in that Language: Why then should Politics, which is certainly as mysterious as any of these, be imagin'd to require less initiating into it than the rest? And, since no one expects of me that I should answer Queries in any of the three above-mentioned Professions, I hope they will not solicit me hereafter to satisfy their Political Doubts, when I assure them I know nothing of the Matter.

I hope I shall not be troubled to open any more Letters, enquiring, What our Fleets are doing in the *Mediterranean*, the *Ocean*, and the *Channel*? Since I answer once for all, that I cannot tell; nor vexed with any more Questions concerning our Army, what is the Intention of keeping up so large Land-Forces? What is the Design of our Encampments? When and where our Marines are going? In what Ships? Whom do we apprehend an Invasion from? Where are the Ships which are to bring our Invaders over? How long we shall maintain all these Forces by Sea and Land? What we shall do with them? How we shall pay them? To

all which I answer, I don't know, I can't tell ; I leave all these Things to my Betters.

I desire the *Citizens* would trouble me with no more of their Letters concerning Trade, nor any of the following Questions, *viz.* What will become of the Customs when we have no Trade ? How will that Branch of the Revenue be supply'd ? How shall we breed our Sailors for the future without Trade ? How shall we keep the Dominions of the Seas without Sailors ? Will not those Sailors, who cannot find Employments at Home, seek it elsewhere ? Will Trade, if once turn'd out of our Channel, be easily brought back ? Is it not to Trade that we ow'd the Figure which we have supported in *Europe* ? Our Affluence at Home ? The Provision for great Part of our People ? How will we provide for them without it ? Is not this declin'd ? Why is it declin'd ? Is it recoverable ? Why not recover'd ? What will become of us if it is not recover'd ? With many others of this Kind : To all which I answer, I cannot tell.

I desire likewise to receive no more Enquiries out of the Country, Why Methods are not taken to re-establish our Woollen Manufacture ? What Methods we can invent to maintain our Poor without it ? Why Gentlemen have of late Years converted their whole Estates into Tillage ? What hath preserv'd our Tenants of late Years, besides the Exportation of Corn ? What must become of them in a Year of Plenty or Dearth, without any Exportation ? What is the Bottom of all this Evil ? If universal Luxury, why is not some Stop put to it ? Why Gentlemen forsake the Country, whence they draw all their Money to Town ? What do they come up for ? What becomes of their Money here ? What will be the Consequence of it in the Country ? With many others of this Kind, to all which I answer, as I have done before, I cannot tell.

I therefore, once for all, desire my Correspondents for the future to look on this as a miscellaneous, not a
merely

merely Political Paper ; to ask me Questions concerning Virtue, Wit, Gallantry, Love, Poetry, and such like, and to consult others in Politics ; since I declare for my Part, I am so far from knowing, I cannot even guess what we are about, what we intend to do, or what we shall be able to do.

C

I N D E X to the T I M E S.

ON Monday Morning, it seems, there was a Meeting extraordinary of certain Persons, at present of Consequence, at a certain House not far from *Downing-street*. On which we have only to observe, *That the Tree will be known by its Fruits.*

And the next Day, appear'd at the Levee of Sir *Robert Walpole*, about forty Masters and Owners of Vessels belonging to *Bristol*, with a Complaint, as we are told, of *Grievances* resulting from the *Weather*. Believing, perhaps, *the very Winds and Seas will obey him.*

'Tis said, that at the next general Election (*when-ever it shall happen*) an Expedient will be propos'd to the Candidates, to specify the Extent and Limits of the Word *Privilege*.

We hear that 8000 Men are to encamp in the Isle of *Wight*.

And that our Forces are so full of Spirit, that not a single Man is startled at the News, tho' so few among them have ever look'd an Enemy in the Face.



○ SATURDAY, February 16, 1739-40.

————— *Mentem mortalia tangunt.*

VIRG.



DIFFERENT Ages, as well as Nations, distinguish themselves by certain Characteristics from each other. Fashions are as peculiar to a particular Age, as Customs are to a particular Country, The coarsest Observer must take Notice of the Differences in Building, Furniture, Dress, Equipage, and others of this Kind; but a more delicate Eye may carry the Speculation much farther, may perceive on a very short Consideration, somewhat of this Characteristic in our Minds, and will, I believe, see sufficient Reason to conclude, that we think, as well as act by Fashion.

This I apprehend to be meant by Historians and Critics, when they distinguish several Ages by certain Characteristical Epithets, as Learned Age, Devout Age, Martial Age, Inquisitive Age, Dark Age, &c. to which likewise seems to allude, that Expression which frequently occurs in Polemical Writers, viz. *This was a Way of Thinking in Fashion at that Time.* Indeed it is known, that particular Systems have been admired at

at one Time, and decry'd at another, or, in other Words, have been sometimes in and sometimes out of Fashion. I have heard, that an Author having writ a Play, in which there was a Ghost, a Friend whose Advice he asked, having observed the little Respect shewn by the present Audiences to those unsubstantial Characters, desired him to cut it out, alledging that *Ghosts were out of Fashion.*

No Nation under the Sun can give more pregnant Instances of this Force of Fashion on the Mind, than our own. Our Ancestors make as various a Figure in their Ways of thinking to a curious Reader of our History, as their Persons do in a Gallery of Family-Pictures. Particular Virtues and Vices have been as generally in Vogue at certain Seasons as the Fardingale, the Ruff, the Hoop, the broad Brim, the narrow Brim, or any other Singularities of Dress have been among us.

I shall not descend to Particulars in former Ages, Writers who lived in former Times have recorded them: I shall therefore perform my Part to my own Time, which I hasten to the more eagerly, as I have the Pleasure to observe, that the amiable Characteristic of the present Age is Charity.

The numberless and I believe unequall'd * Instances of Charity, which we have carefully collected, as far as they have come to our Knowledge, do (as we have often observed) a real Honour to our Age and Nation, and this is a truly Christian Virtue, nay, I will venture to say, the most Christian Virtue: It is this, which, in the Scripture Language, *covers a Multitude*

N 6

of

* Alluding to the Distributions made to the Poor during last Year's severe Winter.

of Sins ; without which, to speak with the Tongues of Men and Angels, is but as sounding Brass or a tinkling Cymbal ; without which Prophecy Knowledge and Faith are represented as nothing. This Virtue hath shone forth brighter in our Time, than at any Period which I remember in our Annals. Since, therefore, so noble a Spirit is raised among us, every Man must wish to see it conducted in a Manner which may render it as extensively beneficial as possible, to which Purpose I shall likewise throw in my Mite of Charity, and give a little of my Ink (which is all that I have to give) on this Occasion ; by the Help of which, I shall endeavour to point out the properest Objects, as they appear to me, of this Virtue.

But first I shall observe a Fault which some Persons have been guilty of, in the Exercise of their Charity, who, to avoid Ostentation, while they have bestowed with great Liberality, have carefully concealed their Names ; an Error which the whole Body almost of the Clergy have *unwarily* fallen into on this Occasion, contrary to that express Precept. *Let your Light so shine before Men, that they may SEE your good Works :* But whoever considers the Force of Example or of Fashion, as I have said above, must think that he who is publicly charitable is doubly charitable, and that a great Man, by giving Examples of Goodness, may, in some Measure, draw to himself the Merit of that of others ; besides, considering the little Honour which is, at present, paid to Virtue, it may be questioned whether a Man does not conceal his Virtue rather from Fear of Shame than of Glory.

Having premised this little, I shall proceed to shew what Persons I apprehend to be the greatest Objects of Charity among us ; which are certainly not to be met with in our Streets ; whose begging Inhabitants deserve Punishment more than Relief, and are a Shame not to the Legislative but the Executive Power of our Laws. However as I may possibly dedicate a whole Paper to

to the Provision of the Poor, I shall say no more of them here.

There are so few Things absolutely necessary to the Sustenance of Life, that very few labour under a Want of them: Distress Circumstances are, not being able to support the Character in which Men have been bred, and the Want of Conveniencies to which they have been accusom'd, and therefore the first and chief Objects of our Charity are such Persons as, having been educated in genteel Life with moderate Fortunes, partly through Want of Resolution to quit the Character in which they were bred, and partly for Want of duly considering the Consequences of their Expences, have, by following their Superiors into Luxury, in order to support, as they call it, the Figure of Gentlemen, reduced themselves to Distress and Poverty.

Secondly, Such younger Brothers, Sons, collateral Relations and Persons unhappily of the same Name with those who have wickedly and foolishly opposed the Measures of a Minister, and very unjustifiably stood up in Defence of a certain seditious Word, called *Liberty*, by which Means such younger Brothers, &c. have with great Abilities been refused those Provisions Civil and Military, which seem to have been intended only for them.

Thirdly, Persons in all Professions and Occupations, who have, by Misfortunes and unavoidable Accidents, been reduced from an Affluency to Want, and, having long tasted the Sweets, are, without any Faults of their own, obliged to experience the bitterest Potions of Life, and this often with that great Curse of thinking they have educated Children in a Condition of Life far beyond what they will afterwards be able to support, and must consequently foresee them obliged to struggle with the greatest Difficulties and Misfortunes incident to human Nature.

A Fourth Object of Charity may be those who, for Want of Reputation, Friends or Money, may apply themselves

themselves in vain with great Industry and Ability to any Art or Science. Of which we have had numberless Instances through the Envy, Pride, Ill nature, and ill Judgment of Mankind, which four Qualities make up that which we generally call ill Fortune.

Lastly, and perhaps chiefly, such as sometimes by Inadvertency, sometimes by Misfortunes, and sometimes by the noblest Acts of Friendship, and through the Rapaciousness, Impatience and Unmercifulness of Creditors, more savage than Wolves, and the impious Severity of our Laws, are snatch'd away from their poor Families, from the little Comforts of the Conversation of their Relations and Acquaintance, from a Possibility of employing their Faculties for the Service of themselves, their Wives or their Children, from the Benefit of wholesome Air in common with the Brute-Creation; stript of all the poor, little Supports of Wretchedness, and even that last and greatest, Hope itself, and carried to Dungeons where no Conveniency of Life is to be had, where even the Necessaries of it are dearer than the Conveniencies elsewhere, where they are confined together with the vilest of Criminals, who are indeed much happier, as a Judge is shortly to deliver them either to Liberty, or, what is better than their Dungeon, to the Gallows.

These I think are the chief Objects of our Compassion, on Account of their Circumstances, amongst whom great Regard is to be had to the several Merits of the Sufferer, and the Occasion of his Sufferings. I own I am one of those who think there is some Merit in Misfortunes, especially when they are not ballanced with Guilt, I look on Indiscretion with Pity, not Abhorrence, and on no Indiscretion with so much Pity as that of Extravagance, which as it may bring Men into the greatest Calamities of this Life; so may it arise from the Goodness, the Openness, and the Generosity of the Heart, Qualities which naturally enlarge in every Man's Eye the Idea of his Possessions, as Avarice lessens it.

But

But perhaps it will be asked me, whether I would raise a Fund large enough to pay off the Debt of the Nation, or whether I would impoverish all the Rich to enrich the Poor? I own (to speak in the Language of a certain Gentleman, whom I have in my Eye) I have a Fund in View for that Purpose, and could heartily wish to see a Law, by which all ill-gotten Estates should be applied to so good an End; and indeed this would be no more than *Lex Talionis*, to make these Estates repair, in their Dissolution, the Mischiefs they had occasioned in their Creation; and to convert a Fund, which hath been amassed by preying on the Miseries of Mankind to the Relief of those Miseries. In short, all Estates which have been gotten by Plunder, Cheating, or Extortion, which would include most Prime Ministers, Scriveners, Pawn-brokers, Stockjobbers and Petty Attornies, should be applied to this Use.

But however desirable such a Law would be, as it will scarce pass this Sessions, or perhaps the next, and as (being coercive) it doth not fall under the Head of Charity, I shall say no more of it, it being my present Purpose by Charity only to apply a Balm to those Wounds which I have above opened: But as I have not Room here for all which I intend to say on that Head, I must defer it to my next Champion. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

Notwithstanding it is the busy Season of the Year at Home, and our Superiors are taking such active Measures Abroad, it seems there is such a Dearth of News, that our poor Intelligencers are forc'd to amuse the Public with old Stories over again; in the Hope they have lain by long enough to be forgot.—
Even

Even the profound Author of the *D. Advertiser*, who is in the Secret of all the Councils in *Europe*, was forc'd to fill up Yesterday, with a Bailiff's Stratagem to arrest a Justice, which some, well read in Jest-Book Learning, assert is to be found in the very first Edition of the first Work of that Nature in *English*.—In the said Paper of the same Day, there is another Slip of the like Nature; in the *L. D. Post*, a Third, and in the *Gazetteer* a Fourth.—But these are Peccadillos to the Arts of the *thundering Legion* in the last.—When Facts and Rumours fail, they have an inexhaustible Fund of Scandal to supply the Vacancy.—The indefatigable *R. Freeman*, in particular, has twice a Week, three or four Columns full, which he flings about, as a Madman would Fire-Brands, on all he meets.—In his Yesterday's Compliment, he is pleas'd to assert, that *we have it in our View, to supplant the present Ministry, at the Expence of the present Government.—That the late Riots of Weavers and Colliers are owing to the Opposition; as is likewise the extravagant Price of Coals, the Quantities of Ice and Snow in the Streets, and that both our Friends and Foes consider us as a divided; moody, unquiet, unruly Nation.*—Expressions, which a Declaration of War, set forth by a proud, untractable Enemy did not think proper to use.—But ventur'd upon without Fear or Wit, by a privileg'd *Gazetteer*.—He adds likewise, certain broken Hints about the Words *Septennial Parliaments*.—Which will be remembred on another Occasion.—He has however drop'd by Accident, two Truths, worthy of Remark, viz. *That his Paper carries with it no Mark of a Craftsman, or Common-Sense. And that the Safety of his Patron and Comp. depends on the People's being disappointed still.*

N. B. *In Relief of the few Coffee-Houses who pay for that abandon'd Paper, what Master Strokes it is embellish'd with from Time to Time shall be properly communicated in this.*

Boards

Boards of Admiralty are sometimes held twice a Day, in order to be ready for some Expedition of Moment as soon as the Weather breaks. *So that as soon as it thaws in Earnest, we may hope to fight in Earnest.*

At present a *Spanish Prize* is, it seems, so great a Rarity, that Numbers of Persons have the Curiosity to visit the *St. Joseph* at *Greenwich*. *The only Trophy of our unresisted Arms!*

The Public is again threaten'd to be visited with a new Lottery; for carrying on the Bridge at *Westminster*. *Two Piers* of which are *already* visible.

* * * Whereas many Persons, Novices in the Art of *Puffing*, have rashly undertaken, though greatly to their own Detriment, to *puff* their own Wares, Writings, Projects, Merits, and Accomplishments: This is to certify, for the Good of the Public, that I *Gustavus Puffendorff*, first Student under the great Professor of *Rose-Street, Covent-Garden*, then Fellow-Practitioner with the admir'd antient *Pistol*, and lastly Co-Rival in Renown, with that consummate Master of Art, erst of *Newport-Marker*: This is to certify, I say, that *Puffs, secundum Artem*, of all Degrees and Magnitudes, for all Arts, Mysteries and Professions are to be had of me, if *properly bespoke*, at my House, the Sign of the *Powder-Puff*, in *Blow-Bladder-Street*, and no where else in the Three Kingdoms.

N. B. I am promis'd a P——t to be *Puff-Master-General* of *Great-Britain*. After the passing of which, let any Adventurer presume to puff for himself or Friends, either directly or indirectly, at his Peril.

Second N. B. There is another Person has had the Assurance to set up the Sign of the *Powder-Puff*. But beware of Counterfeits.

TUESDAY,



TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1739-40.

Non ignara mala, miseris succurrere disco.

VIRG.



IN my last Paper I traced the several Objects of Charity from the first Distress in their Circumstances to a Goal, the last and most miserable of all human Calamities. I there attempted to shew that the chief Source of our Distresses was the Attempt to preserve Appearances beyond our Circumstances, and that this was chiefly occasion'd by the Irruption which Luxury hath made of late Years into this Island. I shall therefore in this, wherein I intend to propose to all well-inclined Persons, the most effectual, best, and cheapest Methods of exerting their Charity, set out from the same Beginning.

It were heartily to be wished, that those few among us who have vast, over-grown Estates, would, for the Good of their Country, put a Stop to the reigning Luxury in Building, Furniture, Equipage, Tables, Dress, &c.

But if they cannot bring themselves to so much public Spirit, it might be expected that, instead of decoying such as are not able to support them, into these Expences, they would, to their utmost, discountenance their entring into them; that, whenever they condescend to visit Men of equal or superior Birth, but infinitely their Inferiors in Fortune, they would not throw out certain Hints, *that* particular Parts of the Town
(where

(where Rents are cheap) *lie too distant*, that old Houses are *cold and inconvenient*, that they did not know there was *any such Place in Town*. I likewise insist that they never mention the Word *Pictures*, nor even (during the Frost) insinuate that Carpets make a Room warm, that one cannot set his Wig without a Glass, or that small Grates waste Coals. I likewise earnestly recommend to all Grandees, never, in the Company of their Inferiours, to wonder *how People can walk the Streets*; and do positively forbid any Person, of what Quality soever, unless he be a profest Wit, to condemn Port-Wine. I desire moreover, that no Man with a mourning Sword on, may be asked *who he is in Mourning for*? And do declare, that henceforth, a Hole in a Man's Stocking shall make no Flaw in his Reputation, unless the Stocking be a very fine one, or the Wearer rides in a Chair. I do, likewise, in the humblest Manner, address myself to all Ladies of Quality, entreating them that their Ladyships would be pleased never in the Presence of any of their Sex, who are not of Quality, to admire at the Rustic Constitutions of Persons who can get up early in the Morning, nor ever to mention such Words as Clerks of the Kitchen, Bills of Fare, Pyramids of Desarts, rich Wines, or any of the Necessaries of great Tables, nor condemn the Beastliness of Hackney-Chairs, Rose-Diamonds, Paste-Necklaces, coarse Lace, thin Edgings, colour'd Stockings, frippery Lustrings, or any other plain Ornaments of Beauty. I do farther intreat them, that they would maintain a proper Regard for their Quality, and not submit to game with their Inferiours.

I should be likewise oblig'd to that eloquent Orator Mr. Cock, in his next Auction of old China, or any other useless and expensive Furniture, if he would prevent common Gentlewomen from setting before their Betters, and if he would handle his Hammer with proper Respect to the Quality and Riches of the Person who bids.

Mr.

Mr. *Heydegger* is also desir'd to insert at the Bottom of his next Masquerade-Bill, that there is nothing more to be seen there than a Set of Figures in strange and ridiculous Dresses, most of them dress'd out of Character, but without any Humour ; that the few Women of Fashion, who go thither, herd only among themselves, and know one another as well as if their Masks were off, and that the greatest Part of the beautiful Shepherdesses, Nuns, and innocent Country Lasses, are to be seen every other Day in the Week in the Balconies at the Theatres, and the Chocolate-Houses near *Covent-Garden*. I should be farther oblig'd to him, for informing the Town in the Advertisement of his Ridottos, that all the best Part of the Company may be seen for a very little at the Play-Houses, and at Court or in the Park for nothing ; and that all Women who are not particularly distinguish'd by Beauty, Fashion, or Fortune, are of no more Consequence at a Ridotto than according to the elegant Author of *Hurlthrumbo, a Cow in an Opera*. Lastly, that a pretty Creature, neatly and plainly dress'd, walking in the Park in the Morning, and giving an Instance of the Bloom and Health of her Constitution in the Face of the Sun, will be apter to make a useful Impression on a sensible young Fellow, than any Town-Complexion at a Midnight Assembly, with the Assistance of Paint, Candles, or any other Aid.

Having thus slightly pass'd over the principal Heads of Extravagance, I follow the Method of my last Paper, which brings me to the second Evil ; namely, the leaving the younger Brothers, &c. of Families unprovided for, for the Reasons there mention'd.

Tho' it must be confess'd, that all Men in Power will naturally first provide for their own Relations, yet it might be expected that this Preference should not extend itself to the most distant Affinity by Marriage of those Relations ; nay, even to their very menial Dependents, that it would be sufficient to provide for a
 Brother,

Brother, a Son, or at farthest a Cousin, in Places they were not fit for, without carrying it to almost as ridiculous a Degree as the *Roman* Emperor, who made his Horse a Consul, by conferring genteel Places, those of Profit and even of Trust on the lowest of Servants, without any Regard to Birth, Education, or Capacity; as this is a second Source to public Distress, so it is the Business of public Charity to remove it. I therefore hope shortly to see all Employments whatever, bestowed with Regard to the three Qualities I just now mention'd, whatever Political Principles (as long as they are consistent with our Constitution) the Relations of such Persons, or even they themselves, may be remark'd for. I hope, particularly, that it will be no Objection to any one of Merit that his Family is poor and has no Interest, Circumstances which should rather produce Charity than restrain it; and any Person or Persons, who, by a contrary Proceeding, are the Cause of innumerable Distresses in Gentlemen's Families, make a very bad Amends for their Behaviour by scattering a few Pieces among the Mob.

As to third and fourth Branches of Distress, namely, the Ruin of Persons who have succeeded either in Trade or the Professions, and the Inability of others to procure it; as they are occasion'd often by the same Causes, so I shall join the Cure of them in one Article; and here I recommend it to all Persons, when they are to employ any one in their Business, not to be blindly led by Fashion, and absolutely persuaded that none can do it for them, but those who have so much Business that in Reality they do none at all well. This false Opinion prevails so universally in Law and Physic, that there is scarce a Medium in either, between starving in the Professions, or being a Slave to them. *Wycherly*, in his *Plain Dealer*, says of a Lawyer in Vogue, *that by being in every Body's Cause he is really in none*. I know not whether I shall be allowed to say that a Physician, by feeling every Body's Pulse feels none;
but

but this I will affirm, that 20 Patients would have more Advantage of their Physician's Skill than 200 can ; it may be ask'd, shall not every Man employ the most skilful in his Affairs ? Doubtless ; but I am afraid there is less of Preference in Judgment than of Whim, Fancy, Fashion, Pride, &c. in the Case ; all which, I hope, will for the Future be charitably laid aside.

In the Case of Trade, this Partiality and the Pride which occasions it are more apparent. Do we not every Day confess that we give advanced Prices for the Names of particular Tradesmen who have the Assurance to exact larger Prices for their Commodities than their Brethren, only because they are richer, and might consequently afford to sell cheaper ? (I know one in particular in this Kingdom, who, if he does not mend his Manners, will hear more of us, that has sold his Name for infinitely more than his Head is worth, and who, by his Familiarity with them, seems to have bought the Names of several Persons of great Fashion in Return.) This Refusal to lay out our Money with any others than those who don't want it, as if we carefully avoided doing good, even when it costs us nothing, nay, when it is to our Advantage, betrays want of Sense as well as Want of Charity, nay, and Want of Spirit too. For what can be meaner than to support the Insolent, and shun the Submissive ? I, therefore hope, that, for the Future, no one will pass by a Shop because it does not stand in such a particular Place, because it is not Mr. Such-a-one's, because the Owner is a young Beginner, or, in the polite Phrase, because *No Body buys there*. Seeing that such a Behaviour very plainly tends to the Discouragement of all Industry among us.

I come now to consider Men in the last and greatest of Distresses, which can arise from Circumstances, or which it is in the Power of Charity to relieve, I mean those Wretches who are in Goal for Debts which they cannot pay. There is not, perhaps, a more shocking
Reflection

Reflection than that of the Numbers who are confin'd on this Account, in all Manner of Misery in the several Goals of this Kingdom ; and more, I believe, than are to be found on the same Occasion in all the Prisons in *Europe*. How agreeable the making such Numbers of Subjects not only useless to, but a burden on the Community, may be to a wise or a polite Nation, or the inflicting such Misery on so many for sometimes no Offence, may be to a Human or a Christian People, I will not determine. The Wisdom and Goodness of our common Law suffer'd this only in Cases of violent Trespasses, or for Debts due to the King, till the Devil found Means by slow Degrees, and by several * Statutes, which gave this Satisfaction, as it is call'd, first in Account, afterwards in Debt, &c. to introduce this Prototype of Hell more generally : and it is the same infernal Spirit, who, in one of our Law-Books, † speaks through the Mouth of a good Servant of his, a Judge in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, who compares a Man in Goal to a Beast in a Pound ; and says, ' That the Sheriff or the Plaintiff are no more ' obliged to give Victuals or Drink to the Prisoner, ' than the Distrainer is to the Cattle impounded ; for ' that he is to live upon his own Goods, if he hath ' any ; if not, on the Charity of others ; and if others ' will give him nothing, let him starve, says he, in ' God's Name (or rather the Devil's) and thank him- ' self for it.'

However, it is certain, that the Laws, at present, (how wisely, or justly, or righteously I won't say) do put in the Power of every proud, ill-natur'd, cruel, rapacious Creditor to satisfy his Revenge, his Malice, or his Avarice this Way on any Person who owes him a few Shillings more than he can pay him ; but let a

* *Marib. cap. 23. Westm. 2 cap. 11. 25 Ed. 3 cap. 17.*

† *Plowd. Com.*

Christian take Care how he uses it, and remember that as surely as he forgives not his Neighbour his Trespases, so surely will his Father in Heaven deny to forgive him his ; nor do I know any Crime in this World which can appear to a finite Understanding to deserve infinite Punishment, so much as that cursed and rancorous Disposition which could bring a Man to cause the Destruction of a Family, or the Confinement of a human Creature in Misery during his Life, for any Debt whatever, unless the contracting it be attended with great Circumstances of Villany.

I shall conclude, with recommending to a particular Person who may have some Interest to endeavour the Reformation of the Law on this Head, such an Act may gain him some real Friends while alive, and some Admirers after his Death. Sure I am, that no Age ever called so loudly for it as the present, when we must shortly either make an Alteration in our Law herein, or a very large one in our Goals. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

TIS observable that St. *Stephen's* Chapel was never attended with more Devotion than at present. The very Lame and the Blind hardly being excus'd. And both Parties seeming to indicate, by their Conduct, *That no Body knows what a Day, or an Hour may bring forth.*

It being apprehended that the Project at present on Foot for the enregistering of Seamen, will render them obnoxious to great and insupportable Grievances, as well as prove detrimental to Commerce in general, great Opposition will be made to it by the Merchants, of all the Ports in the Kingdom.

Great Complaints have been made of Frauds in the Provisions bought up for the Use of the Navy.

And

And certain Particulars have been mention'd, that deserve the most *rigid Scrutiny*, and if true, the most *exemplary Punishment*.

On *Sunday* and *Yesterday*, *Feb. 17* and *18*. the high, Spring Tides, like a brave People, who had long struggled under the Rod of Oppression, took Advantage of the Thaw, to burst their Fetters, and declare again for Liberty. But, as some Mischief generally attend such Revolutions, several Barges and Lighters, were drove from their Moorings, and broke to Pieces in the Fray.

Boards of Admiralty are held sometimes till One o'Clock in the Morning; where some Removes have been made among the Captains of the Fleet; certain smart Altercations have pass'd, and final Instructions have been given for hiring Transports of the Merchants. So that by the Help of the 200,000*l.* extraordinary, lately voted for the public Service, we may, at last, hope to see the Year 1740, render'd as memorable by some Master-stroke in the military Way, as the 18 last for the Triumphs of the Cabinet. *This has prov'd a Mistake.*

In the *Gazetteer* of *Saturday* last, we are told that *Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chamberlain* had, almost as great a Power over the Parliament, as the present Lord Chamberlain has over the Play-House: Whence, without the least Apology for the Insolence of the Comparison, or any Regard to the *Revolutions* that have happened in this Kingdom *since*, he desires the good People to conclude, that one R—— ought to have as large a Dominion as the other.

And in that of *Monday*, an Argument is drawn from the present *flourishing State*; and *unrestrain'd Freedom* of *Ireland*, where there is no *Place-Bill*, that such a Project was not only superfluous, but destructive to *Great-Britain*. — With some absurd Reflexions, by the Way, on the *Tinkering*, as he is pleas'd to term it, that our *Constitution* has undergone for these fifty Years past: When, without this *Tinkering*, 'tis notorious we

had never been *bles'd* with a Prince of Orange or a — for our Sovereign.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Three Regiments of *Ultra-Marines* are order'd to be rais'd in the Northern Colonies, with all possible Expedition ; whose Regimentals, we are told, are to be Camblet, and Canvas. For their *Summer Suits* perhaps. But for their Winter, we humbly presume to recommend Bear-Skins, which are the Growth of the Country, and will make their Appearance truly formidable.

* * * Whereas, I *Gustavus Puffendorff*, Puff-Master-General-Elect, of *Great-Britain*, have condescended to acquaint the Public, for their own Good, with my transcendent Skill in the Art of *Puffing* all Sorts of Wares, Writings, Projects, Persons, Merits, and Accomplishments. This is farther to certify, that I have set up an *Air-Pump*, which as infallibly exhausts all Manner of Tumours, under the Denomination of *Puffs*, of all the contagious *Vapour* contain'd in them, as the Touch of *Isburiel's* Spear discover'd Falshood : And that, unless I am properly spoke to, whoever attempts to support himself on the said *Bladders*, shall, as above, have his Pride instantly *evaporated* ; and be render'd forever incapable either of *puffing*, or being *puff'd* for the Time to come.

N. B. I have kept an exact Register of all the *Puffs* that have been exhibited for these twenty Years past.

From my House, the
Sign of the *Powder-Puff*,
in *Blow-Bladder* Street.

GUSTAVUS PUFFENDORF.

THURSDAY



THURSDAY, *February* 21, 1739-40.

— *Quisnam igitur Sanus? Qui non Stultus.*

HOR.



AMONGST other Species of Charity, for which this Age is justly celebrated, there is one which shines forth in a very particular Manner, I mean that of founding Hospitals; a most commendable and useful Branch of this Virtue, and in which we have so well distinguish'd ourselves of late, that within these three Years, or thereabouts, we have seen the Rise of 3 Hospitals, one at *Hide-Park-Corner*, another at the *Bath*, and lastly that (for Foundlings) which does Honour not only to the noble Propagators of it, but to our very Age and Nation, and leaves us only to wonder, how it was possible, thro' Stupidity or Barbarity, to have been delay'd so long.

An ingenious Gentleman this last Winter, having, I suppose, observ'd this present Bent of our Genius, and that most of the Calamities with which our Minds or Bodies were visited, had Cures provided for them in this Way, thought proper to give us an useful Hint of erecting an Hospital, without which I own I have often thought that noble Structure in *Moorfields* deficient, namely, an *Hospital for Fools*. This Hint was convey'd into the World from the Theatre, by a Dramatic Composition under that Name.

Most Persons imagin'd this Piece would not be licens'd; and some, who, I am sure, knew nothing more

of it than the Title, asserted that there must certainly be Reflections in it on some People; however, contrary to their Expectation, it came on the Stage, where to their no less Surprize, it met with an ill Reception.

I was myself present on the first Night of its Representation, and do scarce remember to have seen any Thing equal to the Horror which appear'd in the Faces of the whole Pit; nor can any of my Readers have an Idea of it, unless such as have observ'd the Countenances of a Set of Children at a Story of Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones: For really, (to imitate the Language us'd on such Occasions) they seem'd to think the Poet was *come for them all*. Nay, so terribly were they frighten'd, that I have been told they all got up in a Cluster together, and did not dare stir out of the House till 12 o'Clock at Night, when one of the Actors came on the Stage, and told them there was no Danger, and that they might be assur'd they should never hear any more of it.

For my Part I was dissatisfied with the Treatment of this Piece, in which I thought there was Merit, though an old Gentleman who sat by me, and did not join in the Tumult, was of a different Opinion: He often shook his Head, and said it was ill-tim'd, that there was very few of those Sort of People at present, with many Criticisms of the like Kind, and at last concluded that he was glad the Farce was Damned; for that he was sure the Author was an ill-natured Fellow, by his wanting to confine such inoffensive People as Fools were.

But, notwithstanding this old Gentleman's Censure, I am still of the Author's Side; not only from the Performance, but the Intention of his Piece, being visibly to recommend such an Hospital as I have mentioned,

I cannot help imagining the antient Custom of keeping Fools to have had something of this Provision for them in View. By this Custom every Man of Fashion was in a Manner obliged to have at least one Fool in his Family. This was equal, if not superior, to a general Hospital for them, and would have continued to this Day, had not the Fools become ungrateful to their Benefactors, and made so ill an Use of their Goodness, as at last to take upon them to be Wits : For which Reason, they were all soon turned out of Doors ; but since that Time, to shew the Revolution of human Affairs, Wit hath been in Fashion, and several Fools have found Means to introduce themselves into great Families under the Disguise of Wits, and have never been discover'd by their Masters.

But though great Numbers of Persons, and some whom I could name, have kept Fools for this Reason ; yet this Practice is not so general as formerly, and numberless Fools are daily to be seen in all the Parts of this Town, without any Body to take Care of them ; or, as it appears by some late moving Instances, without knowing where to go : For to omit the great Numbers who have been seen dancing, &c. on the *Thames*, and who ran about the Town last *Monday* Night in antic Dresses, such hath been lately the Distress of these poor Creatures, that I am credibly inform'd, several Fools, not knowing where to thrust their Heads, publicly offer'd the other Night Crowns a-piece, beyond the already advanc'd Price, for Seats in the first Gallery at *Covent-Garden* Theatre ; when *Orpheus* and *Euridice* was first represented.

After these Instances, I am sure no one can think it other than an Act of Charity to the Fools themselves to confine them ; besides they are far from being such inoffensive Creatures as the old Gentleman hath represented them ; nay I could almost venture to assert, that there is scarce any Mischief done, in which Fools are not concerned.

Is any Mischief ever made among Friends and Relations without a Fool concerned in it? Should we ever hear of a Separation, or even a Quarrel between a Husband and Wife, unless one or both of them were Fools? How comes it that Servants get at the Secrets of Families? How do Lawyers get Possession of Men's Writings? Priests of their Minds, and Physicians of their Bodies, and by these Means all four of their Purfes? How happens it that Horses are kill'd, Wheels worn out, and Time thrown away to spread little, paultry, dirty, mean, malicious Scandal? Why doth one Man attempt to frustrate the Schemes, or one Woman to hinder the Amours of another, which do not interfere with their own? In a Word, how comes it that any one suffers an Injury by which the Person who does it reaps no Advantage, but that Fools walk abroad?

Or, to make use of higher Instances, Why have a whole People often lost their Liberties, or indeed why have Kings desir'd to take them away (since the greater and nobler, and braver a People are, so much the greater is the Monarch who reigns over them) but for the above Reason.—And to bring it Home, how can we account for the tame Sufferance of some Invasions on our Rights in former Times, but by saying, THAT FOOLS WERE THEN IN THE LAND.

It would be needless, since, though I am writing for the Sake of Fools, I am not writing to them, to enumerate any more Instances to prove so plain an Assertion, as that Fools ought to be shut up as well as Madmen.

And where is the Ill-nature of this Proposal? What Inconvenience, nay even what Loss of Amusement would arise to them from hence, supposing they were confin'd in a large and wholesome Hospital? Could not the Beau dress himself, the Coquet play before the
Glas,

Glass, or the Prude skrew up her Face as well here as any where ? For since they only admire themselves, cannot they do it by themselves ? Cannot a Poet here wonder at his own bad Verses, or a Critic abuse good ones ? Cannot a Projector lay his Schemes, and all the different Sorts of Fools, play over their different Sorts of Follies ? Nay, we will allow them all the Amusements they have at present, and sling them, in a Heap, all their Music-Masters, Dancing-Masters, Fiddlers, Operas, Puppet-shews, Raree-shews, Pantomines, Dexterity of Hand, and a compleat Set *Gratis* of *Gazetteers* ; in short, all they have or that they desire to have ; nor do I know any Thing they will be debar'd from, but the Conversation of Men of Sense, which can be no Misfortune to them, as these are a particular Sort of odd People, for whom the said Fools have always had a most uninterrupted Contempt : So that in Reality this will be not so properly the Hospital as the Paradise of Fools.

Indeed, I am aware but of two Objections which can be possibly made to this Charity : The first is that trite one which hath been so often objected, *viz.* the great Expence of so large a Building ; but this may be easily obviated by only a Change of Places, that is, by our bringing the Fools all together into one ; for which Purpose, to avoid the greater Confusion, it may be convenient to assign that Situation for the Hospital where the greatest Part and the most eminent already reside : But, for particular Reasons, the Public will excuse my pointing out the Quarter, till the Scheme is farther advanc'd, and some of the most powerful Fools secur'd.

The second, which seems indeed at first Sight of greater Weight, is that a very large and useful Body of the Community, who are vulgarly call'd Knaves, may be injur'd thereby. This Scheme being little less than to take from them the Means of subsisting on those

Creatures, who are, by some learned Men, thought to have been created for no other Purpose, than for the Food and Convenience of the said Knaves. This would, I own, have great Force, if it was absolutely true, or at least if without Remedy : For I am neither so romantic a Writer, nor one of so little public Spirit, as to conceive that any Reparation could be made for so great a Loss to Society : But I am very confident, that by this Means no Knaves would be depriv'd of Subsistence, but such as would be entitled to a Provision in the Hospital. Honest and undesigning Men of very good Understanding would be always liable to the Attacks of cunning and artful Knaves, into whose Snares we are as often seduc'd by the Openness and Goodness of the Heart, as by the Weakness of the Head. True Wisdom is commonly attended with a Simplicity of Manners, which betrays a worthy Man to a tricking Shuffler, of a much inferior Capacity. Besides, Knaves have the Quality with Pikes, when they can find no other Game, of preying on one another ; and a great, subtle Knave, and such it is the main Business of a well-order'd Commonwealth to support, will no more fail of his Prey while any little ones are within his Reach, than an over-grown Pike will want Food while there are any Smaller Pikes in the same Pond.

C



INDEX

INDEX to the TIMES.

CERTAIN Papers of the immortal Sir *Isaac Newton's*, having lately been found, which are said to refute the vulgar Opinion of the Moon's having an Influence on the Weather; the polite World have already rejected that heretical Tenet, and from henceforward it will be look'd upon as a very impertinent Thing, to make the Changes of that Planet the Topic of Conversation: Or, in other Words, all Persons are to understand, by these Presents, *that the Moon is out of Fashion.*

Sometime next Summer, the Court of *Common-Pleas*, is to be rebuilt of Mahogany (though the Timber call'd *Iron-Wood*, would suit better perhaps) in a beautiful Manner, for the better Accommodation of the Court: And, if a little more to the *Ease* both of *Client* and *Evidence*, it would not be much amiss. *This, likewise, has not as yet taken Place.*

The Cloathing for the three Regiments of *Ultra-Marines*, whether Camblet and Canvas, or Buckram, the Regimentals of Sir *John Falstaff's* Corps, is to be made here. *That our Manufacturers may not be wholly out of Employment.*

'Tis said, that a certain Court has had the Insolence to say to one of its Neighbours, in the peremptory Stile, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther.*

And 'tis expected, that, in Consequence, certain Persons, call'd *Heralds*, will be enjoin'd to make a *proper Reply.*

The ART of WAR.

After the newest RECEIPT.

FIRST let *Freeman* and *Sydney*, the *Gazetteer-Drums!*

Roar manfully out That, The Enemy comes!

Then, during the Panic, urge Taxes good Store,

Not barely enough, but some Twenty Times more.

O ;

Next

Next levy new Forces by Sea, and by Land,
 Give each pretty Fellow his Share of Command.
 Let Seamen be press'd, and Embargo's be laid,
 To **** the Merchant defending the Trade:
 Whole Herds dye *untimely*, to victual the Fleet,
 No Matter, tho' Carrion, if bought for good Meat.
 Hold Councils, send Couriers, dispatch Plenipo's,
 Bribe some to be Friends, some not to be Foes.
 Make Earth groan with Armies, with Navies the Main,
 As *Europe* in League was the Second of *Spain*.
 And, when ev'ry Job, and Expedient is serv'd,
 Let us rest on our Arms, till our Foes are all starv'd.

A LITERARY ARTICLE.

A little Collection of *Epigrams in Distich* has been lately publish'd; and we should, with much Pleasure, have paid a Compliment to the Author, if the following Extract could have serv'd as a Specimen of the rest.

The Inamour'd.

Jove's Head held *Pallas*; *Sam's* like *Jove* of late:
 A Girl has taken Lodgings in his Pate.

The Censorious.

What a sad World we live in! *Scandal* cries,
 I own it will be better when he dies.

A Miser's Invitation.

His Chimnies smoak! it is some Omen dire!
 His Neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out Fire!

Lady Vainlove's Servants.

In their rich Liveries starving they repine,
 And wish to sell the Lace, that they might dine.

On

On a proud Fellow.

Jack his own Merit sees : This give him Pride,
'That he sees more than all the World beside.

My last Epigram.

Some partial Friend perhaps my like the Rest ;
This merits my own Praise ; 'tis much the Best.

Journal of the WAR.

Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The *Paz-Garden*, Capt. *Nut*, bound from *London* to
the *Canaries*—The *Noftra Signiora*, &c. from *Lifbon* to
Oporto. — And the *Dispatch*, Captain *Collins*,
from *Zant*.

Said to be taken by the ENGLISH.

A *Spanifh* Man of War of 40 Guns, by Sir *Yelverton*
Peyton, in the *Hector*.—Another 40 Gun Ship by a
Privateer of *New-England*.—And a Third, by the
Diamond Man of War.





SATURDAY, Feb. 23, 1739-40.

— *Est & mihi fortis in unum
Hoc Manus: est & Amor: dabit hic in vulnera Vires.
Persequar extinctum, letique miserrima dicar
Causa Comesque tui.* OVID.

Mr. VINEGAR.

I send you an ARABIAN TALE, never before in English, which may possibly divert your Readers, and am,

Yours, &c.



ULEY-HASSEIN, an Arabian Prince, or Emir, was the last of the ancient Race of Kings, who had govern'd Egypt with so much Magnificence and Glory: But of all the Rights, which his Birth gave him in that rich and flourishing Kingdom, he possessed no more than the Dominion of a little Canton situated in the Midst of a long Chain of Mountains on the Borders of the Red-Sea: Where he consoled himself for the Loss of so envy'd a Throne, in the Zeal and Devotion of a Handful of faithful Subjects by whom he was ador'd, and the Sovereignty of an inestimable Mine of Emeralds; the only one in Egypt, and the richest in the World. He was born with a great Soul, noble and elevated Sentiments, a penetrating and comprehensive Genius, a Courage truly masculine, and capable of the highest Undertakings. He had distinguish'd himself in War,

War, both among the *Arabian* Princes his Neighbours, and under the imperial Standard of the Port : Whence he was as formidable to his Enemies, as amiable to his Subjects ; and all these great Qualities, join'd to the Royalty of his Descent and his immense Treasures, made him regarded with a jealous Eye, even at *Cairo*.

The *Bashaws* of *Egypt*, successively had heard of his inestimable *Mine*, and Avarice needed no greater Temptation to endeavour his Ruin : To which End, it was, at last, thought adviseable to render him criminal in the Eyes of the Grand Seignior, by the following Means.—Certain *Turks* were first prompted to commit Outrages in his peaceable States, to insult his Subjects, and carry off their Camels : And when *Hasssein* prudently avoided opposing Violence with Violence, an *Aga* in the Neighbourhood was commanded to invade his Frontier with open Hostilities. All which, instead of opposing, he only modestly complain'd of, and at the same Time interceded for Redress to his injur'd Subjects. But, instead of obtaining Justice, his Remonstrances were treated as Treason, and he himself order'd forthwith to repair to *Cairo*, to answer for his Conduct. *Hasssein*, really astonish'd at this Proceeding, and, unwilling to be sacrific'd in the Dark, desir'd Time to deliberate on his Compliance : Which was look'd upon as such an Aggravation of his Guilt, that he was instantly proclaim'd a Rebel, and certain Troops were employ'd to punish his Disobedience.

But this Rancour of his Enemies was not excited by the *Emerald-Mine* alone ; *Hasssein* possess'd yet a greater and more envy'd Treasure, his Wife, a Lady of a surprizing Beauty, but even more celebrated for her Prudence, Spirit, Truth, and Fidelity, than the transcendent Charms of her Person.—'Twas on her the *Emir* doated ; 'twas for her his Heart was first and principally concern'd ; not his former Loss of *Egypt*, or the Danger that now threaten'd the Remains of his ancient Patrimony.

A Journey which the *Emir* had Occasion to make to *Cairo*, together with the Princess his Spouse, afforded the Bashaw an Opportunity to see her ; and that Sight was the very Moment accompanied by Love. —At the Time, that *Hassien* was at *Cairo*, the Bashaw had given certain magnificent Entertainments to the Ladies of his own Seraglio, and invited those of all the Lords of his Court to share in them. As no Man of whatever Quality was permitted to be a Spectator of these Sports, *Hassien* made no Difficulty to suffer his dear Princess to be present : But, while the whole Court shone with Lights, and rung with their innocent Pleasures, the Bashaw, either bewitch'd by his Curiosity, or presuming on his Power, interrupted all by his sudden Appearance among them. At which unexpected Surprize, the Apartments echo'd with Cries of Fear and Astonishment, and every one made what Shift she could to escape. The *Arabian* Princess was the first that had drawn his Attention, and, of Course, was the last that could avoid him. Her alone he regarded, address'd, and follow'd ; and, having, half by Violence stopp'd.—*You fly me, Charmer of my Heart,* says he, *and would conceal those Beauties that deserve the Adoration of the World — Don't envy me the Pleasure this charming Opportunity gives me, but allow me one Moment, at least, to enjoy a Felicity that I wish could be eternal. What have you to fear where you may command ? Every Thing, my Lord,* answer'd she fiercely, and disengaging herself eagerly from his Hands, *Every Thing where the Laws of Honour and Hospitality are so flagrantly violated.* At these Words, she abruptly left him, cover'd with Confusion, inflam'd with Passion, and in Despair of ever seeing the dear Object any more. On the other Hand, *Hassien* was no sooner inform'd of this Adventure by his Wife, but he resolv'd to leave *Cairo* that Moment, and save himself from the Treachery of Courts, in his own more hospitable Mountains.

This

This fatal Interview finish'd what the *Emerald-Mine* began: A Vassal, tho' a Prince, was thought too happy in possessing Two such invaluable Treasures, and it was resolv'd to bereave him of both, at the Expence of his own Life.—But *Hassien* no sooner was convinc'd his Ruin was sought, but he determin'd to stand upon his Guard.—He order'd his Subjects to retire to the Mountains with their Flocks and Provender, and fortify'd the Passes with all imaginable Diligence.—Whence, however easy it was thought at *Cairo*, to reduce a petty Prince of the *Arabians*, those who were charg'd with the Expedition, found the Difficulties almost unsurmountable.—Skill'd in all the intricate Mazes of that wild Country, he terrified them with continual Alarms, cut off their Convoys, and, by the Advantage of Situation, repell'd their most obstinate Attacks.

But, however successfully he had hitherto defended himself, his dear Princess tormented herself incessantly for being the fatal Cause of his Danger.—Wretch that I am, would she frequently exclaim, That Beauty, which Heaven flattered me with as a Pledge of my Husband's Happiness, that very Beauty threatens to be his Ruin! Do you see my dear *Hassien* the Capriciousness of my Fate? I love you, and desire to live only for your Sake; and yet I have the Curse to see that very Life become a Snare to put an End to yours.—Yes, yes, 'tis I that embitter your Pleasures and poison your Repose; that wake your Dominions with Fire and Sword.—Without me, you would have no Enemy to endanger your Estate, or calumniate your Fame.—Perfidious Beauty, how chimerical are thy Advantages? How real thy Calamities?—*Hassien* hear'd these delicate Complaints with unfeign'd Affliction, and cordially endeavour'd to remove them.—No, Madam, says he, 'tis not Love, but Avarice is the Cause of our Misfortunes! The Bashaw never lov'd, and you do him too much Honour to suppose him capable of an

an Inclination so noble? His brutal and savage Heart doats only on my *Emerald-Mine*, and 'tis to the Lust of Rapine I am to be sacrific'd: But how little will be his Gain? *Hassein* was never the Slave of Fear, and, in such a Situation as mine, those who dare die, can disappoint, if not conquer their Enemies.

Neither, on the other Hand, was the Bashaw wholly at Ease.—Six Months had already passed, and yet *Hassein* liv'd; and still possessed both his Wife and his Mine.—Resolv'd, therefore, to be kept on the Rack of Expectation no longer, he levy'd half the Force of *Egypt*, headed the Expedition himself, surrounded the Mountains on every Side, and cut off all Possibility even of a Retreat.

The unfortunate *Hassein*, seeing himself now irreparably undone, had Recourse to his last and only Consolation: There were but six Persons in the Secret of the Mines: These he sent for, and pointing to the *Turkish* Forces ascending the Hills on all Sides: My Friends, said he, *Those are the Tyrants that have enslav'd you, and murder'd your Princes: And I, the last of the miserable Line, am now to follow them.—You know the Motive of this unjust Invasion.—The precious Mine, which their Avarice persuades them is infinitely more valuable than it really is.—In one Moment they will be here, and, in Imagination, already devour their Prey.—But, if I am not deceiv'd in your Fidelity, that Imagination is all they shall ever possess.—Death, Death will both deliver you from their merciless Hands, and disappoint their hungry Avarice for ever.—Depend upon it, your Prince will not long survive you.*

As he ended, with a Glance of his Eye, he shew'd them the Executioners ready with their Bow-strings: to which those faithful Subjects submitted with an Alacrity, beyond Example.—*Hassein* drop'd some grateful Tears upon their Bodies, and flew to the Tent of his dear Princess to take his last Leave:—*Madam*, said he, *The Enemy is at Hand, his Standards even now*
arise

arise between the Hills: But, I have already had the Pleasure of preventing half his Triumph.—My Slaves, by their Deaths, have seal'd up the Secret of the Mine for ever.—And for you, my dear Spouse, added he, tenderly pressing her Hand, as to take his last Leave, Live!—Here in Spite of himself, Tears, for a Moment, hinder'd him from going on. Live my dear Spouse —Remember the unfortunate Hassein! Remember his Fidelity!

He could add no more: But, quite overcome with Tenderness, would have torn himself away to conceal, if possible, the Residue of what he suffer'd and design'd. But the Princess detain'd him by Force: Stay, Hassein! cry'd she, in the Anguish of her Soul. 'Tis too soon to die. For that I know is your Design, tho' you strive to conceal it from me.—But have you thought me unworthy to bear you Company? Do you believe me mean enough to survive you? Know then Hassein that, tho' you have resolv'd to shew me the Way, it shall be my Glory to prevent you.—No, my dear Lord, added she, folding him in her Arms, the Barbarian shall triumph over neither of us.—A friendly Poison will, in a few Moments, secure me from his Insults. I foresaw our mutual Misfortunes. I foresaw your Life was near its Period, and found Means to reach the Goal before you.—Happy in the Reflection that our Enemy will have every Passion, but his Cruelty, defeated.—Go, she continued, almost fainting as she spoke: Go, Fight! Die! — But fail not to avenge the Blood of a Wife that lov'd you beyond her Being.—In ending these Words, she expir'd in his Arms; and Hassein, having taking a religious Leave of her dead Body, hasten'd to put himself at the Head of his little Army; who, inspir'd with the Enthusiasm of their Sovereign's Grief, and Rage, behav'd as if the Right of Vengeance was their own.—But Hassein, alike hopeless and regardless of Victory, charg'd into the Middle of the Enemy; and, selecting the Vizier, as the only Object worthy of his Fury,

kill'd

kill'd him in the Middle of his Guards, and was by them immediately cut to Pieces on the Body of their Lord. * *

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE Article in *Thursday's* Advertiser informing us, that tho' the *Dutch* are on the Point of augmenting their Troops, they have acquainted the Court of *France*, 'tis only by Way of Precaution, not for Service, has put the Public in Mind of the formidable Junction of the *British* and *Dutch* Fleets at *Spit-head*, some Years ago: Which was so long the *Diver-sion* of the good People of *England*: And the *Dread* of all *Europe*.

It seems a *French* Gentleman, the Son of the President of the Parliament of *Bourdeaux*, has been seiz'd at *Dublin*, together with his Papers, which are said to contain Matters of the highest Importance. — And, therefore may possibly open a new View of Intelligence, for the *Entertainment* of the Public.

Another extraordinary Piece of Frost-Work has been discover'd at a Place called *Booth-Wood*, in the Parish of *Ipsstones*; being a Rivulet, frozen, in its Fall from a stupendous Cliff, into a Rock of Ice ten Yards three Quarters high, and twelve about, tho' considerably wasted when this Measure was taken.

The *Thames* being once more at Liberty, the Public begins to promise itself, the speedy Use of those Two useful Elements *Fire* and *Water* without any *additional* Excise.

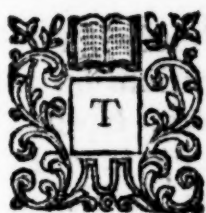
TUESDAY,



TUESDAY, February 26, 1739-40.

*Auream quisquis Mediocritatem
Diligit tutus, caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius Aula.*

HOR.



THE unequal Distribution of the good Things of this World, hath been represented as one excellent Argument of a future State. The Disparity between the Lots of Men hath been thought no otherwise reconcileable with the Goodness of the Almighty Being, than by considering this World as a short State of Probation only, and our Happiness here of very little Account in the Divine Eye: For, as the best Parents, during the Infancy of their Children, give sometimes the finest Toys to this or that Child, and think it sufficient to provide equally for them in their main Settlement in Life; so this our great Parent, regardless of the different Shares which we possess of the Toys of this World, is only careful to provide an Equality of Bliss for such as do not forfeit it in our lasting Settlement hereafter.

But though Health of Body and Strength of Mind, being possess'd by some in a very superior Degree to that which falls to the Lot of others, do really introduce the greatest Disparity of worldly Happiness; this is not so certainly the Consequence of the unequal Distribution of Power and Riches, and notwithstanding the

the Disdain with which the great and fine World look down on a middle State, notwithstanding contemptuous Phrases, as *Low People* ; *Fellows that Nobody knows* ; *strange Creatures* ; *mean Company* ; *Nobody's* ; *Whadyecallums* ; *Dirt* ; *Scroff*, * &c. notwithstanding all this, I am convinc'd that Happiness does not always sit on the Pinnacle of Power, or lie in a Bed of State ; but is rather to be found in that golden Mean which *Horace* prescribes in the Motto of my Paper, where it is seldom miss'd, unless by such as, through too great Humility, dare not invite Happiness to their humble Dwellings, but foolishly put off the Hopes of entertaining this Guest, till they can make themselves Masters of stately Rooms and splendid Furniture to receive it.

Philosophers and Moralists have already fill'd so many thousand Pages with their Declamations on this Head, that I shall add no more to them, especially since Examples convince us more speedily than Precepts ; and the Two following Pictures, which are taken from Life, and the latter without the least Embellishment, must satisfy the Reader, that there are such Things as splendid Misery and humble Happiness.

The first of these Pictures I shall present the Reader with as it was drawn by my Son *Jack*, who, as I have said in my first Paper, wears fine Cloaths, and keeps the best Company.

Jack was invited to Dinner at the House of a certain Person of great Distinction, whither he repair'd at the fashionable Hour of Four. As soon as the Door was open'd, he enter'd into a large Hall, at the End of which was a magnificent Stair-Case, adorn'd with most

* *A Word in great Use, but in no Dictionary ; perhaps it should be written Scroff, but we have here followed the general Pronunciation.*

beautiful Paintings. Here were several Persons with disconsolate Countenances, amongst whom he knew one to be a *Jeweller* and another a *Laceman*; whilst he was rubbing his Shoes on the Mat, he heard several Repetitions of the Words *very hard, long Time due, make up a Sum, &c.* He was conducted hence through several fine Apartments into the Eating-Room, where was a noble Side-Board set off with a Profusion of carved Plate: As the Company was not yet come, *Jack* desir'd Leave to wait on the Lady, who admitted him to her Toilette. She had been risen about half an Hour, and was at Breakfast when my Son entred her Dressing-Room. On a Table lay the Bills of several *Mantua-Makers, Milliners, Mercers,* and others, without any Receipts to them. 'Mr. *Vinegar*, says she, I never 'was more rejoyc'd to see you; for I am horribly in 'the Spleen, I had the most terrible Run at Cards last 'Night——would you think it? I lost nine Rubbers 'following.' *Jack* had scarce Time to answer her, when her Husband came in; after a short Conversation and a Whisper or two, she told him in a louder Voice, and with much Eagerness: *It is never the near, for I must positively have it: Her Husband* reply'd, *You cannot, for it is impossible.* My Son, who is perfectly well-bred, seeing a Dispute arising, immediately withdrew and return'd to the Eating-Room, where four or five Gentlemen were now assembled. In about a Quarter of an Hour, the Master of the House came to them, with great Dejection in his Countenance, which was not at all lessen'd during an Hour's Conversation while we waited for the Lady, which turn'd on the Miseries of Matrimony, with frequent Exclamations about the Dinner: At last the Lady came as pale as Death, with the Tears not so well wip'd off from her Eyes, but that very visible Marks remain'd. Dinner was now serv'd, which consisted of Dishes so disguis'd, that nothing more was to be known of them, but that they were spoil'd with waiting too long. The Husband and Wife
eat

eat little, and employ'd themselves only in casting malevolent Glances on each other, with now and then some Sighs and secret Hints which seem'd not only understood at the Table, but by the Gentlemen who stood behind our Chairs. Several rich Wines were reckon'd up, most of which were far from being excellent in their Kind; nor indeed did they infuse any Air of Cheerfulness into the Conversation, which was ceremonial, and mostly turn'd on Cookery. With the Depart were introduced three Children, or rather Skeletons, with very sickly Complexions, whose Wit and Beauty were much admir'd by all the Company. At length, a Servant informing the Lady that her Chair was at the Door, every Thing was remov'd, and the Bottles put on the Table, which the Master of the House took Care should not go round too fast. In about an Hour afterwards, *Jack* retir'd with one of the Gentlemen through a Row of Servants, who seem'd to look on their Vails as a surer Subsistence than their Wages; his Companion, as they went, abus'd the Master of the House, his Wife, his Entertainment, his Œconomy, and inform'd my Son that he kept an extravagant and disagreeable Mistress, hinting at the same Time something of the Lady, which he was tender of repeating.

Instead of making any Reflections, I shall oppose to this Scene, one, of which I was really a Spectator.

Sometime since I went with my Wife to pay a Visit to a Country Clergyman, who hath a Living of somewhat above 100*l.* a Year. In his Youth he had sacrificed a Fellowship in one of the Universities, to marry a very agreeable Woman, who with a small Fortune had had a very good Education. Soon after his Marriage he was presented to the Living, of which he is now Incumbent. Since his coming hither, he hath improv'd the Parsonage-House and Garden, both which are now in the neatest Order. At our Arrival, we
were

were met at the Gate by the Clergyman and two of his Sons. After telling us with the most chearful Voice and Countenance that he was extremely glad to see us, he took my Wife down in his Arms, and committing our two Horses to the Care of his Sons, he conducted us into a little neat Parlour, where a Table was spread for our Entertainment. Here the good Woman and her eldest Daughter receiv'd us with many hearty Expressions of Kindness, and very earnest Desires that we would take something to refresh ourselves before Dinner. Upon this a Bottle of Mead was produc'd, which was of their own Making, and very good in its Kind. Dinner soon follow'd, being a Gammon of Bacon and some Chickens, with a most excellent Apple pye. My Friend excused himself from not treating me with a roasted Pig (a Dish I am particularly fond of) by telling us that as Times were hard, he had relinquish'd those Tithes to his Parishioners. Our Liquors were the aforesaid Mead, Elder Wine, with strong Beer, Ale, &c. all perfectly good, and which our Friends express great Pleasure at our Drinking and Liking. After a Meal spent with the utmost Cheerfulness, we walked into a little, neat Garden, where we passed the Afternoon with the gayest and most innocent Mirth, the good Man and good Woman, their Sons and Daughters, all vying with one another, who should shew us the greatest Signs of Respect, and of their Forwardness to help us to any Thing they had.

The Economy of these good People may be instructive to some, as well as entertaining to all my Readers.

The Clergyman, who is an excellent Scholar, is himself the School-Master to his Boys (which are three in Number). As soon as the Hours, appointed for their Studies, are over, the Master and all the Scholars employ themselves at work either in the Garden, or some other

other Labour about the House, while the little Woman is no less industrious in her Sphere with her two Daughters within. Thus the Furniture of their House, their Garden, their Table, and their Cellar, are almost all the Work of their own Hands; and the Sons grow at once robust and learned, while the Daughters become Housewives, at the same Time that they learn of their Mother several of the genteeler Accomplishments.

Love and Friendship were never in greater Purity than between this good Couple, and as they both have the utmost Tenderness for their Children, so they meet with the greatest Returns of Gratitude and Respect from them. Nay the whole Parish is by their Example the Family of Love, of which they daily receive Instances from their spiritual Guide, and which hath such an Effect on them, that I believe—*Communibus Annis*, he receives voluntarily from his Parishioners more than his Due, though not half so much as he deserves. C

INDEX to the TIMES.

THE Tragedy of *Elmeric*, which is now acting with deserved Applause at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, is founded on a true Story, taken from *Vertot's* History of the Knights of *Malta*. The Title is interesting and instructive, the Incidents affecting, the Characters strongly drawn, and the Sentiments and Diction pure and noble; and in a Word, such a Regard to Nature shines through the Whole, that it is evident the Author writ less from his Head, than from an Heart capable of exquisitely Feeling and Painting human Distresses, but of causing none.

His

HIS FATAL CURIOSITY; which is a Master-Piece in its Kind, and inferior only to *Shakspeare's* best Pieces, gives him a Title to be call'd, the best Tragic Poet of his Age ; but this was the least of his Praise, he had the gentlest and honestest Manners, and, at the same Time, the most friendly and obliging.

He had a perfect Knowledge of Human Nature, though his Contempt of all base Means of Application, which are the necessary Steps to great Acquaintance, restrained his Conversation within very narrow Bounds : He had the Spirit of an old *Roman*, joined to the Innocence of a primitive Christian ; he was content with his little State of Life, in which his excellent Temper of Mind, gave him an Happiness beyond the Power of Riches, and it was necessary for his Friends to have a sharp Insight into his Want of their Services, as well as good Inclinations or Abilities to serve him. In short, he was one of the best of Men, and those who knew him best, will most regret his Loss.



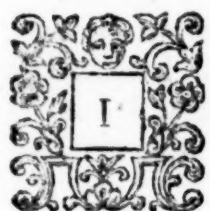


THURSDAY, February 28, 1739-40.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus & est mihi sæpe vocandus
Ad Partes.* JUVENAL.

TO NEHEMIAH VINEGAR, Esq;

S I R,



Did not think the Captain's inimitable Vein of Ridicule, with which he hath made the greatest Men among us tremble, ran through the whole Family, at least that so grave a Man as yourself, would attempt to make a Jest of a Science, to which, we are told, you have applied all your Days. And yet, you cannot certainly be in earnest when you insinuate that the Mysteries of Politics are not to be fathomed, especially those that regard the Interest of our own Country, which surely require neither the Talents of a Conjuror, nor so much Labour and Instruction to comprehend.

The Interest of this Island, is, I believe, chiefly to preserve a good Understanding between the King and his People : To maintain a very small Army, and a very strong Fleet ; to keep up the strictest Alliance with the Maritime Powers without making too great Concessions to them on the Article of Trade : To ballance Power as equally as possible on the Continent, and to hold the Scales ourselves ; to stop the Current of a certain Potentate's Encroachments in the *Mediterranean,*

terranean, and those of another in the *West-Indias* ; to encourage our Manufactures at Home, especially the Wollen, by taking Measures to prevent the Exportation of Wool (which as I am told may be accomplished) and by diminishing the Taxes, and with them the Price of Labour ; to prevent the Growth of Luxury, and to take the Opportunity of every Hour's Peace to lessen the Debts of the Nation.

These are, I believe, the true and principal Heads ; of which, as I apprehend every one may be easily convinced, so am I persuaded that it is far from being impracticable to effect them. By the Art of Politics, therefore, I apprehend you mean the Art of PRIME-MINISTRY. An Art which to those who are not versed in it, doth indeed seem to abound in Mysteries, equal with the Feasts of *Cybele*, the Orgia of *Bacchus*, or any other Mysteries of the Heathen Religion.

But as dark and difficult as this is, I have, with infinite Pain and Study, at last made myself a perfect Master of it, and intend to convert my Knowledge at once to the Use of my Country, and to my own Livelihood. I shall therefore institute Lectures, wherein I will teach the whole Art of Prime-Ministry at a very reasonable Rate.

The Usefulness of this Knowledge need not, I apprehend, be insisted on, it being apparently sufficient of itself to make any Man's Fortune, and may save the great Expences which are often thrown away in giving genteel and learned Educations to Children, by filling their Heads with useless Languages and Sciences. I have therefore sent you the following Proposals, which I shall be obliged to you for ushering into the World.

PROPOSALS for a Course of Lectures on
the ELEMENTS of PRIME-MINISTRY, chiefly
Natural; by Mr. Nicodemus Bungle.

Which will be read at some Coffee-House or Tavern at *Westminster*, near the Author's House, and will begin as soon as he is at Leisure, which will be about *April* next, 'till when he hath a little Business on his Hands, and will be continued twice a Week during the Summer, beginning exactly at Eleven in the Forenoon. In which the Elements of natural Prime-Ministry will be explained, and illustrated by mechanical Experiments in the following new Method:

1. Several Kinds of Whispers which will be illustrated by a large Pair of Bellows, an Engine which is known sometimes to blow up a Fire, and as often to raise a Smoke.

2. A very particular broad Grin, the like never seen before, unless peradventure in the Picture drawn by *Milton* of the ghastly Smile of Death, from which several Persons seem very desirous to derive this.

3. A Stare which surprizes and confounds, depriving those who see it of their Understanding, as sure as the *Gorgon*, tho' most of them afterwards recover. The Head which performs these two last Motions, cost me a great Deal in the Carving, tho' it is made (all but the Forehead) of very bad Stuff, and some People have assured me, that, according to the Vulgar Saying, they could cut a better out of a large Turnip.

4. *Coup de-Maitre*, or an humble Petition from the Wolf to the Shepherd, to be made his Deputy, representing the Sheep not to have a due Affection for their Shepherd, and recommending Fleecing, with several pretty Emblems.

5. Promises of all Sorts and Sizes, illustrated by Bladders full blown, which look well to the Eye, but when you try to use them, you always discover there is nothing in them.

6. Slanders of the blackest Kind: The Use of which is exemplified by Ink, which every one knows is seldom made Use of on any but white Paper.

7. 8. 9. Squeezes by the Hand, Bows, and Invitations to Dinner, illustrated by proper Emblems, the last of them by a Fellow baiting a Mouse-Trap.

10. Bribery shewn by a Pump in the Street, with which Water is forced out of its natural pure Channel to wash out Kennels and fill up Common-sewers.

11. Lastly, The Art of Lie-looking; being Instructions how to become perfect Master of the Countenance, and to conceal all the Passions, especially those two which are most apt to injure Men in their Pursuit of this Science. I mean Fear and Shame, which two Passions will be dissected, and their different Operations shewn on the human Body. The latter of these having only a simple Operation on the Countenance, will be more easily guarded against; but the former, when it hath taken Possession of the Heart, expanding itself to both the Extremities of the Trunk, and giving certain small *Indicia* of its Presence in another Part besides the Countenance, requires a double Defence: For which Purpose, I have prepared several false Tails or Linings for Breeches, which, as they will be all Kick Proof, will be of double Use, and sometimes serve to keep Shame out as well as Fear in.

But the most valuable of all my Collection is my excellent *antipudorific Lotion*, which, being slightly rubb'd over the Face with a little Brush, reduces it to a settled Hue which nothing afterwards can alter, as several Persons who have experienced it can testify; twice or thrice rubbing being sufficient in most Cases. This was originally made at *Corinth* by a Quack, whose Name was *Lais*, and who had served her Apprentiship to one *Apelles*, a Painter, of whom she learnt to compose this Wash or Paint. All the Historians, Poets, and Critics have fallen into a great Blunder, by confounding this *Lais* with a famous Prostitute of that Name, which

Error I shall here attempt to refute. And first, *Pliny* * mentions our *Lais*, and assures us, that she had an excellent Remedy for Bites of Mad Dogs and Agues; and Mr. *Bayle* † tells us, 'That she imitated those charitable Physicians who furnish the Poor with Medicines for nothing, and make the Rich pay for them.' Accordingly she gave her Wash to *Diogenes* for nothing, which was of such Use to him, that he was not ashamed of living in a Tub; and shewed *Alexander the Great* that he had the Assurance to look him in the Face without his keeping the Light of the Sun from him, which the said *Alexander* did to prevent his Confusion. She was the *Misfaubin* or *W*—*d* of her Age, and sold Bottles at so immense a Price that *Demosthenes* the Orator (a Profession which stands in great Need of this Wash) tho' he had taken a Journey to *Corinth*, on Purpose, thinking by his Oratory to have talked her out of it, returned without it, saying, *tanti non emo non § pœnitere*, *I shall not give so much to prevent my being ashamed*: Who can imagine that so many Philosophers and wise Men would have run after a common Strumpet, or that so fine a Woman as the other *Lais* would have asked ten thousand *Denarii* of so pretty a Gentleman as *Demosthenes*, who we are told was the greatest Beau, as well as the greatest Orator of his Age, and prostituted herself for nothing to such an ugly, dirty, ill-bred Fellow as *Diogenes*? Hence came the Proverbs, That every Man could not go to *Corinth*, or, as *Aulus Gellius* paraphrases the Greek, it is in vain to go to *Corinth*, unless one could give *Lais* her Price for her Wash: and that other Proverb of *Corinthian* Brags, or rather Wash, of which the other is an easy Corruption.

* *Lib. 28. cap. 7.* † *Title Lais Note H.*

§ *This is the true Reading in Aul. Gell. lib. 1. c. 8.*

I shall dispose of a Bottle of this *Gratis* to all my Subscribers, and to others at a very high Price, sealed up with Directions.

The Price to Subscribers will be five Guineas to be paid next *Christmas*, at which Time a Man will stand at my Door ready to receive it.

I am S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

NICODEMUS BUNGLE.

I could not refuse inserting the above Letter, as I am willing to encourage Genius and Industry, but I would advise my Friend *Nicodemus* to travel abroad with his *Nostrums*; for I apprehend they will meet with little Encouragement here, where we neither have or can have a Prime Minister. Such a Body sole Politic, being unknown to our Laws, which treat the Word Minister with so little Respect, that in the 42 of *Edward III.* Chap. the 9th. (which is the first time the Word, as I remember, occurs in our Statutes) it is applied to a certain Officer under a Sheriff vulgarly called a Bum-Bailiff. The Privy Council and Parliament are the Ministers of the Kings of *England*, and as my Lord *Coke* says in his fourth Institute, fol. 54. no one or two ought to pretend to be sole Counsellors or to make a Monopoly thereof. It is the present Happiness of the People of *England*, that his Majesty acts with the Concurrence of these Councils, and we have no Reason to fear that we shall be obliged, (to use the Language of *Shakspeare* in *Julius Cæsar*) to walk under the great Legs of any Subject whatsoever.

INDEX to the TIMES.

HIS HONOUR's Understrappers in the Affair of *Ways and Means*, being, at present, hard at Work, to make Provision for the *extraordinary* Expenses of the succeeding Year, we take the Liberty to present the following Passage, taken from an old Play, writ by MASSINGER to their serious Consideration.

————— Projector ! I treat first
 Of you and your Disciples ; you roar out
 All is the King's ; his Will's above his Laws :
 And that fit Tributes are too gentle Yokes,
 For his poor Subjects ; whispering in his Ear,
 If he would have them fear, no Man should dare
 To bring a Sallad from his Country-Garden,
 Without the paying *Gabel* ; kill a Hen
 Without Excise : Aud that, if he desire
 To have his Children, or his Servants wear
 Their Heads upon their Shoulders, you affirm,
 In Policy, 'tis fit the Owners should,
 Pay for them by the Poll : Or, if the Prince want
 A present Sum, he may command a City
 Impossibilites ; and, for Non-Performance,
 Compel it to submit to any Fine
 His Officers shall impose. Is this the Way
 To make our Emperor happy ? Can these Groans
 Of his Subjects yield him Music ? Must his Thresholds
 Be washed with Widow's, and wrong'd Orphan's Tears,
 Or his Power grow contemptible ?

SATURDAY,



SATURDAY, *March* 1, 1739-40.

— *Hec Plebes Scelerata & prava Favoris?*
SIL. ITAL.



Have, in a former Paper, remarked the Partiality by which we are governed in our Dealings with Trades and Professions, and shewed that we are led entirely by Fashion to prefer this or that individual Member to all the rest of his Calling. This hath given Rise to a common Expression of *Getting a Name*, and to the common Custom of hanging out Names on a Sign, by which we are sometimes not only informed where Mr. *A. B.* now lives, but likewise of the Place from whence he came. There is one of these Names in *Fleet-street*, which seems to be hung out as the Rival of St. *Dunstan's* Clock.

This Partiality arises from one or both of these amiable Originals, *viz.* Pride and Ignorance; for as there are several wise People who are vain of being the Bubbles of eminent Men, so there are others, who, tho' they are very pretty Gentlemen and very fine Ladies, are unluckily so ignorant, that they do not know when they are imposed on.

As Pride and Ignorance reign the most absolute in the learned World, so this Prejudice is felt more severely by us Authors than by any other Set of Men. I believe of the present Encouragers and Advancers of Wit and Learning not one in twenty hath ever been at School, and of those who have, very few have brought

away any other Marks but those of the Rod with them. So that what *Horace* says of Writers, *That the Learned and Unlearned become such indifferently*, may be more properly applied to Readers of whom, according to *Mr. Pope*,

Ten censure wrong to one who writes amiss.

But Pride hath at least an equal Share with Ignorance in the Matter. Writing seems to be understood an arrogating to yourself a Superiority (which of all others will be granted with the greatest Reluctance) of the Understanding. In which, as the Pre-eminence is not so apparent as in Beauty or Riches, Pride is often able in our own Minds a long while to maintain the weaker Side of the Argument. *The Understanding, like the Eye*, (says *Mr. Lock*) *whilst it makes us see and perceive all other Things, takes no Notice of itself; and it requires Art and Pains to set it at a Distance and make it its own Object*. This Comparison, fine as it is, is inadequate: For the Eye can contemplate itself in a Glass, but no *Narcissus* hath hitherto discovered any Mirrour for the Understanding, no Knowledge of which is to be obtained but by the Means *Mr. Lock* prescribes, which as it requires Art and Pains, or in other Words, a very good Understanding to execute, it generally happens that the Superiority in it, is a Cause tried on very dark and presumptive Evidence, and a Verdict commonly found by self Love for ourselves.

But, to pursue this philosophical Enquiry no farther, it is certain that a Man no where meets with such Opposition as in an Attempt to acquire Reputation by Writing, which the World always with-holds from him as long as it is able, and seldom allows him till he is past the Enjoyment of it. The Lawrel, like the Cypress, being generally thrown into the Grave.

This Malignancy hath given Rise to several Inventions among Authors, to get themselves and their Works a Name. And has introduc'd that famous Art call'd Puffing, which, as it is brought to great Perfection
in

in this Age, affords us a constant Article in one Column of our Paper.

It would be endless to run through the several Branches of this Art, by which we are inform'd that certain Works have been very much admired by Persons of great Distinction and Judgment, or at other Times of their great Usefulness, and often that they are prohibited at certain Places, the Author run away, or banish'd, or hang'd, all which are thought to give an additional Value to his Works.

But the chief Art of Book-puffing is that which may be very properly call'd *Getting a Name* to a Book, I mean that Method which hath flourish'd much of late of borrowing a Name for its Author.

Numberless are the Arts which the Street-walking-Muses make use of to lay their Bastards at the Doors of their Betters, or in other Words by which Book-sellers and their bad Authors endeavour to steal the Names of good ones. This Stratagem hath been long practis'd on the Dead, and since the Restoration of Learning and the Invention of Printing, most of the celebrated Authors of Antiquity have been forced to adopt as their own, the Offspring not only of several Ages beyond them, but even of such as have not had the least Affinity to them. I remember about twelve Years ago, upon the Success of a *new* Play of *Shakspeare's*, said to have be found somewhere by Some-body, the Craft set themselves to searching, and soon after I heard that several more Plays of *Shakspeare*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and *Ben Johnson* were found, and the Town to be entertain'd with them; but the Players, for I know not what Reason, discouraging this Practice, it hath since ceased.

But the great Improvement of this Art is said to be the Growth of the present Age; namely, the borrowing the Name of an Author while he is alive, which is done several Ways.

One Bookseller is reported to have maintained certain Writers in his Garret, because they had the same

away any other Marks but those of the Rod with them. So that what *Horace* says of Writers, *That the Learned and Unlearned become such indifferently*, may be more properly applied to Readers of whom, according to *Mr. Pope*,

Ten censure wrong to one who writes amiss.

But *Pride* hath at least an equal Share with *Ignorance* in the Matter. Writing seems to be understood an arrogating to yourself a Superiority (which of all others will be granted with the greatest Reluctance) of the Understanding. In which, as the Pre-eminence is not so apparent as in Beauty or Riches, *Pride* is often able in our own Minds a long while to maintain the weaker Side of the Argument. *The Understanding, like the Eye*, (says *Mr. Lock*) *whilst it makes us see and perceive all other Things, takes no Notice of itself; and it requires Art and Pains to set it at a Distance and make it its own Object*. This Comparison, fine as it is, is inadequate: For the Eye can contemplate itself in a Glass, but no *Narcissus* hath hitherto discovered any Mirrour for the Understanding, no Knowledge of which is to be obtained but by the Means *Mr. Lock* prescribes, which as it requires Art and Pains, or in other Words, a very good Understanding to execute, it generally happens that the Superiority in it, is a Cause tried on very dark and presumptive Evidence, and a Verdict commonly found by self Love for ourselves.

But, to pursue this philosophical Enquiry no farther, it is certain that a Man no where meets with such Opposition as in an Attempt to acquire Reputation by Writing, which the World always with-holds from him as long as it is able, and seldom allows him till he is past the Enjoyment of it. The Lawrel, like the Cypress, being generally thrown into the Grave.

This Malignancy hath given Rise to several Inventions among Authors, to get themselves and their Works a Name. And has introduc'd that famous Art call'd Puffing, which, as it is brought to great Perfection

in

in this Age, affords us a constant Article in one Column of our Paper.

It would be endless to run through the several Branches of this Art, by which we are inform'd that certain Works have been very much admired by Persons of great Distinction and Judgment, or at other Times of their great Usefulness, and often that they are prohibited at certain Places, the Author run away, or banish'd, or hang'd, all which are thought to give an additional Value to his Works.

But the chief Art of Book-puffing is that which may be very properly call'd *Getting a Name* to a Book, I mean that Method which hath flourish'd much of late of borrowing a Name for its Author.

Numberless are the Arts which the Street-walking-Muses make use of to lay their Bastards at the Doors of their Betters, or in other Words by which Book-sellers and their bad Authors endeavour to steal the Names of good ones. This Stratagem hath been long practis'd on the Dead, and since the Restoration of Learning and the Invention of Printing, most of the celebrated Authors of Antiquity have been forced to adopt as their own, the Offspring not only of several Ages beyond them, but even of such as have not had the least Affinity to them. I remember about twelve Years ago, upon the Success of a *new Play of Shakspeare's*, said to have be found somewhere by Some-body, the Craft set themselves to searching, and soon after I heard that several more Plays of *Shakspeare*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and *Ben Johnson* were found, and the Town to be entertain'd with them; but the Players, for I know not what Reason, discouraging this Practice, it hath since ceased.

But the great Improvement of this Art is said to be the Growth of the present Age; namely, the borrowing the Name of an Author while he is alive, which is done several Ways.

One Bookseller is reported to have maintained certain Writers in his Garret, because they had the same

Names with some of their eminent Cotemporaries. Others have contented themselves with concealing the Name of the Author in the Title - Page, and only spreading Whispers through the Coffee-Houses, that he is a very considerable Person, my Lord, or Mr. Such-a-one, which the Whisperer hath discovered by his Stile, or been credibly informed of by some who have seen the Manuscript. But the most usual Way is to throw out certain Hints in the Advertisements, such as by a Lady of Quality. By a celebrated Physician. By *D——r S——t*. By a certain Dean, &c. By all which Means a very spurious Issue are propagated in the learned World. Thus *Gay* becomes Dull, *Addison* publishes *B——y* Poems, and *D——n S——t* hath writ more Nonsense than *C——y C——r*.

But the most remarkable Piece of Ingenuity, if it had been done by Design, was exhibited this Winter, in which a Poem was publish'd with the following Title Page, printed in the same Manner as it is here infer.ted

Seventeen Hundred Thirty Nine,

Being the Sequel of

Seventeen Hundred Thirty Eight.

Written by Mr. POPE.

If this had been publish'd by any other Bookseller but Mr. *G——l*, we should have believed that it was intended to impose the Year Nine on the World as a Work of Mr. *Pope*'s, who is I think avowedly the Author of the Year Eight ; but the said Mr. *C——l* is too well known to have any such Attempt suspected, both from the Nicety of his Conscience and his Judgment

ment, which could not suffer him to hope that he should be able to exhibit the Pop of a *Pistol* for the Fire of a Canon.

I have been often desired by my Bookseller to give a *Name* (as he calls it) to this Paper: For which Purpose, he hath drawn up several Advertisements. One signifying, that the late Mr. *Addison* left a large Quantity of Papers behind him, some of which were entitled *Essays on several Subjects*. Another importing that the Author of this Paper was in *Wales* at the Time that Sir *Richard Steel* died. Or suppose (says he) it should be insinuated that you was lately come from *Ireland*. Ah! you might have thrown in a Hint about *Lais's* Wash. Or else if you should say you had a Lodging near *Twickenham* last Summer. Any of these Things would do. Nay, he hath carried it so far as to desire me to go to several Coffee-Houses where I am little known, and assert roundly that my Lord *B——ke* was the Author of the *Champion*, assuring me that he would whisper it to every one who came into his Shop; and he was sure it would do: For that the same Scheme had been successfully tried by another.

In short, it would be tedious to run through the several Persons which by Hints, Tokens, and initial Letters, he would have intimated to be the Authors of the *Champion*, indeed almost every one that the present Age hath ever read with Admiration. Nor did he confine himself to single Persons, he was desirous to insinuate that some Papers were composed by the C——dge of Ph——ns, others by the R——al Soc——ty, and others by that admired Body the Soc——ty for Advancement of L——.

I answered him, that I scorned to impose false Colours on the World, that if my Paper could not succeed by the Merit, it should not owe its Success to the Roguery of the Author. In short, that, like some tender Parents, I had such a Fondness for my Offspring,
that

that I would not part with them to another even for their own Advantage.

However, to pacify him, I was forced to condescend to agree, that in order to make my Paper appear like a *Spectator*, it should for the Future be adorned with a Capital Letter at the End, as well as a Motto at the Beginning. C

To all the IDEOTS of Great-Britain.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I have never done you any Injury, so I hope you will never do me any.

Be pleased to consider many of you have great Fortunes, whereas I have only my Club and my Pen to support myself and Family.

I therefore desire you would be so good not to depreciate my Paper, by asserting that the *Spectator* hath exhausted all the Wit and Humour in the World, which is, Gentlemen, besides many other consequent Absurdities, at least to say that the present Age hath given no Precedents in Folly.

I likewise desire that you would look upon it in as cruel a Light to assert that Wit is stole without the least Proof, as it would be to accuse one falsely of any other Theft.

Lastly, I humbly request that none of you would arraign these my Papers without Understanding them, or at least without reading them.

I am, Gentlemen,

With great Respect,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

HERCULES VINEGAR,

P. S.

P. S. If you will all enter into an Agreement to buy my Paper, I will henceforth write only for you, and trouble my Head with the Men of Sense no longer: For which Purpose, I may shortly publish a Criticism on *Orpheus* and *Euridice*.

INDEX to the TIMES.

Yesterday a very dull, senseless and impudent Letter appear'd in the *Gazetteer*, to a certain noble Lord, who is the Darling of all Mankind, but those who are the Contempt and Hatred of all the Rest.

From several Parts of the Kingdom we are told that the Officers give a great Life to the Country-Assemblies, where Matters are manag'd with the utmost Conduct and Galantry. And that the Marines (most of the Officers being young Fellows) distinguish themselves in a very particular Manner, and carry on the Business of raising Men incessantly, so that it is thought if they could be allowed to stay nine Months longer, they would leave more than double their Numbers. But as *Venus* was the Daughter of the Sea, she may perhaps give some Assistance to her Brothers-in-Law.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

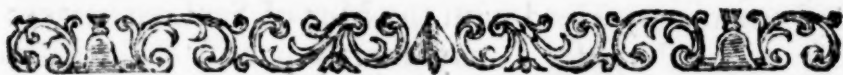
Taken by the SPANIARDS.

The *Springfield*, Captain *Parnell*, bound from *London* to *Genoa* and *Leghorn*, near *Spegzio*.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

NONE.

TUESDAY,



TUESDAY, *March* 4, 1739-40.

Fallit enim Vitium Specie Virtutis & Umbrâ.

HOR.



HERE can be nothing so discouraging from the Pursuit of Reputation as a Reflection, which we too often see Occasion to make, that it is the Prize of the Undeserving. Men are apt, and with some seeming Justice, to despise a Reward which they observe to be promiscuously bestowed on Vice and Virtue, Wisdom and Folly. Reputation, which, were she always constant to Merit, would engage all Mankind to be Rivals for obtaining her, becomes a common Harlot; and by being often possessed by those who do not deserve her, is the Contempt of those that do.

Shakspeare says in his *Othello*, *That Reputation is an idle and most false Imposition, oft got without Merit, and lost without deserving.*

Human Life every where abounds with Instances of the Justness of this Observation; nothing is commoner than to hear Men applauded and extolled for Virtues and Perfections, which they are sometimes utterly devoid of.

But tho' Men have been sometimes known to purchase false Praise at the Expence of their Treasure! and have, for particular Reasons, found Methods to bestow it as unworthily on their Creatures, yet are we more rarely bribed than deceived into our wrong Applauses.
Tho'

Tho' Virtue and Wisdom be in Reality the Opposites to Folly and Vice, they are not so in Appearance. Indeed, it requires a nicer Eye to distinguish them, than is commonly believed. The two latter are continually industrious to disguise themselves, and wear the Habits of the former. They know their native Deformity and endeavour to conceal it; which the World, always judging by the Outside, easily suffers them to accomplish. Actions of the worst Nature have, by the Assistance of false Glosses, been accompanied with Honour, and Men have often arrived at the highest Fame by deserving the highest Infamy; which, when we consider the general Incapacity of Mankind, we shall be so far from being astonish'd at, that we shall rather think it Matter of Wonder, that they have ever judged right. True Virtue is of a retired and quiet Nature, content with herself, not at all busied in courting the Acclamations of the Crowd; she is plain and sober in her Habit, sure of her innate Worth, and therefore neglects to adorn herself with those gaudy Colours, which catch the Eyes of the giddy Multitude. Vice, on the contrary, is of a noisy and boistrous Disposition, despising herself, and jealous of the Contempt of others, always meditating how she may acquire the Applause of the World, gay and fluttering in her Appearance, certain of her own ill Features, and therefore careful by all the Tricks of Art to impose on and engage the Affections of her Beholders.—Thus accomplished, how can the latter fail to please, and the former to be slighted!

It hath been observed, that a Lover will find it more difficult to succeed in a real than a counterfeit Passion. The true Lover, conscious of his Affection, will neglect a thousand little Methods, which the Counterfeit is eternally seeking after to persuade his Mistress of his Sincerity. In like Manner, it happens to the Candidates for Reputation. There is a Consciousness in true Merit, which renders a Man careless of the Reception
it

it meets with. He disdains to fly to little Arts to inform the World of what it wants only Judgment to discover of itself. He is rather studious to deserve than acquire Praise. Whereas, the Man of a contrary Character is always forward to acquaint others with his Deserts. He is not desirous of Virtue itself, but only the Reputation of it, therefore is more solicitous to carry Virtue in his Countenance than in his Heart; whence it often comes to pass, that the worst of Men have imposed on the World, and enjoyed the highest Degree of Reputation, while those of the greatest Worth have been slighted and despised.

It is with Virtue and Vice, as with Nature and Art. The Works of Nature are in themselves, infinitely superior to all the little Quackery, and impotent Imitation of Art: But as the latter ever applies herself to the Humours and Tempers of Men, as she is ever employed in tricking and decking herself out, with a View of catching the Eyes of her Beholder, we often see her meanest Performances prefer'd by the Generality of Mankind, to the noblest Productions of Nature.

But Reputation is not always the Fruit of Design; Chance hath in this, as in all other worldly Affairs, a very considerable Dominion. Reputation often courts those most who regard her the least. Actions have sometimes been attended with Fame, which were undertaken in Defiance of it. *Jonathan Wyld* himself had for many Years no small Share of it in this Kingdom.

Reputation is ever the Companion of Success; had *Tyler* or *Straw* succeeded in their Attempts, they might have probably rivalled the Fame of *Martel* or *Cromwel*. Had *Alexander* been entirely defeated in his first Battle in *Asia*, he might have been called a Robber only by Posterity.

Had *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Numa*, *Mahomet*, or any other Law-givers been unsuccessful in their Attempts, they had been universally contemned as Fools, Madmen, or Impostors.

Beside

Besides all these Reasons, there are, as *Horace* observes in the Motto of this Paper, so narrow Bounds between some Virtues and Vices, that it is very difficult to distinguish between them. Covetousness and Thrift, Profuseness and Liberality, Cowardice and Caution, Rashness and Bravery, Praise and Adulation have been all very often mistaken for one another. To which Imposition, not only the Deceit of the Person himself contributes; every Man, who labours under the same Vice, is, for his own Sake, willing to give it the gentlest Appellation in another. The covetous Man will call his covetous Brother thrifty, and so of the rest.

These, I think, are the chief Springs from which false Praise hath arisen; and these are certainly great Discouragements from the Pursuit of it, in the Road of Virtue. Notwithstanding all which we shall find, to consider the Argument in another Light, sufficient Incentives to all our Endeavours after this most invaluable Blessing.

First, the real Value of the Thing itself. Upon the Possession of which all Joys, all Happiness and Comfort depend. *Loss of Reputation*, says the CIT in the Comedy, *may tend to loss of Money*. In short, we can arrive at no one valuable Acquisition in Life without it.

Secondly, tho' Reputation may be purchased without Merit, yet is that essentially different from what we attain worthily. It is attended with continual Fears of losing it, seldom waits a Man to his Grave, and hardly ever outlives him, whereas the Man who really deserves this Reward, hugs himself securely in the Possession of it. This not only sticks to him while he lives, but is scarce ever known to forsake his Name.

A third, and indeed a glorious Consideration to the virtuous Man, is that he may rejoyce even in the never attaining that which he so well deserves, since it furnishes him with a noble Argument for the Certainty of

a future State. As it is inconsistent with the Justice of a supremely wise and good Being, to suffer his honest and worthy Endeavours to go unrewarded, can the Heart of Man be warmed with a more exstatic Imagination, than that the most excellent Attribute of the great Creator of the Universe is concerned in rewarding him? Such a Consideration as this may well make him despise the false, short-liv'd Honours, he sees unjustly bestowed on others, and keep him constant and steady in the Ways of Virtue, at the same Time that he thoroughly despises all the Rewards within the Power of Man. L

INDEX to the TIMES.

FROM *Naples* we have been informed that it has been resolv'd to establish a new Junto of *Inconfidens* Ang. Lions, to look sharp after such as speak Evil of Dignities, that is to say, Kings, Queens, and Ministers; Libellers, Satirists, and other obnoxious Persons, *An Institution*, that, 'tis to be hop'd, *will never cross the Water*.

The Judges are setting out on their respective Circuits; and many Itinerant Gentlemen of the long Robe are preparing to make Part of their *Equipage*.

Letters from *Gibraltar* import, that the Garrison there are in daily Expectations, not *Apprehensions* of a Siege. The said Letters assuring us, that nothing is more desir'd than the Approach of the Enemy.—Except a Permission for the Officers to visit their Friends in *England*.

King *Theodore* having tasted enough of Royalty, to be tir'd of it, nor caring to live under the Umbrage of any of his late purple Brethren, is it seems, retir'd into the Republic of *Venice*, there to live quiet and free the Remainder of his Days.—*Tavernier* the French Traveller, being ask'd by *Lewis* the XIV. How
he

he, who had visited the most splendid Courts, and noblest Climates in the Universe, could endure to settle at last among the Rocks of Switzerland, wisely reply'd. Sir, I was willing to have something I could call my own.

The following Letter, is so much of a Piece with our Journal of the War, that we could not resist the Temptation of annexing it by Way of Supplement.

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,

IN so Martial a Season as *this*, when War is the Darling of all Ages and Sexes, I may be allowed to think I bring you good News, in telling you Capt. Miller's Book of the ancient and noble Science of the Sword, is on the Point of issuing from the Press. A Book of vast Use at all Times, but more especially now, when all Men wish well to Arms, and many are learning how to handle them. *Britons strike home!* is the Word through the Nation; but how *strike home*, unless we learn to strike by Mood and Figure; and, in order to that, why here is my Friend's Treatise, which is the One Thing necessary in the present Case.

The Point in Question is humbling the proud Spaniard; but the Spaniard is not only a Swordsman, but a long Swordsman: If we have not a little Skill to balance the Inequality of our Rapiers, Don Diego may truss Dapper Roger on his Lark-Spit. Then again, should we have your Marlborough's Days return; should we go to tilting with Monsieur, I need not tell you of how great Consequence the Back-Sword, properly handled, might be. But here's my Friend will make you acquainted with the Importance of this sort of Knowledge, and with the whole Circle of Science, in the Twinkling of an Eye.

The Matter wants not much explaining; and then again as to the Manner, nothing so easy. You have nothing to do but employ your Eyes and your Attention;

Attention; as much *Space* as is requisite to play off a Piece of Music, enables you to play off your Adversary, and to defend yourself from Danger. Besides, what *Deputy-Lieutenant's* Hall, or Officer in the *Militia's* Study, can be without this Furniture? I don't doubt but I shall see *Miller's Postures* as much admired among the *Men of Mettle*, as your soft *Italian Pieces* among the *Beau Monde*, But my *Business* was to tell you they are coming out; and having thus paid you my Salute,

Adieu, my Friend, &c.

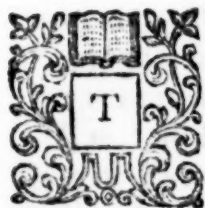
TIM. BUCK, junior.



THURSDAY, March 6, 1739-40.

Ut bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus
Efficere nullis, Aule, Moribus possis.

MART.



THE wisest Legislators seem to have imagined that Mankind in general set no greater Value on any human Reward than on Reputation, nor fear any Punishment equal with Infamy: For which Reason, as Honours have been constituted for the Rewards of the noblest Actions, so Infamy hath been added as the last and greatest Increase of Punishment which can be inflicted on Villany.

In my last Paper, I considered the unjust bestowing of Praise as a Perversion of this Reward, and a Means which might remove this Incentive to Virtue. I shall therefore, in my present, animadvert on those Methods which

which may work the like Effect on Infamy, and tend as visibly to withdraw from us all Horror of that Word, as the former do to lessen our Value for Reputation. I mean Slander or Calumny.

The Reader may, perhaps, be surprized at seeing this represented in so new a Light, nor would I insinuate that Slanders are often (if ever) spread with this View, which have indeed generally no other than the immediate Satisfaction of private Malice or Revenge: But that the Consequence I have mention'd may be hereby produced, will be easily granted on Reflection; nay, nothing is commoner than for good Men, who have been oppress'd in this Manner, to comfort themselves, that they only share a Fate to which Virtue is the most liable. In which Opinion, the Moral Writers have endeavour'd to support them.

Plato recommends a Law for the Punishment of this Vice, and the *Romans* had very severe ones for that Purpose; 'Which stood them (says *Machiavil*) in 'good Stead, and which the *Florentines* have considerably suffered by neglecting.' The same Author, in another Place, comparing Calumny with Accusation, goes on, 'Men are legally accused no where but before the Magistrate or the People, but they are calumniated every where, within Doors and without, in the Streets and in the Market-Place.'

The Laws of *England* are little severe against Slander, unless it be against the Great: For as to that Action which may be brought for Words, as it is founded on the Supposal of a Trespass, or real Injury committed, so Juries have so little Consideration of any other Injury besides what is done to the Pocket; that since the Statue of 21 *James* I. Chap. 16. which limits Costs, it is rarely worth any Man's While to bring an Action for Words, unless he can prove special Damages. Besides, there are several Words which cruelly injure a Character for which the Law gives no Remedy.

Slander

Slander arises from several evil Passions or Dispositions in the Mind. The chief of which are, First, Revenge; and which it is a Manner of exerting as inconsistent with Honour as Christianity: For as the latter teaches us to forgive an Enemy, so the former restrains us to an open and generous Manner of punishing him; whereas, Slander may be properly compared to a poisoned Weapon, or a Stab in the Back, and is indeed never used but by such base Persons as would use these also. Dr. South expresses himself warmly, but not improperly on the Subject. 'It is, says he, that killing poisonous Arrow drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always flying about, and doing Execution in the Dark, against which no Virtue is a Defence, no Innocence a Security. It is a Weapon forged in Hell, and invented by that prime Artificer and Engineer the Devil; and none but that great God who knows all Things and can do all Things can protect the best of Men against it.'

A second Spring, from whence this Vice flows, is Malice. A Passion which the *Greeks* and *Latins* seem to have an adequate Idea of, by assigning it a Name immediately derived from those Words which signify Evil, intimating that this Disposition, as the principal Species thereof, is the most worthy to borrow the Name of the Genius itself. Nay, one of the Platonists expressly affirms, *That it is the Token of the very worst of Men, and of a Mind thoroughly polluted with all Manner of Vice.* And as Malice is the basest of all Passions, so Slander is the meanest of all the Manners in which it displays itself. But, as it would be absurd to represent the Baseness of an Action, with a View of dissuading such corrupted Minds, from its Pursuit; I shall therefore address myself only to those who, from less criminal Principles, assist these Persons in spreading their Calumnies, and, being moved perhaps by a little Envy or Spleen, or Wantonness, content themselves that they were not the original Authors of the Slander, which they

they use their utmost Diligence in promoting. To such, as they are not totally abandon'd, tho' very far from being innocent, it may not be improper to represent this Vice in its natural, odious Colours, and of which the Reporter is guilty, tho' not in so detestable a Degree as the first Inventor.

As this Vice, except from the Malignity of our Natures, allures us with no Temptation, so it is softened by no Excuse. Other Robbers, while they do less Mischief, if they cannot plead Necessity, may at least alledge the Desire of Profit, or of Pleasure, in their Favour; whereas, this pitiful Thief, who steals away our Reputation, can say nothing in his Defence; his Motive, which is a Delight in Mischief, is even more odious than the Act he commits; and while he doth the most sensible and barbarous Injury to another, he is so far from acquiring any Benefit by it, that he often endangers his own Reputation in endeavouring to take away his Neighbour's. This is finely expressed in the following Lines of *Shakspeare*, which at the same Time assert the inestimable Value of the possessing, and consequently the Injury of being deprived of a good Character.

*Good Name in Man or Woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls. [thing;
Who steals my Purse, steals Trash, 'tis something, no-
'Twas mine; 'tis his; and hath seen slave to Thousands.
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.*

Let him who finds a Libel (says a great Lawyer) immediately burn it. My Advice to him who hears a scandalous Story is to suppress it, at least 'till he is certain of its Truth; and even, then he would do well to weigh the Guilt of it with Candour, and to examine whether any good Consequences to others will attend

the Discovery. A scandalous Story should be heard with Reluctance, believed with Difficulty, and published with Deliberation : For in this particular, that of *Horace* is most true, *Nescit vox missa reverti*. When we have once set forth the Calumny, we can recall it no more, nor can we ever make any Amends to the injured Party if we are mistaken; the Tongue of the Slanderer being like the Sword of the Murderer, and the Loss of Reputation almost as irretrievable as that of Life.

So far from hastily publishing a Slander, a Christian ought not hastily to believe it. We are well advised to take care *in judging him with whom we have nothing to do ; for that we judge one Way, and God and Truth another ; how then shall we appear before that dreadful Tribunal, where it will not be enough to say that I thought this or I heard that, and where no Man's Mistake will warrant an unjust Surmise, and much less justify a false Censure ?*

But if every private Scandal be of so flagitious a Kind, how much more heinous must be that which is thrown on a whole Body of Men, especially that Body, which as it ought to be the most secure from, is the most exposed to Scandal ? And this is a Vice into which we could not fall if we considered first, that they are Embassadors from above, and that an Affront to them is an Affront to their Principal. Secondly, That it is very unlikely, if not incredible, that a Body gifted with a double Portion of the Divine Spirit, should be more frail than others, who pretend to no such Inspiration. Thirdly, If we considered what a Prejudice we, by these Means, give to Religion in the Minds of the Vulgar, who never regard Precept when it is opposed by Example. Let us therefore take Care how we represent these as a Body of Men industriously separating themselves and their Interests from the Laity, ambitious of Power, and covetous of Wealth ; sparing no Means, and refusing no Conditions to come at either ; who have nothing

thing of a Scholar, but the Pedantry ; of a Gentleman, but the Pride ; and of a Christian, but the Pretence: Who are ever slow to commend or reward, but have as great an Alacrity in Censure or Punishment, and who are so little the Followers of their Blessed Master, that as he bore the Contempt of all, and despised none; so these, while they are the most impatient of it themselves, are of all Men the proneſt to the Contempt of others. Laſtly, whoſe Care of our Souls appears only in this candid Interpretation of their Actions ; that, to recommend us to apply our Thoughts to another World, they attempt, by impoveriſhing and enſlaving us, to make this not worth our Care.

Such Suggestions as theſe have been too induſtriouſly ſpread, but to what Purpoſe ? if they were true, they would be greatly to be lamented ; but if falſe (as undoubtedly they are) what can the Inventors and Spreaders of them expect leſs than that Punishment which is allotted to the Devil, the Father of Lies, and his Children?

L

INDEX to the TIMES.

Several more Men of War are order'd to be put in Commission. So that if the *Aggreſſors* are to pay, as they ought, for the Expence of procuring Juſtice, they will have a thundering Bill of Charges. If the *injur'd*, there will be Room to add another *Good Lord deliver us* to our Litany.

JOURNAL of the WAR.

Seiz'd by the SPANIARDS.

A Sloop belonging to the *South-Sea-Company* at *St. Jago de Cuba*. She was bound for *Jamaica*.

Q 2

Tak.

Taken by the ENGLISH.

The *Barlevento*-Ship, valued at 150000 Pieces of Eight, together with one of those precious Knaves the *Guarda Costas*, by the *Diamond Man of War*, and a Ship laden with Warlike Stores, by the vigilant Captain *Cleland* ; beside several *English* Prizes recover'd.



SATURDAY, *March* 8, 1739-40.

*Be Thou the first true Merit to befriend!
His Praise his lost, who stays till all commend.*

POPE.



BOOKSELLERS are the best Judges whether Poetry is a thriving Branch of Trade ; and Authors whether they find a *Mecænas* to reward their Studies. But this the whole Age is sensible of, that there never were more Adventurers to *Parnassus*, than at present ; and all, who have Taste and Candour, must acknowledge several late Performances have a legitimate Title to their Applause.— Not to mention the Works of our Arch-Poet, who is celebrated by every Pen as well as his own ; we have been oblig'd with an excellent *Essay on Human Nature*, by Lord *Paget* ; several miscellaneous Pieces, by Mr. *Littleton* ; the *Chace*, by Mr. *Somerville* ; the *Oeconomy of Love*, by an ingenious Physician ; *Leonidas and London*, by Mr. *Glover* ; *Griffelda*, by Mr. *Ogle* ; a
Canto

Canto of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, by Mr. W——; and within these few Days, *The Ruins of Rome*, by a Gentleman, who, together with all those first mention'd, has only to communicate his Name, to render it immortal.

This is one of those happy Poems that is founded on a Subject that carries Inspiration along with it.

Lo the resistless Theme, imperial *Rome*,
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent Heap!

And it requires no great Courage to say, never Author did his Subject nobler Justice.—If the Image is sublime, the Language is equal, and the Measure every where accommodated to both.

Deep lies in Dust the *Theban Obelise*
Immense along the Waste; minuter Art,
Gliconian Forms, or *Phidian*, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th'immense *Leviathan*
The finny Brood, when near *Ferne's* Shore,
Out-stretch'd, unweildy, his Island-Length appears
Above the foamy Flood——

The last Line but one errs in Quantity by being a Syllable too long; and the last Line of the following Passage is equally defective by being a Syllable too short.

———The clefted Domes
Tremble to ev'ry Wind. The *Pilgrim* oft,
At dead of Night, mid his *Oraison* hears
The Voice of *Time* disparting Tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd.——

Puny Critics may, if they please, cavil with these Liberties: But they are such as only a masterly Hand

is capable of ; and demand not Excuse, but Applause.

Neither is his Method inferior to his Diction or Verification. He sets out with the Morning.

————— The solemn Scene
Elates the Soul, while now the rising Sun
Flames on the Ruins, in the purer Air
Tow'ring aloft, —————
Like broken Rocks, a vast Circumference !

And, from the Top of the *Palatin* Hill, points out to us every Relic, that Art and Antiquity have conspir'd to render sacred and venerable ; nor is the Scene itself more romantically beautiful than he has painted it.

Hence, over airy Plains, by Chrystal Founts
That weave their glitt'ring Waves with tuneful Lapse,
Among the sleeky Pebbles, Agate clear,
Cerulean Ophite, and the flow'ry Vein
Of Orient-Jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And Vases boss'd, and huge, inscriptive Stones,
And intermingling Vines : And figur'd Nymphs,
Floras and *Chloes* of delicious Mold,
Chearing the Darknefs ; and deep, empty Tombs,
And Dells, and mouldring Shrines, with old Decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring Shades
Shot from the crooked Clefts of nodding Tow'rs :
A solemn Wilderness ! with Error sweet
I wind the lingring Step, where-e'er the Path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar Foot
O'er Sculptures maim'd has made. ———

Thus far the Imagery is general ; a Sort of a beautiful Chaos is spread before us, but no principal Figure appears to fix the Attention, come forward to the Eye,
and

and preside among such a Variety of attractive Objects.
 —He goes on.—

————— While on each Hand

Historic Urns, and breathing Statues rise,
 And speaking Busts ; sweet *Scipio*, *Marius* stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring Form
 Of *Cæsar*, raptur'd with the Charm of Rule,
 And boundless Fame ; impatient for Exploits,
 His eager Eyes up-cast, he soars in Thought
 Above all Height : And his own *Brutus* see :
 Desponding *Brutus* ; dubious of the Right
 In evil Days, of Faith, of public Weal
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next Regard
 Be *Tully's* graceful Attitude ! uprais'd
 His out-stretch'd Hand he waves, in Act to speak
 Before the silent Masters of the World,
 And Eloquence arrays him.—————

And Eloquence arrays him. — Never was a more
 vigorous Expression us'd, or more happily suited to the
 Figure, on which it is bestow'd ! — But in a Poem
 so starr'd all over with Beauties as this, the Prolixity of
 Writing tires under the Impatience of giving to each
 Individual its Proportion of Praise. — And it must
 suffice to observe, that, after an august Review of
 all the grand Antiquities to be seen from the Emi-
 nence, whence the magnificent Prospect is taken,
 the Poet breaks into the following charming Tran-
 sition.

————— So revolves the Scene :

So *Time* ordains, who rolls the Things of Pride
 From Dust again to Dust : Behold, that Heap
 Of mouldring Urns (their Ashes blown away
 Dust of the Mighty !) the same Story tell.
 And, at its Base, from whence the Serpent glides
 Down the green, desert Street, yon hoary *Monk*
Q 4
Laments

Laments the same, the Vision as he views,
 The solitary, silent, solemn Scene,
 Where *Cæsars*, Heroes, Peasants, Hermits lye
 Blended in Dust together ; where the Slave
 Rests from his Labours ; where th'insulting Proud
 Relinquishes his Power ; the Miser drops his Hoard ;
 Where human Folly sleeps.—There is a Mood,
 (I sing not to the Vacant and the Young)
 There is a kindly Mood of Melancholly,
 That wings the Soul, and points her to the Skies.

* * * * *

How musical, when all-devouring *Time*,
 Here sitting on his Throne of Ruins hoar,
 With Winds and Tempest sweeps his various Lyre,
 How sweet thy Diapason Melancholly !

With this noble and majestic Image the Poet draws
 towards the Close of his Day's Survey.

Cool Evening comes ; the setting Sun displays
 His visible, great Round, between yon Tow'rs,
 As thro' Two shady Cliffs. —

And now, after the *Aquæducts*, the *Capitol*, the
Pantheon, the *Amphitheatre*, the Baths of *Caracalla*,
 the Temple of *Peace*, *Trajan's Column*, and the like
 Miracles of human Genius, had successively challeng'd
 our Admiration, would one think the lowly Mansion
 of *Virgil*, could either keep up the Spirit of the Poem,
 or the Attention of the Reader ? — But let the Picture
 speak for itself !

Suffice it now th'*Esquilian* Mount to reach
 With weary Wing, and seek the sacred Rests
 Of *Maro's* humble Tenement ; a low,
 Plain Wall remains ; a little Sun-gilt Heap,

Gro-

Grotesque and wild ; the Gourd and Olive brown
 Weave the light Roof ; the Gourd and Olive fan
 Their am'rous Foliage, mingling with the Vine,
 Who drops her purple Clusters thro' the Green.
 Here let me lye with pleasing Fancy sooth'd !
 Here flow'd his Fountain ! Here his Laurels grew !
 Here oft the meek good Man, the lofty Bard
 Fram'd the celestial Song ; or, social, walk'd
 With *Horace* and the Ruler of the World.
 Happy *Augustus* ! who, so well inspir'd,
 Could throw thy Poms and Royalties aside
 Attentive to the Wise, the Great of Soul,
 And dignify thy Mind !

How happily is this Passage touch'd ? He does
 not feliciate *Virgil* on the Honour of being inti-
 mate with the *Ruler of the World* : But the *Ruler*
of the World for his good Sense in descending to be
 intimate with *Virgil*. ——— The Breaks that
 follow, partake of the same Delicacy and Greatness of
 Mind.

—————Thrice glorious Days
 Auspicious to the Muses ! —————
 But now ——— Another Age alas ! is ours —
 —————Enough ! ———The Complaint disdain !

The Poet, with admirable Judgment, having left
 the Ruins of the Temple of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*,
 for his Farewell Notice, takes the Hint, from thence,
 to present us with an Epitome of the Rise, Pro-
 gress, and Declension of the *Roman* Greatness, which
 will bear twenty Readings, and every Time with
 greater Pleasure than the last. ——— The Whole is
 too long to transcribe. ——— But it would be un-
 pardonable to pass over the following illustrious Passage
 in Silence.

——— The *Roman* Arms
 Triumph'd, till Fame was silent of their Foes.
 And now the World, unrivall'd, they enjoy'd
 In proud Security : The crested Helm,
 The plated Greave, and Corset hung unbrac'd :
 Nor clank'd their Arms, the Spear, and sounding
 But on the glitt'ring Trophy to the Wind. [Shield,
 Dissolv'd in Ease, and soft Delights they lye
 Till ev'ry Sun annoys, and ev'ry Wind
 Has chilling Force, and ev'ry Rain offends ;
 For now the Frame no more is girt with Strength
 Masculine, nor, in Lustiness of Heart,
 Laughs at the Winter-Storm, and Summer-Beam,
 Superiour to their Rage. Enfeebling *Vice*
 Withers each Nerve, and opens ev'ry Pore
 To painful Feeling : Flow'ry Bow'rs they seek
 (As *Æther* prompts, as the sick Sense approves)
 Or cool Nymphaean Grots : or tepid Baths,
 (Taught by the soft *Ionians*) they, along
 The lawny Vale, off ev'ry beauteous Stone
 Pile in the roseat Air with fond Expence :
 Thro' Silver-Channels glide the fragrant Waves,
 And fall on Silver Beds chrystalline down
 Melodious murm'ring : While *Luxury*,
 Over their naked Limbs, with wanton Hand
 Sheds Roses, Odors, sheds unheeded Bane.
 Swift is the Flight of Wealth ; unnumber'd Wants,
 Brood of Voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity ! and seek the splendid Bribe ;
 The Citron Board ; the Bowl emboss'd with Gems,
 And tender Foliage, wildly wreath'd around,
 Of seeming Ivy, by that artful Hand,
Corinthian Thericles : Whate'er is known
 Of rarest Acquisition ; *Tyrian* Garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high, testaceous Food,
 And flavour'd *Cbian* Wines, with Incense fum'd,
 To slake *Patrician Thirst* : For these their Rights,
In

In the vile Streets, they prostitute to Sale;
 Their ancient Rights, their Dignities, their Laws,
 Their native, glorious Freedom. Is there none,
 Is there no Villain that will bind the Neck [throngs
 Stretch'd to the Yoke? They come! The Market
 But who has most by Fraud, or Force amass'd?
 Who most can charm Corruption with his Doles?
 He be the Monarch of the State! and lo!
Didias, vile Us'rer! thro' the Croud he mounts!
 Beneath his Feet the *Roman* Eagle cowers,
 And the red Arrows fill his Grasp uncouth.——
 — O *Britons*! O my Countrymen! Beware!
 Gird! Gird your Hearts! The *Romans* once were
 Were Brave, were Virtuous.—— [free,

To conclude: If such superior, such commanding Beauties cannot awake the Curiosity, or excite the Gratitude of the Age, let no Man, for the future, put his Trust in the Muses, or flatter himself that Merit is the Road to Reputation.——The Hints of Acknowledgment, scatter'd up and down this Paper, are a Free-will Offering; and owe their Rise neither to Friendship, Flattery, or Interest. The *Champion* is an utter Stranger even to the Name of the Author of *The Ruins of Rome*, and praises him merely because he deserves it: He is both the Admirer and Friend of Genius, however discountenanc'd or obscure; nor waits for the Fashion to prompt his Panegyric; and, though not of the illustrious *Society* for the *Encouragement of Learning*, would make it his highest Glory to assist the Endeavours of *all* who labour, as well as he, either to instruct, delight, or polish Mankind.

INDEX to the TIMES.

'TIS worthy Remark, that the late Elevation of a certain noble *Lord to a nominal Peerage, has given the greatest Pain to the Party he espous'd, and the greatest Pleasure to that he oppos'd.

Candidates by the Dozen appear to succeed Mr. Barnard, as Clerk of the *Brewers Company*; and indeed to every Place that falls: Nothing being more in Fashion, at present, than the Pursuit of lucrative Employments, or Sine-Cures, which are yet more coveted than the former. No Body caring how much Money they receive, or how little they deserve it.



TUESDAY, *March 11*, 1739-40.

————— *Stultus honores*
Sæpe dat indignis, & Famæ servit ineptus;
Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus ——— HOR.



Y Proposal for erecting an Hospital for Fools, hath brought me a great Number of Letters in very different Stiles. This, like all other new Projects, meets with a various Reception, some of my Correspondents seem so delighted with it that they do not scruple to assure me, in a Kind of Rapture, that if I can bring my Scheme to Perfection, I shall merit more of Mankind than all the Discoverers

* *The Right Hon. the Earl of M——t.*

fers of Arts and Sciences, none of which will be of so universal Benefit, being equally calculated for the Good of wise Men and Fools.

On the other Hand, this Project is treated by some as wild and romantic. I am asked, whether the whole World are to be shut up for the Sake of a few odd Fellows? One asserts that Government being made for the Sake of Fools, a Politic People should employ no other in their Administration. My Lord *Shaftesbury* * is cited, where that noble Author says, *It was formerly the Wisdom of wise Governments to let Men be Fools as much as they pleased.* And the Example of one *Crates* † is produced; who left his Money in the Hands of a Banker with this Condition. *That if his Children were Fools, he should then give it them; if witty, he should then distribute it amongst the greatest Fools of the People.* I am farther reminded that *Erasmus* writ in the Praise of Folly, and that no one, but myself, had ever been Fool enough to write against it. Several Wits hint that I have myself a very good Title to be admitted into the Hospital; and *B. T.* advises me, if I can get in any Subscriptions, to do at least one wise Thing in my Life, and run away with the Money.

I have been likewise solicited to be more explicit, and to fix the Degrees of Folly, which may be necessary to admit Men, on which Point there is much Dissention. A Gentleman, who signs *Dapperwit*, and dates from St. *James's*, advises me to shut up all but Persons of a fine Understanding and polite Taste; whilst another, calling himself *Timidus*, hopes that it will be sufficient to avoid any Danger of the Hospital, that he knows his right Hand from his left; and adds, in a Postscript, that he had but one Ticket in the last Lottery.

* *Characterist.* vol. 1. p. 13. † *Montagne*, Book 3. chap. 9.

There are some in a threatening Strain, particularly from one Mr. *Ca-sa*, who often repeats that there are very good Laws against false Imprisonment; and my former Correspondent, Mr. *Forage*, advises me not to call him a Fool; and concludes, with asking me, if he should be so, what I must think of the whole Nation? I am also complimented by a Patriot, with having contrived a Method of accomplishing what the whole Body of Patriots have so long endeavoured in vain; and at the same Time am thanked, by one *Philo-Forage*, for providing a proper Recess for the Men only.

Beside all these, great Interest is made for Offices in the Hospital, particularly for that of Physician. Indeed, by the vast Number of Candidates, it seems they think very little Business will be left for the Faculty without Doors. Several tell me, that, as I shall certainly shut up all their Patients, they hope at least that they may be allowed to attend them; and one hath the Assurance to say, that he is qualified to be Physician in chief, as he is a very silly Fellow, and tho' he hath much Business doth not know any Thing of the Matter; but I must observe, this Gentleman hath mistaken my Design, and seems to look on my Hospital as intended for Rogues and not Fools.

The following Letter, which I shall give the Reader at large, proposes another Way to be taken with them.

S I R,

YOUR Project of providing for Fools in an Hospital is laughed at by grave Men, as very wild and ridiculous. For who can hear of shutting up so vast a Number of your People? Or, who shall be appointed to keep them up against their Will? And to what Purpose, since I do not find you propose any Cure for their Folly? Beside, is it imagined that Persons are
of

of no Use without any Understanding ? Surely they are, tho' in an inferior Degree, capable of bodily Labour as well as the four-footed Part of the Creation,

The Source of all the Evil which is done by these Sort of People, and perhaps of the greatest Mischiefs attending Society, is that Mistake which is sometimes made of wise Men for Fools, or (what more frequently happens) of Fools for wise Men ; and this may be prevented in a much easier and clearer Way ; namely, by setting some outward Badge or Mark on Folly, by which we may be cautioned not to trust our own Affairs, or those of the Public in improper Hands.

The late Czar of *Muscovy*, who is known to have greatly laboured in civilizing a Set of human Animals, very little superior to the Brutes, seems to have hit on this Distinction ; the Author of his Memoirs hath inserted the following Observation. ' The Czar's
' Fools are of a different Kind from those whom we
' find in other Courts, who are commonly Persons of
' no Consequence : Whereas, the Czar hath several Per-
' sons of Distinctions among them, whom his Majesty
' *hath condemned* for some Crime *to be Fools* their whole
' Lives, degrading them thus from Humanity whose
' Portion is Reason. By this new Kind of Punish-
' ment, very sensibly felt by Men of Spirit, he kept his
' Nobles in great Awe.

There is perhaps something very ridiculous in condemning *a Man to be a Fool*, and I am aware that one of the Objections which I have made to the Hospital will be retorted on me ; and I shall be asked where I intend to find Persons to execute such Judgment, and oblige so many to put on the Badge.

To obviate which, I propose, that, instead of condemning Men, they may be *preferred* to be Fools. That, they may be allured to put on the Badge, as Children are by a Sugar-Plumb to take a Potion. In order to which, I would have the Badge itself made of a very glittering Tinsel, with an honorary Motto, as, IN
LAUDEM

LAUDEM STULTITIÆ, or, STULTORUM GLORIA, or, STULTITIA POSSIDEBIMUS ASTRA, or, something of that Kind. That it should be said to be bestowed on them for their Merit, not inflicted on them as a Punishment: For if there was a long Catalogue of Titles or Honours fixed to it, while the Word STULTITIA or FOLLY is visible, there is no Danger of imposing on any Man of Sense; nor will it be of the least ill Consequence to those, nor cause any Mistake or Confusion among them, that the Person, who is so adorned, hath been eagerly solicitous of the ridiculous Ornament, that it is called an Honour, and given him as a Reward: For let him strut never so proudly in his Tinsel-Glory, the Badge to every Man of Sense will discover the Folly of the Wearer.

Solomon, who is the first *Champion* who had ever the Boldness to enter the List with Fools, is by some thought to have meant nothing more than this Badge by that *Rod* which he recommends for their Back; in Defence of which Opinion, they alledge that it is unlikely so wise a Man should ordain any Punishment for those who are unfortunate rather than guilty; but others, who have less Tenderness for Persons of this Denomination, assert that *Solomon* by the Word *Fool*, means every where a wicked Man or a Rogue; nay, they insist that the Words *Rogue* and *Fool* are convertible Terms; and they argue thus: What can be greater Symptom of Folly than for a Man to attempt any Thing by Means which directly tend to destroy his Aim; now, as Ambition, which is nothing more than a Desire of Fame or Esteem in the Minds of Men, is the chief Motive to all great Villany (for Avarice itself hath Ambition in View) and as Villany is the certain Road to Infamy, how does a great Rogue differ from the Folly of a Child who is industrious to destroy its own Play-thing? And can any one deny but that the GREATEST ROGUE is the GREATEST FOOL in the Kingdom? A Truth which, however strange it may be

be to our Ears, I hope will shortly be acknowledged by all among us who have no Badge on.

Those who have travelled in the West of *England*, know that there are certain extraordinary Edifices, which though they do indeed discover the excellent Taste of the Architects, are by the ignorant Vulgar distinguished by the Name of Mr. Such-a-one's *Folly*; in like Manner, when we see a stately House, or fine Pictures, or a splendid Equipage, which we know to have been the Purchase of any base and scandalous Measures, and for which the Owner hath either sold his Conscience or his Country, instead of gratifying him with our Admiration, let us only cry with Contempt, that is Mr. Such-a-one's *Folly*. *Thus the Wages of Iniquity, if not Death, would at least be Shame.*

This will be easily brought about when we have once established the Badge, but as that may take some Time, so that the Fools may perhaps carry on their Affairs in Triumph a Year or two longer: I recommend it to you, Mr. *Champion*, in the mean Time to find out some figurative Badge (a Province in which you are pretty eminent) to distinguish them by; at least, those of most Consequence, and who are most capable of doing Mischief. Believe me, you will in this, do a very great and very seasonable Service to your Country; (in which all, who are not Candidates for the Badge must approve and encourage your Labours) for I will tell a great Rogue this, however he may affect a Contempt for Men of Wit and Parts, there is nothing so repugnant to his Roguery, or so dangerous to himself, as to have it universally known that he is a *Fool*.

C.

I N D E X

INDEX to the TIMES.

Entertainments of the most prodigal, and expensive Kind, having been this Season frequent among the Great, a certain noble Lord, who was desir'd to countenance the Frolic in his Turn, had the Courage, Humanity and good Sense to reply. *That while there was an Instance of Distress to relieve, or of Merit to reward, he could not answer it to himself, to lavish 500 l. in one Nights Riot and Ostentation.*

Our Politicians observe that *France*, with the excessive Refinement of her Politics, seems to have so embroil'd two of her good Friends and Allies (*Spain and Sweden*) that all her Artifice, or all her Strength may be necessary to secure them from the ill Consequences of being govern'd by her insidious Councils, and herself from the Reproach that must be inseperable from it.

The *Spanish* Embarkation from *Barcelona*, to *Majorca*, is confirm'd on all Hands ; and as those Transports have not been intercepted by our Men of War, People are under some Apprehensions for *PortMahon*.

The *Russians* and *Swedes* are on both Sides, endeavouring to strengthen their Frontiers as much as possible ; and though, at present, they behave with an excessive Civility to each other, it seems to resemble greatly the Compliments of your Men of Honour, on the Point of engaging in a Duel.

The Ministers of his *Sicilian* Majesty seem wholly employ'd in Schemes to extend the Commerce of his Subjects, to which they sacrifice their darling Superstition, and venture even to disoblige the Clergy ; by inviting

viring the *Jews* from all Parts ; in Hope that Trade, and consequently Wealth, will follow in their Equipage. *For all which we have the Comfort to thank our selves.*

We hear the Court of *Spain* has made some corrupt Offers to several *English* Gentlemen, now in *Italy* on their Travels. *Having been let into the Secret perhaps, that 'tis more fashionable among us to pocket than resent a Bribe.*

JOURNAL of the WAR.

The *Berwick* Man of War was 23 Days in her Passage from *Gibraltar* ; during all which Time, they were forc'd to keep their Pumps at Work incessantly, to save her from foundering ; and, to increase the Calamity, above 100 of their Hands, together with the Surgeon and his Mate, were confin'd to their Cabins by Sickness. So that, instead of securing the *St. Jago Carracca*-Ship, which she had under her Convoy, in Case of an Attack from the Enemy, 'tis a dubious Point whether she would have been able to have defended herself.

One Capt. *Bayard*, in a Privateer from *New-York*, has taken two *Spanish* Vessels at *St. Jago*, one of the *Cape de Verd* Islands having first frighted away a *French East-India* Ship, who had unwarrantably taken them under her Protection, by giving out a false alarm that an *English* Man of War was in Sight: They have since been condemn'd at *Antigua*, and are valued at 5000 *l*.

An *English* Privateer of thirty-five Hands, it is said, has taken and carry'd into *Providence* so rich a Prize, that every private Man had 5000 Pieces of Eight to his Share.

One Capt. *Thomas Petty*, has likewise taken several *Spanish* Vessels, and, as 'tis rumour'd, one *French* one, which

356 C H A M P I O N.

which has nevertheless been condemn'd, no doubt for weighty Reasons, at *Charles-Town*, in *Carolina*.

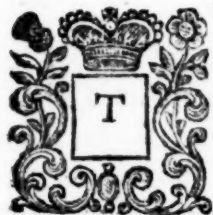
Another Prize has fall'n to the Lot of the *Dursey* Man of War, seemingly fitted out for a Privateer, as having nothing but military Stores on Board; but, as the Crew are part *French*, and were furnish'd with a *French Pass*, they pretend to dispute the Legality of the Capture.



THURSDAY, *March 13*, 1739-40.

— *Torrere parant* —

VIRG.



HERE is a certain Diversion called Roasting, which, notwithstanding it is in some Vogue with the polite Part of the World, I have no Notion of. This Term is well known to be taken from Cookery, from whence those who are great Adepts in the Art, borrow also several others; such as putting the Person to be roasted on the Spit, turning him round till he is done enough, &c.

But though this, as I have said before, is thought a very delicate Entertainment by some People of good Taste, yet, as it is attended with great Pain and Torment, to the poor Wretch who is thus roasted alive,

alive, I have always thought it too barbarous a Sacrifice to Luxury. Nor have I ever more willingly given into it, than into those Cruelties which are executed on particular Animals, in order to heighten their Flavour ; I am an utter Enemy to all roasting alive, from this which is performed on one of our own Species, to that which is practised on a Lobster.

It hath been thought, that this Custom of Man-Roasting was originally introduc'd among us from some Nation of Cannibals : It is indeed more than probable, that our savage Ancestors us'd to eat the Flesh of their Enemies roasted in this Manner ; tho' this latter Custom hath been so long left off, that we find no Traces thereof in our Annals.

A learned Antiquarian of my Acquaintance, does not carry the Original of this Custom so high : He derives it only from the roasting of Heretics, in use among the *Roman Church*, and fancies it an unextirpated Remain of that barbarous Execution. He brings, as a Strengtheners of this his Opinion, the Choice which we make of an odd Creature, or, in his own Words, a Heretic to the common Forms of Behaviour to perform it on. He is a great Enemy to this Practice, being, as he thinks, more consistent with the Principles of Jesuitism, than true Christianity.

But, for my Part, I imagine this Term of roasting to have been given to this Diversion, from the Torments which the Person spitted is supposed to endure in his Mind, even equal to those Bodily Pains which he would undergo, was he to be roasted alive.

Now the Pleasure which we take in such Amusements as this, must arise either from a great Depravity of Nature, which delights in the Miseries and Misfortunes of Mankind, or from a Pride which we take in
com-

comparing the Blemishes of others with our own Perfections.

As for the first, my Lord *Shaftsbury* says, ‘ There is
 ‘ an Affection nearly related to Inhumanity, which is
 ‘ a gay and frolicsome Delight in what is injurious to
 ‘ others, a Sort of wanton Mischievousness and Plea-
 ‘ sure in what is destructive, a Passion, which, instead
 ‘ of being restrain’d, is encourag’d in Children, so that
 ‘ it is indeed no Wonder if the Effects of it are very
 ‘ unfortunately felt in the World: For it will be hard,
 ‘ perhaps, for any one to give a Reason, why that
 ‘ Temper, which was us’d to delight in Disorder, and
 ‘ Ravage when in a Nursery, should not afterwards find
 ‘ Delight in other Disturbances, and be the Occasion
 ‘ of equal Mischiefs in Families among Friends and in
 ‘ the Public.’ I advise all Parents to whip this Spirit
 out of their Children, the doing which may be truly
 call’d, *a wholesome Severity*.

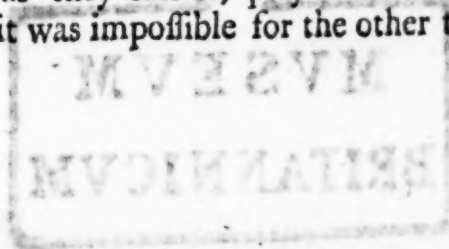
And, surely, if we thoroughly search’d the Bottom of
 our own Minds, few of us would have frequent Cause
 of Triumph in these Comparisons. Perhaps, indeed,
 we are without that particular Blemish which we ridicule
 in another; but at the same Time, let us carefully
 consider whether we have not as great Imperfections of
 another Kind. I have often observ’d in Life, the Per-
 son roasted to be infinitely superior to those who (to
 use a Word of their own) have enjoy’d him. To say
 the Truth, the least Oddity in Behaviour, the most in-
 offensive Peculiarity often exposes a Man of Sense and
 Virtue, to the Ridicule of those who are in every
 Degree his Inferiors. These seem to lay in wait
 for, and catch at every Opportunity to pull down
 a Man, whom Nature hath placed so far above
 them.

But, though the Generality of Roasters be of this
 Kind, and the Buffoons they use such as may be very
 aptly call’d Turnspits, the lowest and most despicable of
 their Kind, yet I have known some of Sense and Good-
 nature

nature too forwardly give in to this Diversion. Men, who would by no Means have consented to do any other Injury, reputing this innocent and harmless. These, did they consider the Nature and Consequence of their pursuing this Amusement, would, I believe, soon condemn it.

If a Man be wholly insensible of his being the Jest and Scorn of the Company, if he be so unaffected with it, as to be quite easy and contented, and satisfied with himself this while, such a Person can be little more than a direct Idiot, and is a melancholly, not a pleasant Spectacle: For my Part, I have always shunn'd the Sight of a Monster, an Abortion or Imperfection in Nature. I consider myself as a Son of this great and general Mother, I feel a Kind of filial Pity, and can by no Means be delighted with any of her monstrous Births. And surely a human Creature without Understanding, is a more horrible Object than one born without Arms, Legs, or any other of its Members. Such a one is the Object of Pity, not of Scoff and Merriment; nor should I entertain a good Opinion of him, who could go to *Bedlam*, and divert himself with the dreadful Frenzies, and monstrous Absurdities, of the Wretches there.

But, if we conceive the Subject of our Ridicule to be of a more sensible Composition, that he sees in himself the Deformity, or perhaps, incurable Oddity which renders him the Object of Contempt; it will be difficult to illustrate his Misery by any lively Comparison. Contempt is, I believe, of all Things the most uneasily to be endur'd by the Generality of Men. It gnaws and preys on our very Vitals, and by how much less the Person so affected discovers it, by so much he often feels it the more acutely. I have seen a Man in the highest Agony, and even in a cold Sweat, from being display'd by some ridiculous Buffoon, who hath at the same Time, as they call it, play'd him off with such Nicety, that it was impossible for the other to take hold
of



of any Thing for which he might call him to an Account. I am always apt, at such Times, to pity the Person who is thus turn'd into Ridicule, and seldom or never join the Laugh against him. Nay, it is not unusual with me, to attack the Turnspit himself, in which I have been often so succesful, that I have turn'd the whole Current of Laughter that Way. I cannot but observe, with great Pleasure, the double Delight of the Company on these Occasions: For nothing ever roasts so kindly as a Turnspit.

Some Persons have fallen into this Way, in order to establish a Reputation of Wit, though with great Absurdity: For nothing is so sure a Sign of wanting it, as flying to these mean Resources to appear to have it. A Roaster gives me as low an Idea of his Wit, as a Bully does of his Courage. These beautiful Qualities, where they are, will always appear. They are the Fool and the Coward, who are continually searching out weak Objects on whom to display their mock Talents with Safety. And it is generally in the dullest Company that this most abounds.

If we consider this Diversion in the worst Light, it will appear to be no other than a Delight in seeing the Miseries, Misfortunes, and Frailties of Mankind display'd; and a Pleasure and Joy conceiv'd in their Sufferings therein. A Pleasure, perhaps, as inhuman, and which must arise from a Nature as thoroughly corrupt and diabolical, as can possibly pollute the Mind of Man.

L.

The END of the first VOLUME.



